


DUKE
UNIVERSITY



LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

<https://archive.org/details/archive85durh>

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

DURHAM, N. C.

är'kiv

är'kiv

editor **anne dantzler** assistant editor (& poetry editor) **thom price** prose editor **dave chandler** assistant prose editor **tom noland** art editor **weesa plyler** photography editor **dave darling** contributions editor **gali hagel** people editors **chris mayfield** **pat mcnellis** business manager **liz ansley** ad manager **sammy bearman** ad layout **dave birkhead** literary editors prose **mike breen** **barry lee** **chris mayfield** **randy smith** **libby trusler** literary editors poetry **diana brenna** **dalby chandler** **mike ellsworth** **nathan goldman** **andy hicks** **donna landry** **bill marquess** **pat mcnellis** **debbie mow** **walter putnam** **lynne sturm** **barbara twombly** **joe ullman** arts editor **leigh ablondi** **alice ammerman** **winnie hinson** **kathy white** magazine concept & design editors **diana brenna** **tom coleman** **gali hagel** **kathy harward** **winnie hinson** **kathy white** advice assistance tea & sympathy **william cranford** **kirk ridge** **jan martell** **dave birkhead** **cathy perillo** **ed harrison** **harry stokes** **w. k. stars** **peaches rigsbee** **rees & reeder**

PAGE	AUTHOR, WORK.
73	LEIGH ABLONDI, <i>Charcoal Drawing.</i>
46	ANDREW ANGYAL, <i>Early Connecticut Spring,</i>
47	<i>Windchimes,</i>
48	<i>Each Day.</i>
67	ROBERT BAIRD, <i>Recognition in Empty Normality.</i>
51	LYDIA BANKS, <i>Coloring Book.</i>
44	DAVID BOGER, <i>poems from currents of a wind.</i>
66	DAOUD CHORO, <i>Credo.</i>
30	DENNIS COATES, <i>The Sixth Day,</i>
36	<i>Nightcap.</i>
70	JAMES L. S. COBB, <i>The Last Lonely Ego.</i>
16	D. DARLING.
80	MIKE ELLSWORTH, <i>Empty.</i>
29	LINDA FORE, <i>Charcoal Drawing.</i>
10	C. GRAVES,
11	,
12	,
13	.
64	S. J. FREEDMAN, <i>My Name,</i>
65	<i>Crusade.</i>
15	R. HACKEL.
45	RUTH HARDEE, <i>the robin ran out.</i>
63	WINNIE HINSON, <i>doodles.</i>
22	MARY HOOK, <i>Shadow Drawing.</i>
52	CRALE D. HOPKINS, <i>Two Poems.</i>
40	TOM HOUSE, <i>in may.</i>
37	GOLDI IRANI, <i>The night before exam.</i>
6	JOCK IRELAND, <i>Viggs, Recalled.</i>
58	MICHAEL KENNA, <i>A Strong Sadness,</i>
59	<i>Spring Tide,</i>
60	<i>Mr. Lotty.</i>
5	ANDRAS LAPIS, <i>"LSD."</i>
68	BERKELEY W. LATIMER, <i>Bigre.</i>
23	BARRY LEE, <i>A Part of a Whole.</i>
17	BRUCE KUNIHOLM, <i>Montreal,</i>
18	<i>A poem not written, Atropos,</i>
19	<i>The Wrestler from Aleppo.</i>
38	PAT McNELLIS, <i>Two Poems.</i>
9	P. E. MELVILLE.
35	STEVE MILLER, <i>Untitled Print,</i>
69	<i>Untitled Print.</i>
81	WEESA PLYLER, <i>Carolina Rose.</i>
43	POORALLOFUS, <i>poorallofus.</i>
50	THOM PRICE, <i>The Blue-Eyed Lady Photographer.</i>
61	BEN REYNOLDS, <i>For Cyn,</i>
62	<i>After I'd Watched the Kansases</i>
63	<i>Dream. of the World Sprout,</i>
57	KEN SHIFRIN, <i>For You.</i>
39	HELEN SMITH, <i>Woodcut.</i>
49	SUSAN TIFFT, <i>Picasso's Blues.</i>
4	DONALD YATES, <i>Horror Flicks.</i>
14	M. T. YOUNGS.
53	KAREN ZAMAN, <i>Medley of a Metronome.</i>

Horror Flicks

The first victim is left to die after
Grotesque orthopedics with a pipe wrench.
Infant vivisection gets a close-up
Of the tiny, bleeding fists as they clench
In pain. A touch of sex with a grossly
Mangled nude, and the vampire lingers
To chop up her boyfriend. Having eaten,
He picks his teeth with his bloody fingers
The maiden schoolteacher goes to bed; both
Your hands fly to your eyes as the meat-axe
Comes down. Your morally offended hands
Close it out. But you still peep through the cracks.



Viggs, Recalled

I called him "Viggs." Others called him "Gilles." If they had occasion to call him at all. So long as that occasion weren't for calling him in a nasty way. Calling him "that," or "pig," or "fat pig." Mothers had occasion to call him "that."

Walking down a sidewalk, mothers could see Viggs' face: bashed severely by baseball bats; or his ear, the left one, elephant size, fluttering in the breeze; or his belly. They would cross the street to the safe sidewalk or turn and run. Young in arms. Saying, "If that...pause ...that...pause...if that ever tries to...pause...get affectionate...breath, to the little boys...kick it...to the little girls...bite it...pause, shaking...and run straight home." With the result that the little boys threw stones at Viggs and the little girls screamed "pig," or "fat pig" and ran, not always home.

This is not to say that the little boys confined themselves to stones and did not, on occasion, throw twigs, nor that the little girls abuse was all oral, nor anything else.

And this is to say nothing of Viggs' surprise appearances. When he might appear hanging from some maple or palm, like a Christmas decoration, by his curious legs. When he might fall, like a coconut, and hang across the alleys.

Perhaps to be called "Gilles" is to be called in a nasty way. Perhaps, to be called "Viggs" is to be called in a nasty way; more nasty than "Gilles," "Gilles" more than "that," or "pig," or "fat pig:" nasty, nasty; or more nasty than "that," or "pig," or "fat pig" "that," or "pig," or "fat pig" more than Gilles:"

nasty, nasty; or more nasty than "that," or "pig," or "fat pig," but less than "Gilles:" nasty; or more than "Gilles," but less than "that," or "pig," or "fat pig:" nasty; or less than "Gilles," "Gilles" less than "that," or "pig," or "fat pig;" or less than "that," or "pig," or "fat pig," "that," or "pig," or "fat pig" less than Gilles;" or perhaps to be called, or maybe not

The floor of our room is square, ignoring the part on which I'm standing, writing this, on the wall, the wall once white, yellowed, bluening; with my pen, in my mouth. This part of the floor connects the square part of the floor of our room with the floor of the hall. It's four feet wide and three feet long where it's not three feet, four inches wide and four inches long where it is under the bottom of the door, and a few inches on either side. Of course the bottom of the door is not always here. Sometimes it shines its shadow elsewhere. When someone is opening or closing the door. When someone opens the door and doesn't close it, and the breeze sails it to and fro.

Apart from this part of the floor, the floor of our room is square: x feet south to north, x feet west to east, x feet north to south, x feet west to east. Made of wooden planks, two inches wide, of varying lengths, arranged, somehow. On this floor: two bureaus, two trunks, two beds, two desks, two chairs, arranged, clockwise: one bureau, the other bureau, one trunk on top of the other trunk, one bed, the other bed, one desk, the other desk, one chair, the other chair, just inside the perimeter of the floor. The walls once white, yellowed, bluening, bare except for the occasional picture of Arnold Palmer, the window.

One day I came back from French class or Aycok House and I stood on the part of the floor you would have to ignore... and I saw from Viggs' feet to Viggs' head, from the foot to the head of the bed, and a little beyond, but in that direction, this was happening. Viggs lay on his back. His little legs kicking up a storm. His little belly jiggling. His bashed-up head dangling out the window. He clung to the foot of the bed with one little hand, and he clung to the steaming radiator pipe with the other.

Next. Ran away. Came back, years later. Ran away again. Came back again. And again. Next. Sitting on Viggs' bed, Viggs' head at the head of the bed, Viggs' feet...patting Viggs' little belly and watching Viggs' little hand, the blisters bursting, torrents of blood trickling between his little thumbs. And just as the Japanese amuse themselves by filling a porcelain bowl with water and steeping in it little crumbs of paper which until then are without character or form, but the moment they become wet, stretch themselves and bend, take on color and distinctive shape,

jock ireland

“Viggs,” I called.

A nice compliment for “Gilles.” Think of the orthographic panegyrics, “Gilles,” backwards, trading the “e” for the second “g” of “Viggs” gives “ssllig,” roughly.

But Viggs was not often called, called “Viggs,” called “Gilles,” called in a nasty way, not often. For Viggs was not often about to be called. He rarely left his bed, and blanket. And to be called, called “Viggs,” called “Gilles,” called in a nasty way, even only slightly often, Viggs had to be about, or on the telephone. And Viggs had little time for the telephone, or for streetwalking, or for treehanging, or for bowling, or for the other young men in the dorm. Though he had a little time for the other young men, in the evening. When I put him in the golf bag, legs first, the golf bag on its pulley cart, and pulled him, to the washroom. Where he might brush his tooth, or comb his hair, where he might watch the showers. Where he might be seen, by the other young men, in the mirrors, and called, “G-illes.”

And there’s the story of a mother, once, in the dorm, but she was bashed by baseball bats before she saw Viggs, or Viggs saw her, or her screams reached Viggs, or Viggs’ howls...

I saw Viggs in the evenings, whether or not we went to the washroom together, as long as I wasn’t sitting in front of Aycock house, or carousing with Kinn, after my Economic homework was done. He would be on his bed looking out of the window. I would go over to his bed and lift his flap and whisper “Viggs” several times and scream “Viggs” several times until he would turn his bashed-up face toward me, or toward the wall.

Viggs is gone now, to the golf course, to France. What remains is his smell, some bits of his blue blanket, fragments of his trunk. The pulley cart, glistening in the sunlight.

He spoke, once. In French and English. Perhaps he had been reading my Beckett books, backwards. His speech was not long. Two words.

“Une, Anne,” he called.

I was pulling him, in the pulley cart, down the street, sidewalk. I guess it was two languages. There was a girl. I wasn’t paying much attention. She turned the corner, I guess. I had to watch the traffic. For his sake.



GALLERY















Montreal

Montreal has mostly been a name
 of winter nights ... in an empty street light snow
 glides across reflections on the pane
 of a pawnshop window. A shadow
 smooths across the soft movement of hair
 about her shoulders where sometimes the nimbus
 of a streetlamp (always there
 beside her) sketches a delicate dream between us
 on the window ... (a snowflake) ... for a moment
 it will linger in the night ...
 yet it always fades (complement
 to a motionless charade) when the bleak light
 catches her cheek and the white flake
 melts into a tear on the hard window
 of a store no longer there when I awake
 to find that outside it is snowing.

A Poem Not Written

Minu kao ni horeru shichiya no doyo-boshi

Anon.

So briefly had I waited for her touch
had she but waited so for mine
we would have paused
in time each for the other
one
a second passed (between
us there remained)
the loss of which not even
one
of us has found

Atropos

I once drank arrack from a whisky cup
and mumbled thanks
when the barmaid patched my tattered pants
or sewed on buttons
looking askance and all the while
whispering for me to call her Clotho.
How could I know if she were serious
or even, when it came to that,
that old lady Lachesis would object.
Now I'm more or less committed
to her sister who's a lady wrestler,
pesters the bajesus out of me
and makes me literally beg when --
and every night she does this --
she gets me in a scissors grip.

The Wrestler from Aleppo

(for my father)

I

The Epicure

Sitting in the morning sun,
Listening to tangoes on the phonograph,
As the lantern turns in the open barn,
The wrestler's glass sarcophagus.

The frame thread-dangled hieroglyphs spurl
The sun-spun dust beamed through the rafters
Of what was once my grandfather's house
And now a purely imaginative structure.

Discarded in a dump in the open air,
Who cares for the shattered cut glass of its panels,
The rusted brass frame
Or the waterlogged man,
His massive torso veined and yellowed by the roughshod sun,
Now only a hunk of his former self?

None, save the cats, or a mendicant,
Who, perusing the rubble with an open mind,
And finding the lantern of curious design,
Holds the frame up to the sun, and wonders.

bruce kuniholm

II

The Wrestler From Aleppo

The wrestler from Aleppo lived seventeen years
In a magic lantern; suspended from a wire
In a frame of brass, he was clamped in a cage
Enclosed by eight glass panels.
The panels were fashioned from panes of cut glass
That my grandfather, in the spirit of the thing,
Inbued with a garish assortment of pigments.
He had laboured three months
On abstruse designs
In the jumble of bottles on his workshop bench
And then, by chance, when oxides failed,
Through some strange process of his alchemy,
He conjured up a method of burning in pigments
And effected a stain with the proper tinge.
When he was satisfied, he meticulously incised
Curious markings in the corner of each panel,
Saying, with his offhand flare for the bizarre,
They were copies of Phoenician hieroglyphs
He had seen inscribed on some old stone sarcophagus
Depicted in a Sunday rotogravure.
And then he had assembled the lantern,
Using a leather thong
To hang the wonder of an age.
The mountebank himself
Was carved from a solid hunk of ivory; his pate was bald
and his massive torso gleamed
In the harsh light of his stately cage.
It had taken three days
For the old man to carve the pose he struck. Three days
To construct a semblance of the man
Within the confines of his age-old mind
And then to effect
This fantastical figment of his imagination.
The wrestler's name was printed in a fusty ledger
That was buried deep in the cellar of his house;

It was found long after the old man died,
And leafing through the book
I had come across a page
With numerous sketches of the wrestler in the margin
And many small ciphers beside his name.
And it was this that preserved his majesty,
For other than that book,
The place and name
Remained forever mysteries
Whose origins were never fathomed.
A muffled man in his later years,
My grandfather
Had given him brief renown
Then taken him from his world of light
And carried the lantern to the darkening cellar
Where he hung it amongst a world of tools
And old work benches, with the waning light
Through the window slow-fused in the afternoon sun.
It was there in the cellar of my grandfather's house
Where, turning, the lantern's mysterious lines
Would cast
Strange graffiti on the rough hewn walls,
Exploring the contours, delving into the interstices
Of my grandfather's dwelling,
Providing me when I was young
With some remarkable illuminations.
It was then as I lay in the green of my days
On my back, in the cellar of my grandfather's house
That the lantern would turn in the back of my mind
While my fists, doubled up and rubbing my eyes,
Would smite the motes of the dust filled air
Until through the lamp
On the wall
Would appear
The old man
Humped
Over his bench
Quietly working on a wicker chair
In the calm of the wood of his basement shop,
The entire world except for the sun
Within the confines of his magic lamp.

My room has carved a hollow in the sun;
I utilize its walls to build my world,
And have become accustomed to the dark.
Sometimes a light seeps beneath the door,
But the sediment of its moted hue,
Aged and mellowed on the stone within,
Can be swept with a broom --
It serves no purpose other than to keep me company.



BARRY LEE

can't stop the worrying
about the things we do
I can't stop loving,
without it nothing would be true.

D. Mason

A Part of a Whole

"Who's the fucking longhair in cell no. 1?"

"Probably in for dope or rioting."

All that talk set me thinking and evaluating. Contrasting images and illusions were beating mercilessly in my brain. Some white and some black. I am not sure which of them was more relevant and ultimately more important. To come to grips with that one image or idea which was more significant required testing. But even that last sentence doesn't make sense because perhaps they all are one image, gliding into one another. The testing, though, wasn't to be ordinary. I had to become a mortal god, if there is such a thing. Omnipotent and not just a little willful and dominant. Conducting a thorough test which yields a productive answer to an abstract question is no easy task, and I wasn't **sure** if I could handle such a task. But, I knew it was necessary. All those who surround me, Jon, Cee and Melinda (especially Melinda) would have to yield to me, yet they must not know it.

**I SEE THEM TWISTING AND TURNING, LEGS WRAPPED
AROUND ONE ANOTHER, MOUTHS TOUCHING AND SKIN
RESPONDING.**

I had to be cunning and deceptive like a fox who tries to flee from a pack of ravenous hounds. They were to be manipulated and contrived, but only to a certain extent. I hoped to sustain spontaneity by manipulating only in spurts, at particular times when I saw an opening. My perspective was not to be tinted by a constant, deliberate scrutinization of the reality around me. I would try and let it flow, but at times according to my standards and regulations. It would be like a Spanish dessert, flan, gooey and liquidy, but containing at the same time little nodules of plans and manipulations. This substance is to be eaten by my fingers and not classic silver spoons. I am going to gorge myself with it, not merely graciously dip in a spoon and barely taste it.

Part II

Early next morning I awoke with acid mouth and dead eyes and left. After an hour's long and boring drive I arrived at her room. Sleeping beautifully, I realized what I had to say to her and how.

"Melinda, dear, we should talk."

"You must be tired, why don't you come to bed?"

"I had a talk with Cee and she gave me an ultimatum which I more or less refused." It was like a massive trap choking my throat, preventing the words from taking their place in the natural order of things as I kneeled beside her bed and looked into her cool eyes.

BODIES PUSHING AND THROBBING, HANDS SLIDING UP FROM HER KNEE, DOWN FROM HIS FACE.

"Answer me honestly--did you sleep with her?"

"No."

"You're lying to me now."

"Yeah, I know it."

With that she shriveled back away. She let go of my sweating hand. Her face contorted to a face of dejection like the face of a young pup when you try to tell him you don't want to play anymore, only about 1,000 times more intense. Maybe she doesn't want to play anymore.

"Why? You lied to me and you ..."

"I know I have and I can only ask you to listen to me now. I try to do things..."

The words began to flow voluntarily. To attempt to stop or reorder them was fruitless. Real honesty, so gripping and terrifying that I was so confused and unable to articulate what needed to be articulated, what Melinda had to understand. My subtleness was out of place now--blatancy, that was the key. The blatancy of the blossoming of a tropical flower--vivid color and brightness radiating from a sickly green stem "...which I perceive to be the best. To tell you when it happened would have utterly destroyed you. It was a stupor marked by the easiness and loosening of the tongue which alcohol so marvelously creates. A definite loss of motor control, not adversely affected by that little cigarette with the provocative smell that we did up. Try to understand and realize..."

After saying all this, though, perhaps not in the same manner that I tell you, thoughts began to become more organized inside me. I had intended on telling Melinda as a means to an end, but then a spark that started somewhere in my chest, unveiled to me a true emotion. What was flowing out was no surreptitious attempt at manipulation. I think she really means something to me. She must know that.

"Leave me," she whispered.

I undressed and gently and smoothly slid between the fresh sheets. Seeing her had kind of awakened me. Talking with her had made me aware. Touching her made me sure. Our bodies then merged in marvelous harmony, destroying a sense of a separate me and a separate you. I gave her all of me that morning.

barry lee

Part III

One morning two years earlier I had experienced and learned the awesome power and beauty of the sun. I sat and watched Dave and Ed reflect the powerful rays of the sun off their handy mirror to blind and infuriate the driver of the old red tractor-trailer that was wheezing up route 47. Then with a mere flick of the wrist the sun was igniting the highly flammable Ron Whittle, all the way across the courtyard. Next they zapped George as he tried to capture the spontaneity of the action. But ah! No chance, for George's camera was terribly powerless in the face of the sunlight. Zap back to the driver. Zap over again to Ron Whittle, Zap to George, who was now employing guerilla tactics-hiding behind a tree, seemingly inconspicuous, one of the many people in the yard during the bright day, but as soon as he raised his camera, ZAP he was felled. Control and Power so wonderously delegated to the inspired hands of those two gods.

Later that afternoon Jon and I walked for what seemed like a year. We left after lunch, which we failed to attend. It was a bright, as evidenced by the morning's lesson, winter day. The snow was deep, perhaps four to six feet. Something interesting had happened during the night before. The temperature had risen above 32 degrees and the clear sky had become tinted by dark, ominous clouds and it rained heavily. By morning the mercury in the thermometer had dropped back to its usual position below 32 degrees, and according to the laws of nature, a thick sheet of ice formed on the surface of the snow. The sheet of ice was impenetrable. Walking was difficult, especially when we ascended a hill.

Often I would walk through these fields, sometimes alone, sometimes with Jon. Up here I felt so damn clean and alive. We could see the houses in the valley below, but it was like they were up there with us. Here I witnessed the beauty of the sun. The rain during the night had formed droplets on the branches and twigs of the trees and the bright sun was now reflecting the sparkling colors of the spectrum through the glass-like tips. I had never seen anything like it-it was like breathing in the vivid, cool colors of the peacock's tail. Jon felt my amazement ... Felt my amazement.

We walked further, through the adjacent fields, sometimes sliding, always thinking and feeling, under the not so subtle sun.

Eventually we made our way back. We sat in the confines of the typical room, you know four walls, one ceiling, one floor, a window and a door. All kinds of forms that call themselves people came and went. Poor deceived bastards. Jon and I stayed.

The day had been a continually flowing river and I had realized much, but more important I had felt much, rather we had felt much. I felt as if all the different rhythms that function inside me were coming together into a whole. A whole unified rhythm, but one that had its roots in all the other parts that were me. I knew what had happened was to be a turning point of sorts, but the problem was that I just wasn't sure of which way or towards what I should turn. Not that the turning should be a conscious effort, but I just couldn't grok the totality of the experience. What happened? What was happening? Fuck-I finally stopped thinking.

Part IV

I sit in the class where he is performing his intellectual exercises, but I ain't listening. I ain't listening to those little unimportant, unmeaningful words about Freud and illusions. Maybe it is important, but today I can't, or rather I don't want to be attentive and listen. I promise I won't bother you, though. Instead I can sit and not think about all that crap. You do give me things, not always in the medium of words however, and I in turn am trying to give you something which, *perhaps, may show you something of your worth*, even if it is in words. I really don't feel as if I am any different than you.

barry lee

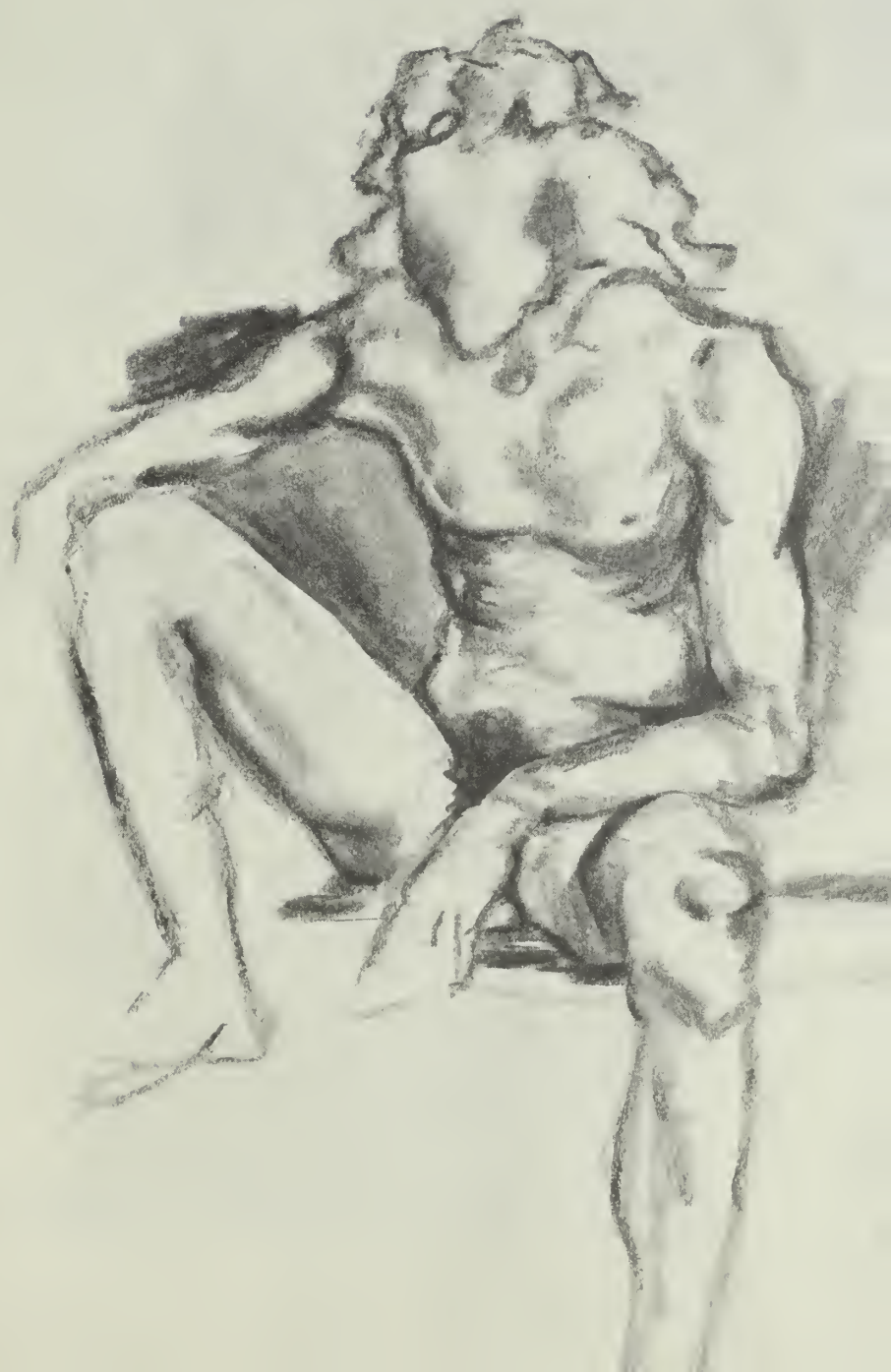
Part V

Cee always found things to do. At first it was anthropology (she wanted to find man's earliest beginnings, why I don't understand), then Jim, ME, parapsychology and now it reverts to a Life magazine panoramic hippy experience of drugs. The old story of getting caught up in something which you really don't grok is a damn true one. You know—the old “not-looking-before-you-leap syndrome.” I got caught up in her hyperlife style and became-ZAP-the power behind her, and that knocked me for a loop. Trying to fuse myself out was an arduous task, but one that I disciplined myself to complete. One of those tests I mentioned earlier. So now it is comfortable. When I was with her I felt good sometimes, other times I felt like bleached cat shit (Richard Brautigan said that). She is still a part of me, that I can't deny, but that part is passive and not active, it was a learning experience. It aids me in synthesizing all those different rhythms inside and for that I am thankful.

Part VI

Well now that you, my little one, have gone through my little ego trip I feel more complete. I have given this to all of you because once a teacher told me that even watching the sun go up every morning can be a gauge of one's coming to grips with oneself. I give you small nodules of my direct experience that have influenced me towards a realization of a unity that I can theorize and intellectually postulate on, but that I still can't FEEL, feel in its totality. The reality around me is still that other reality and I am only a relative part of it. To me, I also am real, to an extent...

This isn't the end, though,...be sure of that...



THE SIXTH DAY

Thy right hand, O lord, is become glorious
in power . . . hath dashest in pieces the
enemy.

1. BAO DIEU

Old man:

Bug-like,
Boney, you crouch covered with dust--
How long have you been squatting there?
Dying bicycles miss your feet
And great hard-shouldered monsters bull by
The market place, scattering your people
Like a flock of scared chickens,
Waking the earth and exhaling
The wastes of unsanctified power.

Hey Papa-San--
What do you make of it?

Colorless broke-neck flowers bow before
The visible breath of garbage heaps,
And pitted skins of buildings with pale shadows
Guard big-bellied mothers and naked children
Shuffling from one stand to the next:
We both watch, but do we see the same thing?
You suck your stalk of sugar cane--
Do you feel the fly that creeps across your face
Or the dirt that cakes your arms like skin disease
Or any other, less personal abominations?
Your shadowed face--was it touched ungently,
Creased by crashes of light on clear nights,
Cracked like the pattern of a broken rice bowl
Left to gather dust a thousand years ago?
Do those worn-out eyes still peer beneath your coolie hat--
Were they visible, would they speak?

Old man,
We are headed for the rice field behind your hamlet:
My weapon is on automatic.
The miraculously powerful shout
That bore me here is distant now--
All the history books and historians are
Distant now, beyond reproach or consultation.
Did you see me smile at you?
Is there anything you would say to me before I go?

2. BAO DIEU FINGER

We are young, born on the backs of
Heaving, groaning dinosaurs
To the jungle,
Howling for full stomachs and
Stepping on everything to satisfy
An animal instinct.
Created in the image of . . .

*Man bags Sandbags Sunlight and Shoes:
Watch your little finger or your finger you'll lose . . .
No fair--that hurts
The world is flat, after all.*

I am here.
Where are you?
I saw your panic eyes dragged down from behind
while you stared through the priest at some
distant, unprotesting angel.
Now while the last benediction evaporates
my time has stopped, too--the guns, too.
For the dead, no sounds.
For the living, the sounds of a feeble, failing brain:
dumb words, startled words,
words jarred from meaning words
scattered like fragments from an exploding bomb
with meanings carried off
like hot smoke--

dennis coates

words dead, lying like corpses on an aching tongue,
other words weary, lagging far behind,
perhaps lost forever.

Your rusted face and neck:
already the impatient hand of earth is on you.
Now there is no one but me
to kneel over you. But who--
who was a god to that thing
that burned within you like an evening star?
Was she a careless god?
If she could see you now,
cold, so unlike any living thing,
with your face and neck all dirty
and some hard and ageless thing cut through you--
surely she could not touch so carelessly
the thing within you like a fallen star.
But there is only me--
not even unprotesting angels
to leave men lying wax-wooden on muddy battlefields so
carelessly,
starting at the sounds of guns,
at the smell of scorched sulphur,
at the problem of determining the precise history of a
rudely created crater.

3. PHUOC VINH NINH

Stalked

By a searchlight moon gripped by little grins in the dark . . .

Hid

By a mud hut with straw roof, watching weak candles and cheap curtains

Two-Five--

Backed

By wrong sponsors, wrong contracts, but this--my tribal game . . .

Reminded

Of darkness and spiders and snakes and a year to wait . . .

Two-Five.

Come

All you monkeys, the earth will jerk unkindly beneath your feet--

Strike

You dumb, claw your thin bodies for fleeing ghosts--

Thrust

Deep down gullets to clutch fear and pinch away proverbs--

Go.

Tell. Come. With blood-clogged throat, and bomb-brain trigger, I wait.

Two-Five:

If SITREP normal, break squelch twice.

dennis coates

4. FIREBASE PATTON

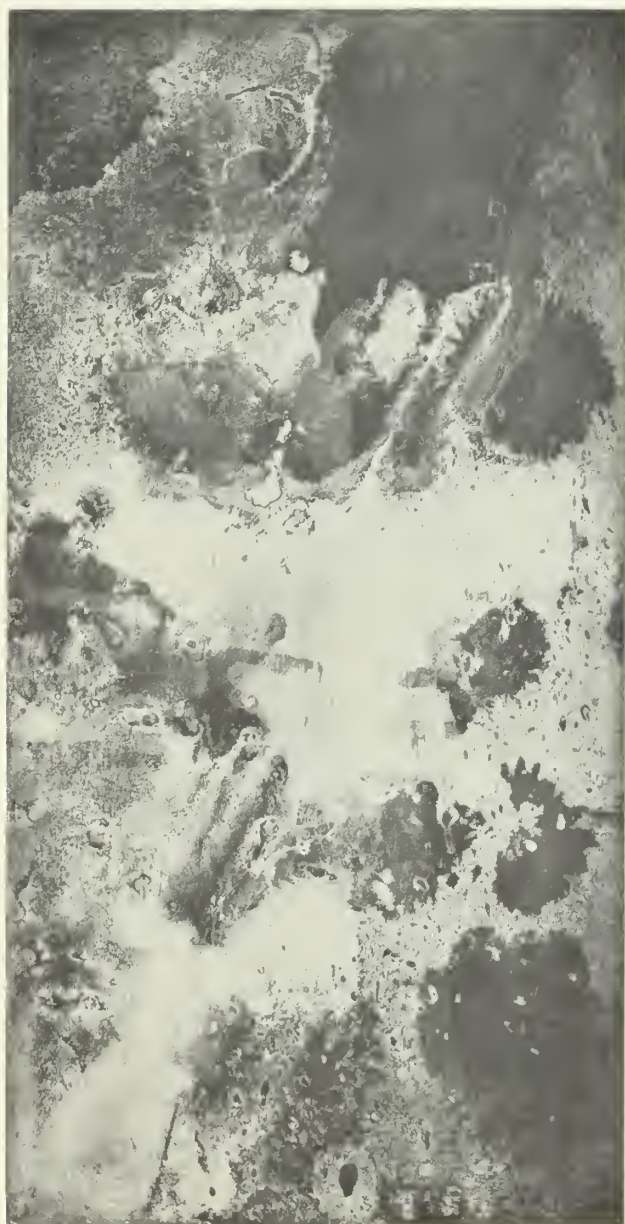
The stars say "see
how sheer the haze
after all: poetry
was spent by blaze
for metal stronger
than human flesh.

Live a day longer,
colors still fresh
will hurt your eye
for judging them..
despoil or display
but do not condemn

if you cannot act.
Lilies and leather
need no other fact
to try the weather
one more day..such
knowledge is vital

to him seeing much
and trusted to all
who will grip life
quick, hard, whole,
who can force life
to fit his control."

Yet, stars can lie
on cloudy nights.
Besides, here only a fool
would try to walk in a straight line.



nightcap

*We attend our nocturnal orange juice.
Cold, essential: she by slow sips--
I, quickly, thirstily.
In the still, personal night
We pour rivers and waterfalls
And weather for night--
Developments as different as
Fingerprints, philosophies.
We smile, thinking
We have shared something.*



The night before exam

All my philosophical acquisitions of universal forms striving towards ultimate perfection in the living process of concrete nature are contained in a light blue cotton shirt and a pair of brown corduroy trousers sitting on a rocking chair with a vicious half smile in front of me.

PAT McNELLIS

In Cotton Stockings

Back up to a stained wood wall...
learn the ritual of growing old.
Feel the sadness in your warmth
as the tales of rooted earthen days
burn
and silent trees weep dry songs
of returning again.

march 2

song-song-song
animals in corners
hear rain's
plea to enter
and join
the communion dance
of cats and squirrels
and silent sleep
of a naked leg
slipping from the bedside...
plea to enter
and leave tormented night
of frightened men.



in may

in may, the river cracks. grey threads swell into streaks of color. the white is blemished. crude holes splinter into roadmap. errant pubic hair, and a stomach ripe for splitting.

rain and sleet, like a fool and his friends, fall often from the winter skies, that snow-dirty collar that covers our necks. stern, rigid days that multiply; and the sun is a rare and precious stone. the wind is never cold, but only damp. people do not visit, here. we are isolated by our luxuries.

the mother passes through the land into the daughter and then the child. they tell me that they live here in the dust of curtained rooms. they sneer, your lineage is impossible. hunters, as they journey home, have stripped the land of any meaning and impressed us with their loneliness. bastards bake in the sun of the south.

though disinherited, i remain. they have been quite thoughtful in their cruelty. i would say i am as satisfied as i have the right. i would say not at all. the wet-tongued wind will not lay still. i forgive when i can and forgive when i can't.

we come to easy compromises. the existing land was worthless. a panorama wrapped across the eyes of the house. for too long, i avoided doors. i stuck my hand through windows into the damp and the moist. i lay out cards, and i take them in, again. i study fingernails.

soil-sanded, ringed knuckles, margaret gathered vegetables and never meat. she would drag the dirt with her harp bone and plant the seeds in rows of mounds.

the ritual is a simple one. i demand the silence of four corners. i would even trade my hoard. come, take the last of the trinkets.

in may, she closed her eyes and did not open them, again. they became swollen, with her face, and her cheeks were pinches, and her lips, balloons. in the blue light of her room, she was a statue. at first, i talked to her as you would a baby, but, later, i didn't.

in the second week of the sickness, her breath began to discolor the room. her lungs slowed, and her chest rose and sank with the finality of a missing machine. her legs would jerk like alcohol on open nerves. she gloved her body fingers within the sheets. sores appeared and filled with pus. i rubbed her reptile face and cleansed my hands on her night clothes.

in may, i returned to windows.

years before, the earth yawned, and her shiftless husband split trees from the side of the house and fell into roads that unrolled as perfectly as carpets on a marble slab. elastic hems of yellow weeds grew friendly and covered prints. the wind howled. the land around, now, still and barren, stormed in celebration.

scrawny, leaveless branches rise from sand like dead, misplaced roots. scattered pebbles sparkle like sun-bleached bones. black and oily, puddled, water supports the bodies of the insects it has poisoned. bubbles, purple and green, reflect sunlight through their prisms. the stomach tastes nothing. the polluted land has no strength to resist.

tom house

on the twenty-second day, the smell of the sickness filled my head. i inhaled it like ether. i exhaled it. the clouds of my nostrils condensed on my tongue. the sweat of my skin stains like dirty underwear.

i am mad, i decided. i shaved in the bath. i hid in the closets. i studied the moons. and i carved hexograms on my body.

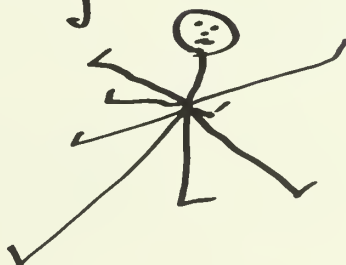
her face was like tanned leather and as thick as a mask. her features could not be recognized. her chest had collapsed.

i fed her with a teaspoon. she sucked water through a plastic straw.

i, no longer, will accept the food. scarecrows stole my clothes in the night, and i stitched rags. my hair grew long and twisted around my neck. i moved my body to the far room of the house.

POORALLOFUS

poorallofus
has many feet
and when he dances in the street
they ask him why



DAVID BOGER

Ba-Ba-Ba---Bon - Ba-Ba-Ba---Bon.
Ludwig von Beethoven
the Fifth.

I asked Elizabeth
Taylor to my bedroom -
she asked what to wear.

Gilded birds surrender
to currents of a wind that
they know well.

I've never seen one
before, but all the guys say
it is really cool.

After the stair,
Slinkies always end up in the
garbage can, unwound.

Ruth Hardee

The robin *R A N* out from behind the delicious diving board.
 Flowers wept trees sang grass comPLAINED of migraine headaches.

Purple sunfish reJOICED
 as they uhuuummed lullabyes of 1945
 Admiral TV's.

Horses burped *UP* daisies *floating* gently
 through transparent abstractiveness.

Daffodils *s m i l e* d at the passing earthworm
 out to set a record for *s l i t h e r i n g*.

The spews *SUN* rays through *layers layers layers* of blue jeans and rest-
t r a w less popcorn seeds.

Tangerine-violet squirrels play pinochle *W I L D L Y* in refected
 coffeepots.

Sand flies merrily
 landing in *con*vertibles
 and abandoned sweaters.



Watermelonseeds *e*
 STAND in the corn *r*
 discussing their
 rotten treatment
R U N N I N G
A R
D N U O
 marshmallows.

S P R I N G !

Early Connecticut Spring

Slowing wandering down muddy roads,
seeking the spring
fleet and elusive
showing a footprint here,
a shadow there,
shy,
and hesitant to claim
too quickly
winter's russets and browns.

Faint greens,
stirrings,
maple-red blossoms and balmy daffodils,
massive grey and white flecked clouds
suddenly
scatter the warmth
we had cupped in our hands
and the valley
contracts with a momentary chill.
April vanishes
and early March reclaims
the sullen afternoon;
even the sunhalo
radiating through the clouds
cannot dissuade
the northern chill
which sweeps from the lake.

Windchimes

Silver, airborne music
drifts above the sultry silence,
as grey thunderheads
droop from the opaque sky.
such faint breeze,
scarcely cooling,
stirs a melody among
trembling oriental bells;
their gay, thin laughter
so unbefitting
an August afternoon,
breathes new color
into the discouraged petals
of July roses,
as brown uncrisps to peach,
and runs time backward
(in slow motion)
and frame by frame
their delicate unfolding
folds once more
into the feathered glory
of unripened buds.

each day

Morning appears,
with faint sunlight dripping from the leaves
and dream fragments curling under the door,
as shadows thaw
and my window blinks at the world;
slow thoughts stretch and gape
unfold, and hum with possibilities;
As I squeeze the toothpaste,
a good-morning punch-card
ticks from the tube,
programming my day with smiles,
mechanically,
as the infinite dawn rapidly shrinks
to a point of infinity
somewhere in front of me,
in the bathroom mirror,
As I stare at my possibilities
programmed on a perforated card.

Picasso's Blues

I.

The rain (God's wrath)
hissing in reptilian whispers
deposits my pain in puddles,
and muddies it in clouded baths
of weathered memory, gnarled regret.

II.

Now I know why the blue
Guitarist, embryonic, fetally cramped,
head drugged and mouth too
open, plays upon his numb instrument
mute chords to silent space.

THOM PRICE

The Blue-Eyed Lady Photographer

The blue-eyed lady photographer
With her tiny electronic flash,
Passes, and leaves me in darkness,
So I reflexively strike a match.

The situation, however, is volatile;
It grows and explodes and blows itself out,
As the blue-eyed lady photographer
Adds another to her exposure account.



CRALE D. HOPKINS

beyond the diamond wire fence
the field stretched back to the
railroad tracks

radishes grew there--the jagged green handle
removed, the dirt wiped off,
they exploded

with a bite--into
red, white, and
delicious

circumvent the grinning god
find out why he laughs
navigate to portraiture
take azimuth from the bladed nose
and triangulate the centerless eyes
ask him why he's smiling when
your figures prove him dead

KAREN ZAMAN

Medley of a Metronome

I was running with frenzied grace, a crude vitality controlled and harnessed to my inner being, pumping my heart and breath in swelling rhythm, like hand bellows before a fire, that exalted my will and filled me with the sweet intoxication of energy. I no longer think to propel myself; my legs are inextricably caught up in the motion of my being, the pulse of my blood, wherein each moment is conceived and delivered, consumed and expelled, in the steady cycle I create. Create? I hear the crisp sound of feet upon pavement, dissecting time into neat parcels I cannot distinguish. I try to focus upon one interval, extracting it from the cycle like a pinpoint from the universe, but it slips from my hands before I am able to register its faint touch, falling from me in the very act of its origin, engulfed by its sea, it leaves me empty-handed. Each step regains the former, beginning and trembling on elusive echoes, compounded by an increment which immanently takes on its own ephemeral existence. I cannot ponder residue. I have deemed it a thousand times without its ever understanding its own power to emerge phoenix-like from the ashes of its death. In vain I seek to preserve it, to render it whole and substantial to the light of day. And

karen zaman

again I am beset by the sequential presence of eternity, the tenuous sound of a tympanum, beating out time to a one-tone symphony, conducted and performed by its own hollow vibrations that actuate one another like a chain of paroxysmal atoms.

I feel anaesthetized. As I run, my mind is passive like a skein of white silk stretched tautly between my temples upon which flashes a moving landscape, up and down, in vertical answer to my footfalls, sometimes sliding off the curtain like the fuzz edges of a dream. The view was that from a carrousel, where I, as a child, sat hugging the reins of a beautiful gray steed, no less beautiful for the chipped patina on its gracefully carved neck. Together we rose and fell with the notes of the calliope as the carrousel whirled in slow motion like a restless nebula, gathering momentum as I tightened my grip. All around me blurred an image of ruffled leaves and flapping skirts of ladies beneath parasols, masses of blue sky and clusters of clouds, shadows quivering in the filtered sunlight. In this fluttering picture that swept around me like brushstrokes on a canvas, one figure remained distinct and apart, punctuating each revolution and dissecting the flowing impressions like a slash across the canvas. The figure was my mother, whose face seemed to leap out from the swimming images around her. Just as the steady sound of my footfalls repeats incessantly the same breach, jolting time ever so gently with each step, the sight of my mother passed as regularly as a downbeat. I was powerless to gaze at her, to hold her smiling face between my hands, or bury myself in the folds of her dress, but rather, I felt the fragility of her image come to me and leave me like the rapid thrust of a fencer.

Staggered memories such as these, flickering forms or stacked piles of identical images, strike in rapid succession against the framework of the brain where past and future are but arbitrary titles for inevitability, the knowledge that now is already past, and future is now, that the start and finish of a footstep is as implicit as birth and death, found in the fragments of my mother's smile which I try in vain to piece together, seemingly lost forever, but perhaps lying in the realm of the unmanifest at the brink of becoming when shadows dissolve at twilight and jagged skylines soften and fuse with the sky.

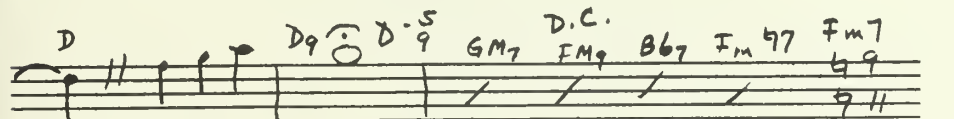
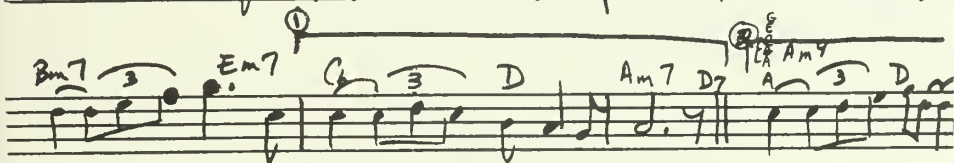
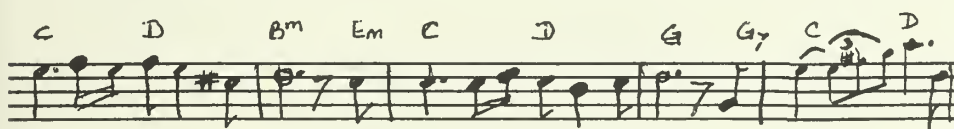
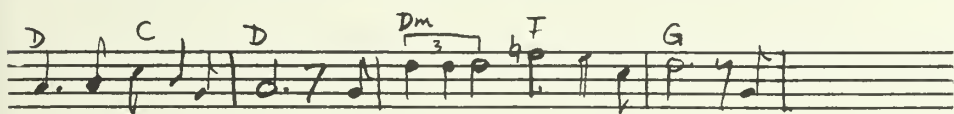
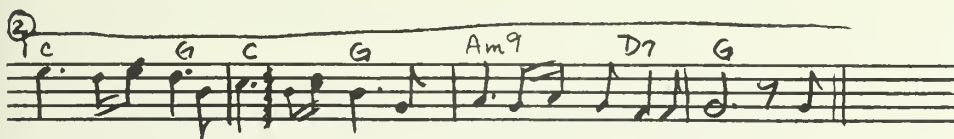
Darkness converged upon me, wrapped my body and surroundings in a convoluted veneer of half-light, slipping a translucent film before my vision that juggled my reality like a hall of tarnished mirrors. Just as one cannot portray a mirror apart from the reflection captured in its glass, I could not perceive dusk; it did not settle on forms like snow or fog, nor was it cast upon the earth like a moonbeam spreading its pale sheen in a shower of gaseous light. It evaded my understanding as if someone would tug it further from me as I approached. Each step left me ever encompassed by a stretch of familiar form between myopic visibility and the magical alter-reality beyond.

And so it is with our own magical qualities, never observable save in fleeting glimpses that sometimes leap into view like a Mephistophelean genie, serving only to confuse us and whet our yearning to comprehend what we cannot. We long to clip the prolonged strand that threads moments together like a string of pearls on a continuum, anchoring time to an unnatural dwelling, fastening souls to mortal bodies, which, try as they may, become locked in the spokes

karen zaman

of a spinning wheel. And, in trying to escape, we are pounded even more firmly into our fixed forms, compressed on all sides by the pressure of elements, just as the earth beats back when my feet pound its surface. I seek to surge beyond my borders like a radiating sun, extending my arms to embrace the world in a halo of precious essence. I seek only to be free. Instead I am condensed into hardened matter and clamped to a foreign gravity that precludes a search, by tying my equipment in seamless knots where I cannot find it, where it avails me nothing. Sometimes I sense it trying to whisper its whereabouts to me, but its voice is dissipated before it can reach my ears like a sound struggling to make its way from the bottom of an ocean. And then, feeling that my efforts are only causing further anguish and a tightening of threads, seeing my threshold recede even further into darkness, I resign myself to my physical being, a mass of malleable substance, beaten like gold by invisible hammers.

For you



rit.

AD LIB

MICHAEL KENNA

a strong sadness

I

This sorrow;
This strong sadness
Leaning so rudely up against me
With its unimaginable end
Poking my side uncomfortably;
This sorrow
That makes me shuffle for balance
And blame the person next to me
For All to see;
This unwelcome stranger
Is a part of me.

II

Awareness has brought you here.
Understanding makes us talk.
We talk: dialogues of sorrow.
You always interrupt.
We talk.
Always you interrupt.
Always we talk.
Always you interrupt.

III

Conversation isn't cure.
Witchdoctors' words do more.
Sadness springs from itself,
Feeds on itself,
Multiplies;
Breeding barren daughters and bastard sons.
Children of sorrow,
Matricidal, matricidal, matricidal!

IV

Sorrow, I can but fall
If you outlean me.
I will not rise to fall again.
I will not rise again to weep.
Death denies you passage. Tra
Dead men don't cry. La
Neither will I.

Spring Tide

*In Spring Tide,
when
sun and moon and earth are one;
when
watery arms stretch far up onto a thirsty beach,
and seldom make their way back,
I wonder about you and how long your arms
will stay
until they rush away
with the pull of a warm, neap tide...*

Mr. Lotty

In the parlor near the stairs,
Mr. Lotty would always sit
To read the evening paper
Because he liked it in there.
He would call into the kitchen
From time to time
The bits of news which seemed to him
To be indicative of where the world was headed;
And it never ceased to amaze him
That he could buy it all for just a dime.
Mrs. Lotty would answer back with:
“What’s the world coming to?”, and
“Imagine that!”,
While Minnie, their cat,
Stretched over two flower pots,
Fluffy and fat,
Would doze off in the intervals between
Mr. Lotty’s chit and Mrs. Lotty’s chat.
Afterwards, when the dishes
Had all been put away,
Mrs. Lotty would come to the parlor
And sit down to knit.
And Mr. Lotty, hearing the faint tic, tic, tic,
Would smile contentedly at his wife,
And roll his head back, thinking of life.

BEN REYNOLDS

FOR CYN

I am a clerk.
I serve well.
Within my appointed
hours, I
call the names of
persons needing aid.
I distribute papers
on which names
are printed in large, block
letters. These letters
are made of smaller letters,
thusly: zzzzzz
zzzzzz
zz
zz
zz
zz
zz
zzzzzz
zzzzzz

The scale, of course, is larger.
Cyn, is a name I call.
In the silence of my cubicle,
it is quite embarrassing, but
she is pretty
and I like her.

drunken sots with hiccoughs
refuse their teaspoon
of granulated sugar, and
powerless,
ask help
in rotten, sodden poetry.
the old, rough and raw machines
held voices for me.
screaming and complaining
as metal scraped against metal
and engines belched exhaust.
i used to turn around and
around looking for somebody
calling. it seemed as though
they were in the machine
and needed help. the screams were
piteous.
clerk hollering "Sin!" like a command
down the hall. the children
of the computer rise
in obedience and flock
to the teeth.

The phenomenally silent Calvin Coolidge was asked once, as he returned from church, what the sermon had been about. "Sin," he replied. "What did the minister say about it?" Coolidge replied, "He was against it."

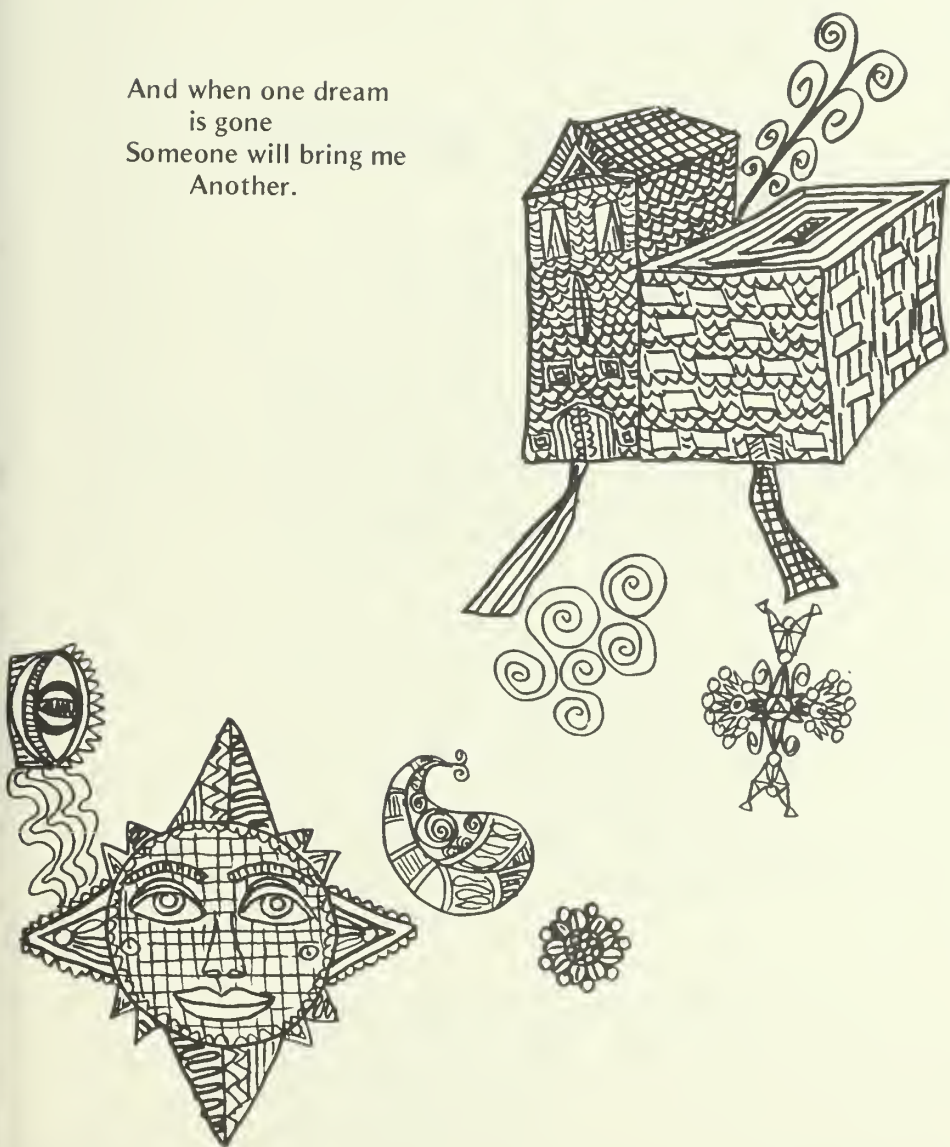
ben reynolds

After I'd Watched the Kansases of the World Sprout

Barbed wire,
and after I'd seen the slant-eyed,
 and red-skinned, the big-nosed,
 and black-skinned, the fair-haired,
 and the long-haired all locked up
I sat down beneath an oak tree.
I looked at the grass
and thought how it turns to mud
after a dog circles his pen for the hundredth time.
I remembered the sound of mud around my ankles
and the way it sucked my feet down.

Job shook his finger at The Bastard
 while I remembered my grandmother
 who was scottish and my great-grandmother
 who was an indian.
Then I burned my bible
and cut off my index finger.

And when one dream
is gone
Someone will bring me
Another.



my name

The river knows my name,
A polished rock
Currents of acorns, currents of leaves
Cord severed, brush
One japanned finger of my hand
Against the shore
I close the door
I step into the river.

Crusade

A dry wind blows through the tents at night
Ruffling the hooded bird
And the skins of the many gazelles, and we
Drinking the goblets of wine which shatter our faces
Sink down the thighs of eastern women
Through tiers of sand and tapestry
Grudgingly to bedrock.

Why have we come so far
To the shores of this black river
To the walls of the alien city
Not one of us knew the names of the men we would kill
When the crowd roared and we left for glory
Hidden in the depths of Asia
Not one of us knew the brown faces
Which tomorrow perhaps, smiling through dry grass
Will stoop to pluck the newly seeded crosses
Where they lie.

Prince,
It will no longer do to look to the west
In her dark eyes the fields are bare
Where flowers grew
Where Orpheus lies now
Dead without issue.

DAOUD CHORO

CREDO

I am not a Christian soldier,
--no sword nor armor, no battle cry--
My struggle is silent, and in slow motion.
DOMINION: I would have
Dominion over that lush land
Of fertile springs and shining fronds,
Of tinkling golden anklets
And glimmering, evening-star ponds,
And stand at its gate with firm resolve,
As an angel with searching eyes
Who stares out at the geometric
Sequence of my future days,
--uncountable; truly timeless--
That rise and never fall:
To watch without a word,
And never turn my heart
To desiring what is left;
To love what is to come.
I am not a Christian soldier...

Tonight
Without the passion
The heart beat
The heaven
Tonight
Without stimulant
The glazed eyes
The drunk depths
Tonight
Without the world tune
But with the soul
Aloud within
Tonight
Myself

Bigre !

“Les fleurs du mal sont abreuvés du sang des innocents.”

*

L'impensable se pense
Le côté noir s'expose
Le ciel se couvre pour annoncer une perte
La catastrophe se déroule
Les soleils blafards s'éteignent
L'oeil pourpre du Roy Pharon s'enrage
Quand son brass magistral s'avive
Pour hurler & branler une terre aride
Le malin s'éclôt dans le sang maudit
Versé en néfaste abondance
Le clairon entonne et les vifs meurent
En buvant des gorgées de vie funeste
Pendant que la structure corporelle se dégage

C'est une blague de mauvaise humeur.



L. S. COBB

JAMES

the last lonely ego

They had been sailing for quite some time. The convict had lost track of the days and had only vague memories of land. As long as there was no land in sight he felt safe, but did not know why. He was even more unsure as to why he had decided to venture across the ocean; but he was on the ship now and there would certainly be no turning back.

The morning was rising from the east tinting the horizon with rouge. (Red skies in the morning, sailors take warning, the convict thought to himself.) He stretched and stood on the deck. The sails were full. They had never been without the wind to push them constantly forward through the rough seas. The sailors were also beginning to stir and set about their tasks. Some were drawing sea water up from over the sides and carrying the buckets below deck. A few checked the fishing lines that were trailing the ship, tied at the stern. Two or three large fish had been caught. They cut the head off one and gutted it on deck, letting the entrails slide about the wooden planks. One of the sailors then picked the guts up and placed them in a bucket, which he took forward and dumped off the bow. The other fish were taken below.

The convict watched with disinterest. He had observed this procedure every morning that some luckless fish snagged one of the baited hooks. He used to think he could feel the entrails, dumped from the bow and sliding along the keel of the ship, greasing the ship's bottom so that it might slip easier through the seas. But he realized now the folly in such beliefs.

The sailors passed quietly by the convict, occasionally nodding to him. He had disposed of his striped uniform long ago but the scars from the leg irons still marked him. He was very conscious of the ugly welts that ringed his ankles, giving testimony to his disgrace, and he tried to pull his trousers down low enough to where the cuffs would touch the tops of his feet. But the trousers were not long enough to hide the scars, and he succeeded only in having his soiled shirt tail come untucked, exposing his belly with its crop of curly black hairs that ran up from his crotch. He tucked his shirt tail back in and again stretched. The sky was clearing now and the sun was higher in the sky.

At the base of the huge, thick mast a dirty ragged man sat, mumbling to himself. He was caked with filth; only his black eyes peered through the shadowy grime, white rimmed and intense, staring at each individual as he passed, but giving no dimension of his thoughts. The sailors sometimes spoke of the beggar but the convict had learned nothing more than that he was considered a mystic or wise man by people on land. He, himself, had never heard a word from the ragged bundle of flesh. However, when the sailors passed with the daily bucket of guts, the old man would moan angrily and beat his fist against the deck.

From one of the cabins aft, a stately and most beautiful woman appeared, dressed in fine white silk. Her hair, gleaming auburn in the sunlight, was piled high in a stylish coiffure. She wore no jewelry save a delicate gold chain which hung from her neck with the weight of an extraordinarily large and perfectly formed pearl. As she walked regally about the deck, she never looked over the rails or even glanced at the sea. As far as she was concerned, it did not exist. Occasionally she would give a remark to one of the sailors or scold another, but the sailors rarely paid her heed. She then started towards the convict, whose name was Pietre. He hated this part of the morning. The countess, for she was indeed of noble blood, while patronizing the sailors like a nanny, sought after the convict like a student beseeching his teacher. She showed the utmost respect for the convict and pretended not to notice the scars on his legs,

camouflaging what the convict took to be repugnance with questions and scholarly conversations, which he did not understand at all. He distrusted her and answered her civilly, attempting to skirt her more prying inquiries.

"Good morning, my dear Pietre." This was her accustomed greeting and the convict hated it. She had no right to address him by his first name: he was a human being, as was she. She was no better than he for all her royal blood. "Last night I was looking out the window at the stars. You know, men of science say that some of those stars are suns like our own with planets revolving about them and perhaps creatures as ourselves inhabiting the planets. Don't you think this most interesting?" The convict could not have cared less. What business had anyone to ponder the stars when there was already so much uncertainty in this sea and on the land to come. He wished she would go back to her cabin and leave him alone. Such questions!

Receiving no reply, the countess' voice sharpened. "You know you've never told me how you occupied your time back on land. Were you a teacher, a lawyer, a priest? No, evidently not. You seem the military type. You were a soldier, weren't you," she declared flatly. The convict shook visibly but his mute face offered no answer. The countess curtly turned on her heel and walked to where the old mystic lay crumpled.

"I am the Countess Andrea Petrovna Antonych. And who may you be?" she asked the old man. The sailors shook their heads and clucked their tongues. She presented herself to the old wretch every morning in the same manner. The mystic merely replied with a low growl that the convict understood as usual and said, "What? I don't understand you. What do you mean to say?" This time the heap of rags remained silent and presently the woman turned and went back into her cabin, her face flushed with shame and confusion.



The sun was at the top of the sky and a commotion had started on the quarter deck. It seemed that the captain was coming on deck. The convict had heard much of the captain from the sailors. He was said to be a powerful man who could command one's very soul. He had been known to sail ships unscathed through the worst storms and had steered the most terrifying reefs as though he were pilot to every body of water on the earth. The convict had heard many amazing stories but had not once seen the master of the vessel. He had never before come on deck and actually presented himself to his men, although his presence was powerfully felt at all times.

The convict looked again towards the quarter deck and there stood the captain. He was a tall, lean creature with a creased, weather-worn face and a long flowing beard. He was dressed in a severe purple uniform with which the convict was not familiar. But the most singular feature of the man was his eyes. They were blue as the sea with black, piercing pupils that had seen more than any sailor. They seemed to encompass the entire scene in a single glance: the men, the ship, the sea, and to comprehend all as if he had been a part of each: had lived the life of a common sailor; had felled the logs that made the ship; had swam the ocean with the fish. He knew all: the course, the distance, and the port of their arrival. Pietre could tell the man had made this voyage many times before.

All the sailors stood at their posts, gazing towards their captain. The large blue eyes looked at each individually and they each felt naked beneath his gaze; some had to turn away. The convict dared not lift his eyes to meet the captain's. He was glad when finally the captain smiled grimly and with a sweep of his hand, bade them all back to their duties.

It was becoming afternoon. As the captain strode the after deck and conversed with the helmsman, the sailors began to throw huge nets over the sides of the ship as it was customary to do at that time of day. The nets spread wide through the water on both sides of the vessel and were soon invisible below the surface. Then with strong lines, the men began drawing the web back in towards the ship. As the nets drew closer, Pietre could see that they were brimming with large silver fish. It was the largest catch he could remember. Usually the nets came back empty or tangled with kelp. He pressed against the bulwark and stared down at the writhing creatures, fascinated by their fluid motion. As the sun sparkled off the quivering mass, the fish ceased to appear as separate entities and seemed to Pietre as piles of glittering silver coin. He watched as the sailors hauled at the taut lines, their eyes reflecting the foaming, splashing silver. Pietre, himself, felt something deep and urgent within him and he began to grasp the ropes, pulling with all his strength.

As the huge catch was being pulled up the gunwales and the sailors were preparing to empty the bulging nets on to the deck, a powerful voice lashed against their backs. The convict nearly lost his hold on the rope and many of the sailors let the line slide between their hands before restoring their burning grips. All turned to stare at the captain, who was glaring down at them from the bridge.

"I won't have it!" he bellowed. "Cast those creatures back into the sea where they belong. And be quick about it. I won't have it said that this captain let his ship become a fishing scow. Now cast them off!" The blue eyes clouded and threatened lightning to the first man who would dare disobey his command.

Slowly, grudgingly, the men lowered the nets back over the sides and opened them for the fish to escape. Swimming lazily, insolently, the fish dispersed back into the sea. The sailors said nothing but kept their heads low, their eyes averted, and slouched about the deck, leaving the nets hanging from the rails.

The convict did not understand and was angry that they had to free the fish. But he said nothing, for he could still feel the heavy eyes that came from the bridge bearing down on his neck and spine. He shut his eyes tightly and leaned against the mast,

wrapping his arms about its girth. He breathed deeply. A powerful stench pinched his nostrils making him choke and stagger backwards. Opening his eyes he saw the source of the smell: the filthy old man, huddled at the base of the mast. Rage seized him. Glancing aft, he noted that the captain had gone below. Holding his breath, he grabbed the old mystic and raised him above his head. But the rags which he gripped disintegrated in his hands and the grimy wretch dropped to the deck with a crash. The sailors had all frozen: silent clay statues with painted eyes that followed his every movement. Though frustrated and confused, the convict knew that now he had to continue, for they were all waiting and watching. He seized the wise man by the ankles. The ancient mud-stained face glared at him, a mask of catharsis. But the convict had an iron grip. He swung the old man about in a circle, then let him fly over the bulwarks where he splashed into the sea. The sailors rushed to the rails to see what had become of the mystic. Pietre was trembling violently but he found himself drawn also to the side of the ship. At first, nothing could be seen but the dark blue swells of the sea. But then one of the men cried, "There he is!" They looked out and saw the wise man's head bobbing above the waves. The sea water had washed away the dirt and grime revealing his face and neck. Pietre gasped for the old one's features was not old at all but young and glowing with life force. Only his eyes showed age but they seemed to laugh anyway at the ship and its motley crew. He raised his arm from beneath the water and pitched a piece of timber at them. Over their heads it sailed and landed on the deck behind them. Then he laughed out loud and swam away.

Pietre turned and walked over to the piece of wood lying in a puddle on the deck. He picked it up and examined it in the sunlight. Bent, rusty nails covered its surface in uneven rows. He turned it over and over in his hands. It was very heavy with the nails and he wondered that the mystic could have tossed it on board from such a distance. All the sailors gathered around him and touched the piece, passing it about; but they could not say what it was. One man thought it was a piece of a rudder, but he was not sure and the others were not too interested anymore. They all drifted away. The convict walked aft and dropped the timber from the stern. It hit the water with a quiet splash and quickly sank from sight. Then Pietre began to weep bitterly.

The sun was lower in the sky when the captain returned on deck. Pietre was still standing at the stern, gazing into the swirling wake that the ship carved through the sea. White foam marked their path on the water, but it was buffeted and scattered and eventually swallowed by the dark blue waves till nothing remained to denote their passing. The sailors, seeing their captain once more at the helm, grew restless and uneasy; they gathered at the bow and spoke in low tones among themselves. They avoided looking aft, at either their captain or the spot at the base of the mast. To no avail.

"Where is he?" thundered the voice. "Where is the man whom I gave safe passage on this ship?" The men fell silent and stared at each other's hands. Pietre gripped the rail and did not move. "You, convict. Do you know where the wise man has gone?" The voice accused rather than inquired. Pietre turned

slowly, denial perched on his lips only to be met by twin embers of slow blue fire that told him the story was known already and the judgement drawn--the fear in his eyes having given witness to the deed. He would have tried to run but he knew he was beyond flight now. Strangely, the flames in the eyes subsided and in their place lay the cool ashes of pity which the convict had least expected to find. The emotion was incomprehensible in the captain; the convict would have preferred the quick clean fire to have charred his body, leaving nothing as evidence but a few blackened bones. But this pity he found slow and tormenting and beyond human dignity. He felt the salty sting of humility bite into his flesh.

"It is as I knew it must be," said the captain and he turned and walked into the ready hands of his sailors who had crept up behind him. He did not resist. Screaming curses and insults, they suddenly leaped upon him and beat him about the head and neck; and when he fell to the deck they wrapped his body tightly in the fishing nets. Pietre found himself among them carrying the limp body down the ladder and laying it at the base of the mast. Someone thrust a rope in his hands and the convict began tying a hangman's noose. The intricacies of the knot came easily to him and he had it slipped beneath the captain's chin in no time. Still shrieking abuses, they kicked the body till finally one of the men hoisted the bundle over his back and began climbing the mast. When he reached the boom he stood the captain up. Pietre could see that the captain was still conscious, but it shocked them all to see how vulnerable, how human he now appeared. They screamed at the sailor, "Hang him! Hang him!" The convict's voice joined the chorus as the man tried the end of the rope to the mast. They watched their captain roll his eyes. "What will the owner say?" he cried and then his feet were kicked out from under him. He plummeted head first to the rope's length and was jerked to his feet with a snap. The bulging eyes and thick tongue which jutted from between the purple lips gave his corpse a clownish appeal that caused the men to laugh like hyenas.

It was through tears of laughter that the convict spied the countess, robed in a fine white gown, standing at her cabin door. He nudged the shoulder of the man next to him who turned and saw also and tapped the man nearest him and so on till all were standing, staring in silence at the beautiful woman. Then with the unity and strength of a pack of wolves they fell upon her, pulling her down to the wooden planks while the convict tore away her snowy gown. He was but slightly disturbed to find she was virginal. After that, each man had his turn till they all were sated.

It was sunset by now. The sailors moved away from the figure lying prostrate on the deck. She slowly raised herself. Pietre looked at her; the dry trails of tears that spoiled her face; the thin rivulets that ran red, now dried brown down her thighs. She stood up suddenly, clutching at the remnants of her once fine gown, now tattered and soiled. The sailors hung their heads and drew farther way, widening the circle about her. Her auburn hair hung limp to her shoulders and fell down her back. Pietre detected the shame in the sailors' hearts, but there was something else. Was it love? Or was it submission? The feeling was vague to him and he shied away from it but he sensed that the woman was now in control, was now the integral part of the ship and its crew. He suddenly felt very much alone. He moved back to the helm and there kept his head toward the stern, the sailors were kneeling about her in a close circle, their eyes on her uplifted hand. "That man is a convict!" she cried, pointing her fingers towards Pietre, "And not one of us!"

"No," he said, "I am Pietre!" but they did not hear him. They rushed upon the lone figure and pinned him to the deck, while the woman coiled a rope around him, pulling it tight, cutting his skin, laughing at his pain.

They hung him by his heels from the mast in place of the captain, whom they cut down and tossed overboard. The blood rushing from Pietre's body into his head, tinted the twilight sky before his eyes. (Red skies at night, sailors' delight, he mused as he took his last breath.) "Land ho!" called a sailor from above.

Empty

(Duke during Spring Vacation)

the webbed drawers and colored canopies

show through the door

if you stare hard enough

tones float and soar

listen to the empty house

groan

strain and shift in the sun

waiting for those that left to return

and I wander alone and small through

the carpeted thoroughfares

and see another like myself

but we pass, eyes averted

blushing at our loneliness



Notes on Contributors



LEIGH ABLONDI is an undecided art history major from New York City.

ANDREW ANGYAL is a graduate student in English presently living in Durham.

BOB BAIRD is a sophomore English major who hails from Raleigh.

LYDIA BANKS who lives in Chapel Hill, writes and illustrates stories for children.

DAVID BOGER's poems come from his book entitled *currents of a wind*, which was written last year for Ms. Vick's comparative literature class. He is currently acting with Hoof 'n' Horn.

DAOUD CHORO is yet to be found, for he is incognito.

DENNIS COATES is a graduate student in English in Vietnam and remains on duty as an army captain. His poem entitled "The Sixth Day" was the winner of the 1971-72 American Academy of Poets competition.

JAMES L. COBB is a sophomore from Fort Smith, Arizona.

D. DARLING is studying the nature of Tsing-Yaoh polymorphism.

MIKE ELLSWORTH is a senior from Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

LINDA FORE, a senior double-majoring in art and political science, belongs to an evening drawing group.

C. GRAVES is a grad student at u.n.c.

S. J. FREEDMAN is unknown.

R. HACKEL is a Czechoslovakian mambo instructor moonlighting as a second-story man.

RUTH HARDEE is a Gilbert-Addoms freshman from Winetka, Illinois.

WINNIE HINSON, artist and doodler, is a freshman from Miami.

MARY HOOK, a junior from South Carolina, is studying art with W. K. Stars and plays the glockenspiel in the band.

CRALE D. HOPKINS comes to Duke from California, and is a second year graduate student in English.

TOM HOUSE's wife is about to have a baby and he has just completed his book.

GOLDI IRANI is an English grad student from Iran.

JOCK IRELAND is a junior from Montreal, Quebec; an artist; and French major.

MICHAEL KENNA is a junior from Atlanta who has contributed to previous ARCHIVE issues.

ANDRAS LAPIS is a student of sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts in Budapest. Although Andras has never taken LSD, his drawing depicts what he imagines the drug's effects to be.

BERKELEY W. LATIMER is a grad student in history who likes French poetry.

BARRY LEE is a sophomore English major who likes cats.

JAN MARTELL is a noted artist and mountain-climber.

BRUCE KUNIHOLM is an English graduate student residing in Durham. His three-part poem, "The Wrestler from Aleppo" won honorable mention in the 1971-72 American Academy of Poets contest.

PAT McNELLIS is a freshman from Nashville, Tennessee, who is presently studying creative writing under Dr. James Applewhite.

P. E. MELVILLE is a Senegalese short-order cook living in Creedmoor.

STEVE MILLER is a senior, living in Durham, who has completed a major in psych and is presently working on one in art design.

WEESA PLYLER is a senior majoring in English.

poorallofus unknown to all save a few friends.

THOM PRICE is a poet, a track fanatic, and the assistant editor of the ARCHIVE.

BEN REYNOLDS is a junior living off-campus in Durham.

KEN SHIFRIN is the "junior-artist-in-residence" and a concert trombonist.

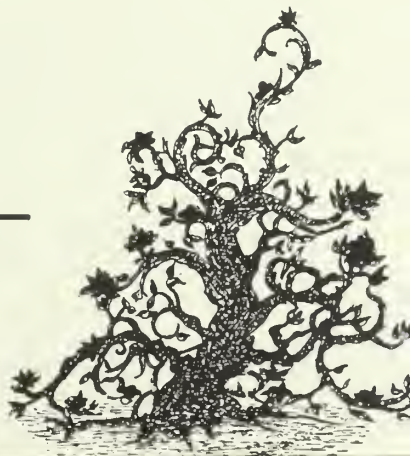
HELEN SMITH, a junior from Durham, is considering a major in art history and enjoys creating woodcuts.

SUSAN TIFFT, a senior English major, comes from the city of St. Louis, Mo., and writes for the CHRONICLE.

DONALD YATES a flick-watcher from Florida.

M. T. YOUNGS does volunteer work as a crossword-puzzle reader for the Albanian Literacy League and Delicatessen.

KAREN ZAMAN is a Duke senior, currently studying with Reynolds Price.



Duke University Stores

Duke University Store



East Campus Store



Duke University Bookstore



Duke University Vending Service



and

Duke University Barber Shop



Union Building

**Record your records
on tape now and play
it for keeps**

with the famous Sony/Superscope
tape
recorder
from
Durham's
largest tape
and stereo
center.
Over 20
models to
choose
from.



SONY® SUPERSCOPE®

**VICKERS ELECTRONICS
& STEREO CENTER**

506 East Main St., Durham

**IF YOU'RE
INTO
MUSIC
YOU'RE
INTO...
THE
RECORD
BAR**

there is **absolutely no place anywhere near this place that is anything like** *this place*
SO THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

The Best Place to Meet, Eat and Relax . . .

Serving complete meals continuously all day. We are known for the best
fried chicken, rare roast beef and apple pie in town. And we have carry-out
items galore from our

DELICATESSEN

Kosher Corned Beef
Kosher Franks
Roumanian Pastrami
Nova Scotia Lox
Bagel & Cream Cheese
Chopped Liver

Imported Wines
Boiled Ham
Cold Breast of
Turkey
& Beers

Kosher Salami &
Bologna
Potato Salad
Chicken Salad
Imported Cheeses
Chicken in The Rough

Rye, Pumpernickel, French Bread & Water Bagels

Pizza Pies Available after 5 p.m.



Private Rooms Available for Breakfasts,
Brunches, Lunches, Dinners, or Sand-
wich Parties. Come See What We Have.

IVY ROOM RESTAURANT &
DELICATESSEN

9 A.M. - 11:45 P.M. Daily — 7 Days Weekly
COSMOPOLITAN ROOM — 5 - 9 P.M. Daily

1004 West Main Street — Phone 688-6041

Free parking in rear and on Brunson's lot after 5 p.m. daily and all day Sunday

Duke University Union

Programming Committees

Drama

Freewater Films

Graphic Arts

Major Attractions

Major Speakers

Performing Arts

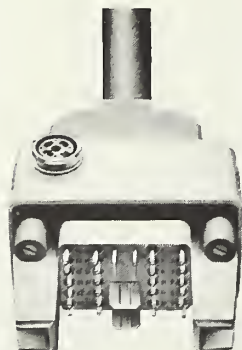


Triangle Volkswagon, Inc.

3823 Durham-Chapel Hill Blvd.

Phone 489-2371

This is a plug for Volkswagen.



Volkswagen is the world's first plug-in car.

No, we're not putting you on. We mean it. Every 1972 Volkswagen has a built-in system of sensor points spread throughout the car. They're in all the critical areas, like the electrical system and the engine. And they all connect with a socket that's located in the engine compartment of the car.

When that socket is plugged into a computer, the computer automatically checks things like ignition, compression, wheel alignment. All without any chance of human error.

When it's done—and it doesn't take very long—the results are printed out in plain English. Sixty vital service checks. You can read them and discuss them right on the spot with the mechanic.

The world's first plug-in car comes into its own starting later this year when the computer comes on at your Volkswagen dealer's.

If you buy one now, you'll be all set when it happens.



REMARKABLE NEW INVENTION IN EVERY
1972 VOLKSWAGEN

sa SOUTHLAND ASSOCIATES

REALTORS AND INSURORS

212 Corcoran Street
Post Office Box 890
Durham, N.C. 27702

1973

THOUGHT ABOUT SUMMER?

BERLIN LONDON PARIS
ROME VIENNA NICE OXFORD
GREECE SPAIN

FOR CATALOGUES AND MATERIAL DROP A NOTE

A.L.S.G.
P.O. 9143 D.S.

THE 1973 SUMMER PROGRAM OVERSEAS OF

THE AMERICAN LEADERSHIP STUDY GROUPS

HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR NOT ONLY ENJOYMENT
BUT ALSO A COURSE CREDIT TO BE YOURS IN ANY
OF THE ABOVE BEAUTIFUL PLACES. JOIN OTHER
DUKE STUDENTS, AND REST ASSURED, WE WILL SEE
THAT YOUR PARENTS WILL GO FOR THIS ONE.

CALL 383-4690



The Blue and White Room

*A great variety of
foods for every
meal*



The Oak Room

*Waitress service
A la Carte Menu
Many other fine foods*

The University Room

Special meals



The Cambridge Inn

*....to serve you
at all times*



SPECIAL FUNCTION AND CATERING SERVICE

Duke University Dining Halls



The SEEMAN
PRINTERY
INCORPORATED

Established 1885
DURHAM
N. C.

Manufacturing Printers



Engraving
Embossing
Lithographing



DUKE

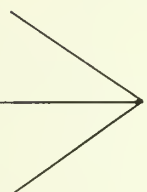


TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE NAME, WORK.

AC	ALICE AMMERMAN, <i>Boat.</i>
4	ANONYMOUS, <i>O my Husband.</i>
15	ANNIE APPLGATE, <i>Rail,</i>
19	<i>Blanket.</i>
33	CHRISTINE ARMSTRONG, <i>Drawing.</i>
20	MARTHA BARNHOLDT, <i>A Bamboo Fence.</i>
BI	NANETTE BISHOPRIC, <i>Piano Lunaire.</i>
30	BRUCE BROWER, <i>Quietly Forever.</i>
10	DENNIS COATES, <i>Lines,</i>
11	<i>Recognition.</i>
29	RICHARD CURREY, <i>Moments in the History of Hyattsville.</i>
AV	dan, <i>Gummed Impression,</i>
AW	<i>The Shadowmaker.</i>
50	D. DARLING, <i>Photograph.</i>
51	<i>Positive,</i>
52	<i>Half-tone,</i>
BR	<i>Composition in black & white.</i>
31	MARK DENNY, <i>The angel came.</i>
AD	EDITORS, <i>Pre-preschool,</i>
BE	<i>Apologia.</i>
37	MIKE ELLSWORTH, <i>Vineyard,</i>
38	<i>The Wooden Stake,</i>
38	<i>Hat in Hands.</i>
28	JADE HALLOWELL, <i>Chairs,</i>
AS	<i>Pitcher,</i>
BJ	<i>Woman.</i>
AY	WINNIE HINSON, <i>Vegetables Afloat.</i>
32	CRALE D. HOPKINS, <i>Driving North,</i>
32	<i>A dead robin.</i>
BH	TOM HOUSE, <i>the waiting room.</i>
35	GOLI IRANI, <i>Quiet Violence,</i>
35	<i>Apple Pie.</i>
39	ALAN W. JENKS, <i>Snowstorm.</i>
AR	JEFFREY D. JOHNSTON, <i>After You Left.</i>
AF	NICKY KITCHEN, <i>Story.</i>
AT	DONNA LANDRY, <i>Michael's Room.</i>
AO	PAT McNELLIS, <i>The Wheat Field and the Dodge Pickup Truck.</i>
BO	PEG MELVILLE, <i>Photograph.</i>
AG	MATT MILLER, <i>Matt's Dream.</i>
AX	EVELYN PARENT, <i>For Children Only,</i>
36	<i>Poem,</i>
36	<i>Remembrance.</i>

- 5 JOAN PAVLOVICH, *Corner of a Room*.
 BP NICK PEARSON, *Photograph*.
 49 THOM PRICE, *Photograph*,
 BQ *Positive*.
 BB NINA RADAKOVICH, *Home, Sweet Home or Sunday at the Ritz*.
 BJ MARILYN ROAF, *Shulamith*.
 AE ERIN ROBERTS, *Fingerings*.
 BA HERMAN SALINGER, *Epic Elegy*.
 AH MAY SIGMAN, *The day my ballet teacher turned into a frog*.
 12 MARK SMITH, *a snapshot in your wallet*,
 12 *an intimate little number*,
 13 *birdsong*,
 14 *gothic wonderland*,
 15 *a shooting star, by the chapel*.
 16 *bedtime story*.
 40 PETER STRIMER, *The Road to Glen Jean Springs*.
 AZ JEFF TALMADGE, *Carolina Rain*.
 34 ELLEN THOMPSON, *Requiem*.
 6 TIM WESTMORELAND, *Mirrors*.
 BN KITTIE WHITE, *Two Definitions of Pain: Evolutions of Waiting*.
 BK DONALD YATES, *The Angels*,
 BL *Entrance*,
 BM *Autumn Day*.

DUKE UNIVERSITY
 VOLUME 85, NUMBER 2,
 WINTER 1973

editor anne dantzler assistant editor (& poetry editor) thom price prose editor
 dave chandler assistant prose editor tom noland art editor weesa plyler
 photography editor dave darling contributions editor gali hagel people editors
 chris mayfield pat mcnellis business manager liz ansley ad manager bob
 bernstein literary editors poetry diana brenna mike ellsworth nathan goldman
 andy hicks donna landry bill marquess pat mcnellis debbie mow lynne sturm
 joe ullman bruce young literary editors prose mike breen donna landry barry
 lee chris mayfield libby sajo tim westmoreland bruce young arts editors leigh
 ablondi alice ammerman winnie hinson kathy white magazine concept &
 design editors diana brenna tom coleman kathy harward winnie hinson kathy
 white advice assistance tea & sympathy james applewhite william cranford
 kirk ridge jan martell peaches rigsbee dave darling bob douglas dan mores sue
 fishman ella fountain pratt inez fair lucy heffner susan carol robinson rees &
 reeder

O My Husband

Casual meetings are not casual for me.
The briefest encounter, lightest graze of eyes,
Leaves me atremble and clutching my sides against the cold.
Blasted by the winter of faces.

And yet I never tell
The softness of this seed inside the shell.
Your quick goodbye and hasty kiss
Crumble my brittle core
Like the mouldering leaves under your heel.
But I respond with equal cheer,
My lizard's tongue flicks off the pendant tear
Before its fall betrays the greedy heart
That would seize with its claws the fleeting touch.
Oh, I think if I should ever speak a truth
It would pry my jaws wide and rip my cheeks,
For my mouth is shrunk to the size
Of petty lies and quiet evasions.

So I return to my greasy kitchen and egg-smeared plates,
Clutching together the shards of my split skull
Though I want to let them fall clattering to the floor.

ANONYMOUS



Mirrors

I

Sleep had seemed to dull his ideas as he struggled toward the glass to see himself. Last night he had firmly decided that they fit nicely and that he would begin observations in the morning. But now it seemed more difficult to understand any position at all, and certainly not one so complicated as his mirrors. Everything revolved around some special thought about infinity. That sounded so impressive to remember: infinity.

(Now, class, if you'll open your text, we shall discuss Stephan Andrew's mirror theorem of infinity.)

Those thoughts filled his normally inactive day. He woke at seven, breakfasted on toast and black coffee, showered, shaved and dressed. Then he drove to the desk for the day's work. The desk encased his daylight; it was always very dim as he drove home for dinner and reading and sleep. Very little of waking excited him and so he really did sleep a good deal. There he found musty enjoyment hearing the impotent and frustrated screams of the animals as they pursued him and pounced, only to have their claws glide through his body. But eventually he had to wake and go to the desk and add figures. Eva tried to be sympathetic when he visited her, but he only spoke of it when he was leaving and she was afraid to bring it up unless he forgot to pay. She wanted to ignore his complaints and concentrate on her own and so her pity grew inward and he was lonelier.

But last night he had discovered the mirrors and it all seemed different, better. The vague hopes of going far away were no longer necessary, for far away had come to him. He could watch for miles in one room and see what others had wanted to see in slide rules and observatories. Stephan had the infinite.

"But now I have the desk. Another day and dollar, I suppose."

And he went in to shave, checking the mirror carefully to prevent himself from staring hopelessly for hours. When the two reflections were centered perfectly, Stephan had been caught in infinity: galaxies sprayed about the room, doors fluttered into invisible distance and there was white porcelain and chrome forever. The space between and in the mirrors was endless and familiar. He had been amazed at the splendor as he stared. Last night he had stood for hours, watching. He couldn't have seen it all if he had stayed forever, but he liked to watch while he could.

But this morning he had no time. The desk was waiting. So Stephan merely stroked the smoothness as he thought of the backstage of the cold surface.

And with that Stephan lost infinity. Not even the early morning could hide the end. His infinity died when Stephan stroked the mirror and felt that it was flat. And that no matter what he did, two very straight, very square glasses could not give him infinity. Up to the edge, down to the edge, out each side to the edge and half an inch down — that was all. No eternity could come from such a strict and ordinary piece of glass.

Stephan stared at the glass for two hours.

Then he showered, shaved and drove to the desk for the day. That night he did not read and did not go to Eva's, though it was Wednesday. He went back to his sleep all evening and part of the night, but he woke in the darkness and lay still, listening to the ticking of a clock.

II

A clock ticked distantly as he lay in the darkness where he'd awakened. He had slept all evening and part of the night, deserting Eva's Wednesday and his reading to dream of the imagined infinity. The day he had spent at the desk had been long, especially after the disillusion of the morning. He had shaved and showered in greyed defeat.

He had simply stared at the now—empty and mocking glass for hours.

That was all it really was — glass, defined by its shallowness and edges. Its limits were obvious. Infinity could never be drawn from here; no one could really have seen a glory in such straight and rigid edges. It had only two dimensions: the undeveloped third was merely a very flat surface which even a sleepy Stephan had recognized as dull. His strokes had found the firm smoothness.

It was all destroyed so quickly with simple caresses. He was only going to touch it and go to the desk. His time had been short and he had avoided the temptations to stare because the mirrors demanded all time for their secrets.

The night before it had taken him hours to pull himself away. Its flashing recurrence had blinded him: fixtures flew constantly between the endless mirrors, while thousands — millions of rooms floated from the two surfaces. He had lined them painstakingly and then danced through the glittering sprayed galaxies as if in a never-ending palace or an endless flashing stream. The night had overwhelmed him, so he had guarded his eyes that morning.

He had been very practical and prepared for the desk.

Such practicality was almost unendurable, for Stephan had the eternity that men had been searching for for thousands of years. His thoughts of travel and adventure were almost unnecessary then; he had everything. Just the discovery of the mirror that night had changed it all.

He no longer needed to worry about his tiny life. The loneliness could be lost in the size of his new world. Eva and her self-centered worries no longer mattered; she could drop her false sympathy now. He would leave her and all of his details for the abstractions of the glass. Adding figures at the desk had to remain to keep him alive, but the dreams which pleased him were more real. He was excited as he chased the mysterious dream animals and suddenly leaped through them. That had always cheered him and consequently he really did sleep a good deal so that he could find his musty joys and leave his routine. The routine encased his daylight, but in the morning he had trained himself to be quick so that he could dream more. But the mirrors were more important now. The eager admiration the discovery would bring filled his thoughts.

(Stephan Andrew's mirror theorem of infinity will be our next topic for discussion, so if you'll open your text we shall begin.)

Infinity was so awing to think of, but Stephan had done it, at least for a while. The mirrors were the center as he worked to rebuild his thoughts. But he was barely awake and such complicated thoughts were difficult for him; even simple ideas made him feel dull. He had promised himself that he would begin observations in the morning; the concepts had fallen together so elegantly before. But sleep had seemed to dull his ideas as he struggled toward the glass to see himself.

III

Sleep had seemed to dull his ideas as he struggled toward the glass to see himself. But as he approached he began to recall the lost joy of his problem. He watched carefully as he moved in the glass. Just one mirror was all he could see and it showed a confused face on a backdrop of cracked and dirty green tiles. He closed the door and opened the medicine cabinet to line its surface with the full-length one on the back of the door. And after they were aligned he began to watch, watching determinedly and objectively, trying not to be swept into the cycle. But the mirrors deepened and he watched. The flat squares showed him their secrets and he knew what it was he saw. He had looked so long for the infinity he had imagined that he had not understood when he saw it. He had conceived of a huge and grandly infinite stream, but the mirrors had shown him a tiny eternity, and endlessly divisible set of space where there was always another interior frame to see. The ten feet between the mirrors was a river without source or mouth, a prison from which light and Stephan could never escape. And as he watched, he smiled softly.

IV

And as he smiled softly he watched his soft smile and smiled at its softness.

TIM WESTMORELAND

RECOGNITION

Again. The same charred, scaled fear again
As you roll up the corners of centuries with quick, brisk steps,
With eyes locked down, hands in pockets and lips
Pressed to silence: you and the man in the shadow of your shame.

You crack nearer on the same narrow sidewalk,
Crushing the brittle barrier of history as you go:
His Skin is Black; and though you'd have him know
Your mind, you gaze past him at the great stone wall--

The great, old wall of coarse, cracked stone.
Yes, children have constructed equally formidable walls
And have torn them down in great mock battles;
But now as your eyes meet, as you meet the man's soul,

In that thunderously decisive and vanishing moment
A meat clean scream of hump heaves up
And clogs your throat, floods your mouth, and just
As those crumbling moss rocks tumble down on your moment

He grins: "Hey, man!" and your dream shatters into little pieces.
You don't even hear your own reply.

It is weeks before you know what has happened.

DENNIS COATES

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE SAIGON, WHILE
FILLING OUT AN AFTER-ACTION REPORT DURING A
TOUR OF DUTY, JULY 13, 1969.

We were watching TV when
it came through the wall in the next room
Cracked the world black in both ears on my back
quick-clap gray and black
too quick and thick to breathe.
The major's room.
God, God, wake up, we need you
Asleep on his back in that bolt
of big hot razor chunks.
He did not die for seventeen minutes he was not the major anymore.
The Lieutenant howled and smashed things. I called for a
dustoff.
Bones gave him a shot and wrapped his head in white gauze saying
fucking jesus fucking jesus fucking jesus
As the Old Man's open-handed
stiff body jerked up
like a rocking chair all that time.
The chopper came quick but too late,
departed,
and the major was gone from us.
It was just the one rocket.
We cleaned up.
The others went to bed,
except for Bones, who got drunk.
I sat by the radio and watched its dust
and all I could think of was hamburger.

DENNIS COATES

a snapshot in your wallet

while you were in the shower,
i spent a long time
looking at a picture of a
man with his arms around you,
and slowly i turned into the
person holding the camera,
looking out at
two people standing up on an
autumn hill,
in a clearing in the
dying leaves, in
perfect afternoon sun...
i kept yelling that you would
come out awful small
but you didn't hear and i
took the picture anyhow,
just as you came
dripping out of the shower

MARK SMITH

an intimate little number

feeling very much like
the first time
feeling the earth
slipping away slowly
the moon has pulled us away
oneness like a
statue of lovers
all of one rock
like the sea

MARK SMITH

birdsong

one feather fell
spinning and tumbling
from a bird lost high in the sun
 i picked it up
 and waved away the winter
 and carry it to this day

i turned out the light
and went downstairs to bed
without a word to the dreams behind
 the moon came up
 behind a hill of clouds
 and carried the dreams away

thunder and fireflies
blowing through the trees at night
the streets are wet but i didn't hear rain
 i walked outside and
 screamed goddammit
 why can't you learn to rain

i looked up
and the sky went grey and green
a bird sang out and the rain poured down

MARK SMITH

gothic wonderland

towers to the sky
morning finds them
reaching again
 pulling themselves
 up by the air
at night they stand
whistling and stiff
clues to the
ages of the stars
pointing nearly to eternity
quadrangles
shadows and sharp angles
not rubbed by rivers
but split and splintered
and carved by
flashing mallets and chisels
and lightning

MARK SMITH

in blue blue sky
there was a
silver-white streak
faster than any bird
not and then brightness
to a flash and
nothing left
to dive into the
cruel air
nothing left to
burn in short
screaming beauty
past the sky-tall stone
and into the tops of the pine trees
not a cloud in sight
and no one to believe
a second of it
 the air eats falling things
 faster than that



bedtime story

aww, what the hell...

here it is, the typewriter's out, jeweled escapement and pecking/slapping sounds ready to tell it, what i can keep stored until time to type it comes....

mostly this is something i've written

twice on paper, before, and

too many times, in my head.. it's about

a girl named deann, which may or may not be her real name,

depending on whether or not you are, in fact, innocent, and

whether or not i am tottering between sleep and flying,

beer and pros this afternoon (engineering makes odd bedfellows, yes?)

beer and trying to dance to jukebox of movie themes and christmas carols until a little while ago...

deann was a friend of my sister's, both being two years younger, and incestuous pasts aside, and she was not four-ten, and she had a not-straight spine which she was supposed to get operated on, some summer, and one night, in the natural course of things, she was spending the night with priscilla and priscilla went up to bed leaving us to watch the tv but we weren't watching it by the time the flag went up and the jets streaked by... amazed, i was, and even more when she announced that, sometime towards the end of the groping, wet-kissing, that she had never kissed a boy before, and my eyes rolled away, flashing to another odd-but-proper evening when i was the one to tell someone just as strange that i'd been a virgin a week ago-- i still believe in nature, sure, but i'll put my money on the movies now, any day, everybody knows what they're doing, but who told jane fonda how? well, eventually she went up to bed, and i retired to the basement, where i did a little wondering before i slept... the next morning was swell, the shit lists growing, the fans (for that is what i call those who begat me) knew damn well, as did priscilla and it's all well and fine that such things go on, at school, but not in their house, and with her friend, doo dah, doo dah.... somehow deann wangled her way over to our house that afternoon, and trapped me in my basement hovel, surrounded by my own fears, what if, with a body as odd as hers, she has a hymen like vulcanized rubber, and, oddities aside, the whole virginity thing, fear of the unknowable, what could it be like, -surely, even with the trojans handy, responsibility lies somewhere, here... yup, i was trapped, she, weighing in at 85 pounds wanted whatever she thought i had for her so badly that she physically, i mean, legs around the steel post and arms around me, a wrestler ready to take me on, twice her weight, in the worst way... can't say how long it took to convince her to come on back upstairs, but it seemed like a lifetime, to get her to come up of her own free will...

it looked like a bad day in black rock at the top of the stairs,
mother and priscilla not knowing what to do, how to relate,
knowing that this was not a case of college man seducing highschool girl
(conscience lies in me, somewhere, to this day, but even more when i sleep
under the roof of the fans), but they damn well couldn't understand that
it was, in fact, this woman-child who was managing to embarrass me with her
instinctive will-to-be-laid...

so it had to be instinct, but it was just as real as all i hope to know,
and, this being the end of some snowy vacation, i made up an excuse to
go over to her house when she told me her folks wouldn't be home,
to say goodbye,
and she hadn't put on a bra, her little breasts, half nipples, and
i remembered that she said she had a bruise where the buttons of my jeans had
done her unkindly, and she touched me, apologizing for not knowing what to do
she came, shivering, with very little help from my hands, and we talked some mo
and i left, waving as i drove away, tires feeling for traction in the new snow...
heard little things, she had taken to carrying a bible around, senior year
in high school, and went away to college as far as she could from home....
had a boyfriend, had started smoking...

this summer at the sink mother turned and said
i guess priscilla hasn't told you, since you haven't seen each other-
deann lastname died a while ago, away at school...
she had been having fainting spells, and one day just fainted and
never came back,
the doctors weren't sure why...

that's about it. seems a little old now, since all this thinking and
typing has sobered me up some, and i usually don't have any trouble
thinking about it... it's just when i'm a little gone, sometimes high
and alone before sleep comes around, that i have to write, to look
out the window at the ground for a while...

MARK SMITH



A Bamboo Fence

The man watched the woman walk briskly across the runway towards the jet. She began mounting the flight stairs one at a time, jerkily, as if she'd been peeled from a 1939 newsreel of Hitler's troops and then pasted onto the field. She mounted the last two as she had the rest, placing her right foot by her left each time.

He had kissed her on the cheek, told her in clipped tones to be sure and take her Valium, not to think about the height, to tell her mother he was sorry he could not come (if the poor thing could comprehend), as he had so much pressing business to straighten out at the office, not to worry, that the old lady would pull through. She had gazed at him for a few seconds: a kind of wild fire in her gaze; she passed the tip of her tongue over her parched lips and turned. Her face was shiny — perhaps from perspiration. After all, it was a warm day, although rain was predicted. He had pulled her back around and kissed her on the mouth. For a half-second. She had turned back and begun goose-stepping across the runway. He stood there for a long time, his knee resting against the chain that barricaded the gate entrance.

A fat man in a dark suit holding his hat on his head, prodded by the wind, half-ran, half-sailed towards the plane. The wind seemed assertive for such a warm day. But, then, they had predicted rain. The fat little man dropped his briefcase; he whirled and stooped as if depicting an interpretive dance, retrieved it, and ran again, his hand once more at the brim of his hat. His hips wobbled as he moved, his pants legs ballooning about him so that he formed a bobbing black triangle against the cream concrete of the runway.

The man at the gate entrance blinked and squinted. He twisted the wedding band around on his left ring finger. There was her face in one of the tiny oval windows. It looked very white. His right arm waved. Her opened fingers appeared beside her face in the oval glass.

A young woman was moving across the field. She was not running. She walked carefully, as if trying to match her feet with a long narrow line. She followed the unseen line towards the jet. Each time she put one foot forward, the opposite hip slunk into her body. It was not jaunty precision: it was swaying, hypnotic, rhythmic. Her hair, black but filtered with gold from a weak sun-glare, tossed about her head as if whipped by an egg beater. It

seemed to the man watching that she portrayed the gliding plane itself, with her hair the propeller. No — the dark clouds scrambled by the propeller. She carried a large tan-and-black patchwork shoulder bag. It banged against her left hip when her left foot reached out for the invisible line. The man at the gate entrance watched the tan-and-black bag banging. He watched with cool analysis smoothing his face until the hole of the plane's door swallowed her up. Little pin-striped men rushed out to wheel the flight stairs away.

A roaring symphony in his ear suddenly united the man with the engine of the plane. He blended with the engine and felt one with its power, yet such oneness shrank him to a nothingness till he seemed smaller than even the triangular fat man who had dotted the field. The scurrying refuse from the ground invaded his eyes. He squeezed them shut. Then he opened them to watch his wife's white face inside the oval until the plane became an oval itself — a black oval in the sky. He watched her white face even after that; all the way past the phone booths and to the magazine booth he watched it.

At the magazine booth he picked up a copy of *Newsweek* and laid two quarters on the counter. Actually, he should subscribe to *Newsweek* instead of *Time*. But then, she had sent in a subscription to *U.S. News and World Report*. He didn't like a pile of magazines on the coffee table, already outdated before he got around to them. Such inefficiency annoyed him. He scanned the topics on the Contents page, closed the magazine and doubled it in his hand. He drew out of his mutilated package of Larks the only cigarette he had allowed himself for the day. Got to quit. Always been a healthy sonofabitch. Always been full of gumption and will power and go-getter grit.

"God, am I ever crazy about you! You know I'm crazy about you, don't ya?" He heard choked words from a soldier boy just feet away from him, just decades behind him. He stuffed the *Newsweek* under his arm and stared at the cold, innocent head and the staunch body boasting its uniform. He glimpsed the boy's hand cuffed in olive drab, a strangely small hand which gripped girl's so that the knuckles shone white against her chapped pinkness. The girl's back was turned to the man at the magazine booth, but he saw her pallid hair streaking the upturned collar of her all-weather coat; he could see runs slicing her stockings,

revealing strips of white skin through the too-bronze tint of the nylon. Her shoulders were hunched: her stiffness suggested an alarmed bird poised like marble before breaking into frantic flight. The soldier's face was bent towards her and was blurred by shadows from the booth's overhang, so the man could not see his features, but he filled them in with imagination. All that mattered, anyway, was the urgency beneath his words and the chalkiness of those knuckles.

"Will ya write me....even more than when you have time? Okay?"

The man with the Lark dangling from his lip passed them and shoved open the door to the coffeshop.

He watched the red apronstrings vibrating against his waitress's wiggle while she prepared his coffee behind the counter. She brought it to him with a scarred face (had she been gouged in a dark alley once? he wondered). He dumped two bags of sugar and a teaspoon of cream into the coffee; the white aliens swirled with its current, mitigating the dark pool only to lighter shades of darkness — mellowing into tan. For an instant his cup seethed with steaming black-and-tan ripples, and he remembered the patchwork bag banging from the shoulder of the woman mounting his wife's plane. From the back she had been a beautiful woman, definitely a beautiful woman, her sable hair now seeming to catch reflections from the black patches, now reflections from the tan. The image joggled around like a kaleidoscope in his mind. It pecked tauntingly at his nerve strings, insisting that a similar image crouched further back in his past. This anonymous nuisance, the other image whimpered for release.

His wife Audrey had been beautiful once. Go-getter Paul and Beautiful Audrey. But hers was a beauty that had always frustrated him. Even when they were children. Theirs had been one of those Mom-and-apple pie, boy-marries-girl-next-door romances. Except this was an across-the-street-down-a-block-variation. He remembered how he used to stare out the window to see when she got off the bus, as she would often stay at school the optional hour for violin practice. He liked to watch her uppity, yet totally unselfconscious, beauty. Watching her in secrecy had inspired him once — along with the coming of spring — to fashion a love poem and sneak it into her desk when Miss Elliott turned her back to write phonetics on the board. His attempt at wooing

was rejected, however, since Audrey soon discovered it was not original, but copied from a Japanese poet:

“By the way of pretext
I said ‘I will go
And look at
The condition of the bamboo fence’,
But it was really to see you!”

Yakamochi, from the eighth century. Paul scrawled bits of the poem onto the napkin which underlined his coffeecup. The still-trapped words tapped at his memory relentlessly until he evoked them all. He gazed at the finished scheme trumpeting itself on the stark napkin. Then, purposely, he sloshed some coffee over the edge to further stain the inkstains. He smiled wryly, for he had destroyed the chastity of the napkin. Again he suddenly thundered with the power of the plane’s engine; he smiled again, because one smiles when one holds the destiny of a napkin in one’s own hand.

That other image again tugged; then it began to emerge from somewhere far back among the dregs of his life’s pieces. It burst out, unshackled. It was of another soldier’s uniform, one attempting in vain to warm an already cold body. The body lay stretched out on the screen in his memory, and then the screen filled with the dampness of a foxhole, shallow and sloshy — a typical, ordinary foxhole. There were mudstains on the boy’s uniform — a typical, ordinary uniform — the mudstains suddenly more vivid than either coffeestains or inkstains. The boy had dived in behind Paul, only an instant at his heels. Blood had stifled the trench, and he couldn’t tell if it were blood pounding from his own head or from the boy’s. Philippines, 1943. A nineteen-year-old boy from West Virginia. His name was Eddie. None of the guys in the barracks had ever gotten very close to him. Bits of shrapnel and cortex splattered with the mud. “Oh!” had whispered Eddie’s surrender at Paul’s feet. Just a resigned “oh,” with his sweet, rosebud mouth puckered into a tiny oval. Like the oval window where Paul’s wife was now sitting in the plane. Oval specks in the midst of huge whirling creation and cessation. The word “obligation” flashed onto his mental screen, replacing the foxhole scene. A mob of wretched, haunting obligations sandwiched somewhere between the moment of creation and the moment of cessation. And what might happen to

his idealism — the only truth Paul knew — if obligation should be hastened aside and forgotten?

He had run his fingers through the boy's blonde curls and had begun tugging at the limp boots. Once cast aside, they revealed black-and-tan checkered argyle socks. Protectively caressing Eddie's tired ankles and forever insisting that Mom loves him. Their pattern darted in staccato between shadows and spotlights behind the eyes of Paul, the Man-with-the-Lark.

By the way of pretext... Strange that he should remember that silly poem. But now that he thought about it, he had always seemed to watch Audrey from behind a screen, just like that Japanese boy in the poem, peering at his girl through the stalks of bamboo. His and Audrey's love affair had flowered, had been watered and pampered and carefully pruned. Now, with her mother dying, she needed him and he could not help her. He felt stripped of all muscle. After fifteen years of marriage, and here he was wondering if women carrying black-and-tan shoulderbags also carry romantic names. Like "Erin." Or maybe "Lauren." Or whatever other names are romantic...

He sipped his coffee while he stared at her. There she was, as if conjured up by voodoo or fabricated by his mind. The black-and-tan shoulderbags blazoned unmistakably. She sat down in the booth ahead of him with a toss of her black hair. It guiltily stained her ivory-colored raincoat, defiling the half-upturned collar. Paul picked up his coffee, the napkin suctioned to the bottom of the cup, and moved trancelike to sit facing her.

"Pardon me. Didn't I just see you get on that plane?"

Her eyes laid on him bewitchingly, slowly.

"I mean, excuse me, but I just put my wife on that plane, and I thought I saw you go across the field...well, actually, you reminded me of a friend of ours, of my wife's and mine, so I noticed-you..."

"I had to tell my husband a last-minute something..."

He spoke as if someone else was punching the control buttons for his words: "But hadn't you told him goodbye yet?"

"Yes. I had told him goodbye seventy-two no, seventy-three, times already." She plucked at the scarf around her neck and blew at her coffee nervously, annoyed. Paul wondered if he had engrossed her. He worried a little about the paunch that strained his belt. Not much of one, really; it had come there only over the

past couple years, yet this woman might notice it right away. But surely he had engrossed her.

"You must love him very much," he said as he squashed his Lark filter into the yawning ashtray.

"I do."

She was a straightforward girl, this girl, with no pretext about her. "What is your name?" he droned. "Just your first name."

"I'm sorry, but..."

"No, c'mon — just your first name." He was an alcoholic wheedling for just one last shot of whisky.

She thought a moment. She came to a noble revelation, that there is at least one time in everyone's life when one does not reject absurdity with horror, but instead penetrates its ghastly crust to perceive with compassion its pathetic soul. "My name is Catherine," she said softly.

"Ah, Catherine. As in Catherine Earnshaw Linton of *Wuthering Heights*," he said.

"It's really a very plain name."

"No, it's not." He felt pangs of uneasiness returning — or maybe they were more of awareness. "Well, I just wondered..." he shrugged, "...you look so much like a friend of ours...of my wife's and mine..." He got up with his coffeecup and almost extended his hand, but didn't. She smiled.

He left a tip for the scarfaced waitress. In contrast, he remembered the pastel clarity of Eddie the Soldier's skin, how its perfection blended with those Adonis curls. He had tried to look up the boy's parents when he returned to the States a few years later, after he had come back from Japan with the occupational forces. He had tried again twelve years ago. He had never thought much about what he would tell them—what would you say to parents whose son you had seen die?

..."Mr. and Mrs. Eddie the Solder's Parents: I just wanted you to know that Eddie died instantly and without pain, with a peaceful submission in his face, in his complexion, in his hair, and in his uniform. He died a good soldier — with his boots on. Our company had been crawling across bamboo-camouflaged enemy trenches and they fired within seconds. There was nothing I-er-I mean, we-could do. All he said was 'Oh,' and nothing else... I just wanted you to know I was there when your son died..."

He had never been able to locate them. Maybe they were

nonexistent, Eddie's name a fictitious one. He had done all he could — why did he have to feel badly that those feet in argyle socks, instead of his, had squirmed and then sighed into a 180 degree angle?

Audrey would soon be at her mother's hospital bed and he on his way home from the airport to feed the dog. Audrey had probably left a can of Frisky's out on the cabinet so he wouldn't forget. She was a good woman, Audrey. Damn, where had all her beauty gone? Perhaps if only her name had been different...given differently...a different given name...a married name given differently...a more giving name...given more to giving, giving not more of her silly coyness, but of inspiration and adventure...

Giving. Thanksgiving and Christmas, also Halloween. He soothed the perplexed warmth of his wedding band with his right forefinger, pompously assuring it of its righteousness. Suddenly a wrinkle strained his forehead: he remembered one night in the years before they were married when he had sat in the old Buick with Audrey and stroked her fingers and looked at the moon. His mind pushed Replay Button and the tape whirled backwards :

"You're all peaches and cream, ya know that?"

(A twist of her head away to hide the pleasure in her dimples.)

"Gee, buddy, what're you tryin' to prove?"

(An extra squeeze on her index finger, probably a little awkwardly carried off, for she started almost clear up through the ceiling of the car.)

"I'm just tryin' to ask you...d'you mind...if I fall for you?"

(A long pause while her face scrutinized even more fervently her windowpane. She cleared her throat.)

"How hard?"

(Here was this girl he'd known practically all his life, and now they were grown up, and yet they were still playing cops-and-robbers.)

"Christ, Audrey, like a ton of bricks!"

(He spread his sweating hands and dangled them over the steering wheel. She turned and looked at him, her windowpane apparently sufficiently inspected. Paul could tell by perception through his Instant Replay that there had been no barrier, no pretext between them...for only that moment.)

"I accept that, Paul," she said. "Oh, I accept that, honey. I accept it...(she paused)...givingly...if ya know what I mean."

He didn't know what she had meant...Strange that she should have said that. Strange woman, Audrey. Strange that she should love him with such insanity. That she should still love him, after fifteen years. Very impetuous and irrational woman. Too bad her figure was shot. Too bad her mother had to be dying. Too bad he could feel nothing when he had kissed her at the gate entrance.

Paul knew he'd have nightmares tonight involving black-and-tan monstrosities. That always happened when he got one wavelength hung on his mind. Like when you can't shake a persistent tune out of your head. Too bad he'd never been able to find that boy's parents. He would go home and drink Gallo wine with his spaghetti t.v. dinner while watching the football games, and then the old Greta Garbo flick scheduled for later. It was to be either "Camille" or "Mata Hari," he had forgotten which. Or maybe he would flip through *Wuthering Heights* for a change...he had forgotten the plot...

The man buttoned his raincoat up slowly from the bottom. He passed the phone booths and again the magazine stand. There he stopped. He looked at the newspaper cage with its freshly-stocked pink finale. He seemed to stare for a very long time. Perhaps he was thinking. The headlines blared of a murder trial and the outcome : "GUILTY IS VERDICT FOR..." The coat over the arm of a woman who stood next to the cage obscured the rest of the title. The man still stared and stared. He made no attempt to finish the headline. There appeared a look on his face like that of a genius composer struggling to thresh out grating notes from the gentler strains of his music, or of a bedraggled beggar trying to read the cards of his fate, burdened by his empty pockets after a day spent in vain at the streetcorners. There was a sad look in the man's cheeks. He made each step very deliberate as he moved towards the revolving glass doors which whisked puffing, billowing, suitcase-laden, flustering wretches simultaneously in and out of the airport lobby. He was an automaton inside the revolving madness of glass, an empty screen inside an empty theater, a disembowelled shell inside a vacuum. The revolving doors whisked him out along with bobbing, jostling globs of people.

Nobody even blinked an eye at the self-accused, the self-indicted, the self-convicted paperdoll tossed listlessly among them.

MARTHA BARNHOLDT



Moments in the History of Hyattsville

There have been moments
in the history of Hyattsville, Maryland
when its strange citizens
have taken their place among the trees.

They arrive in pick-up trucks,
on motorcycles,
eating Little Tavern hamburgers,
their hair greased back.

Periods of great confusion, oil under
the fingernails, clattering of engine blocks,
Vitalis on the windshield.
As we all stand by and quietly wait

assuming it is time for all of this
to cross over into life,
they shut down their engines
and seem to do nothing for years.

RICHARD CURREY

Quietly Forever

Lorry drivers will tell you that's the way it happened
Not but a week has passed, down by the Thames
A painter, I believe Rosseau by name, had set up his easel
A chore he performed everyday except in the most inclement of weather
Passing the day groping for a shaft of light or perhaps a
facial expression, ephemeral at best
Nonetheless, he was there first, even before the pigeons
The roasted peanuts vendor might have also been there
Although he usually doesn't arrive until eight or nine
It depends on his wife, plump but affectionate
She's late to rise some morning, never can tell
Also a handful of people were there, milling about
Reading the Times, strolling to work and other routines of their
lives
The blind harmonica player had stationed himself on a ledge
overlooking the flow
Occasionally some tune would make its way over to the
other side — pause, then vanish
And no one really saw her arrive
At least, that's what they all claim
The police don't know and can't find out
They fished her body out about one half mile downstream
She didn't speak, everyone agrees
Very quietly she must have gotten on top of the ledge
Rosseau saw that much and tried to call
By then she had gone over
Rosseau is back there today along with the blind harmonica player
and the roasted peanuts vendor
They only exchange brief comments about it
They never really did speak to each other before
What's there to say?

BRUCE BROWER

the angel came
on floodlit glory
the trumpet blew
A note a sickening horror from afar
captured on tape
echoing through the tubes and diodes
to the thrice thousand ears
of the drinkers of beer on Sunday afternoon
the gates flung open
in color fantastic
the surging sigh of flames and souls
was amply described
in the coming darkness
for hours the watchers sat enthralled
viewing their destiny uninterrupted
reports of earthquakes, boiling seas
mountains of fire and more
were tallied before their eager eyes
hungry for the grand finale
billed as better than the book

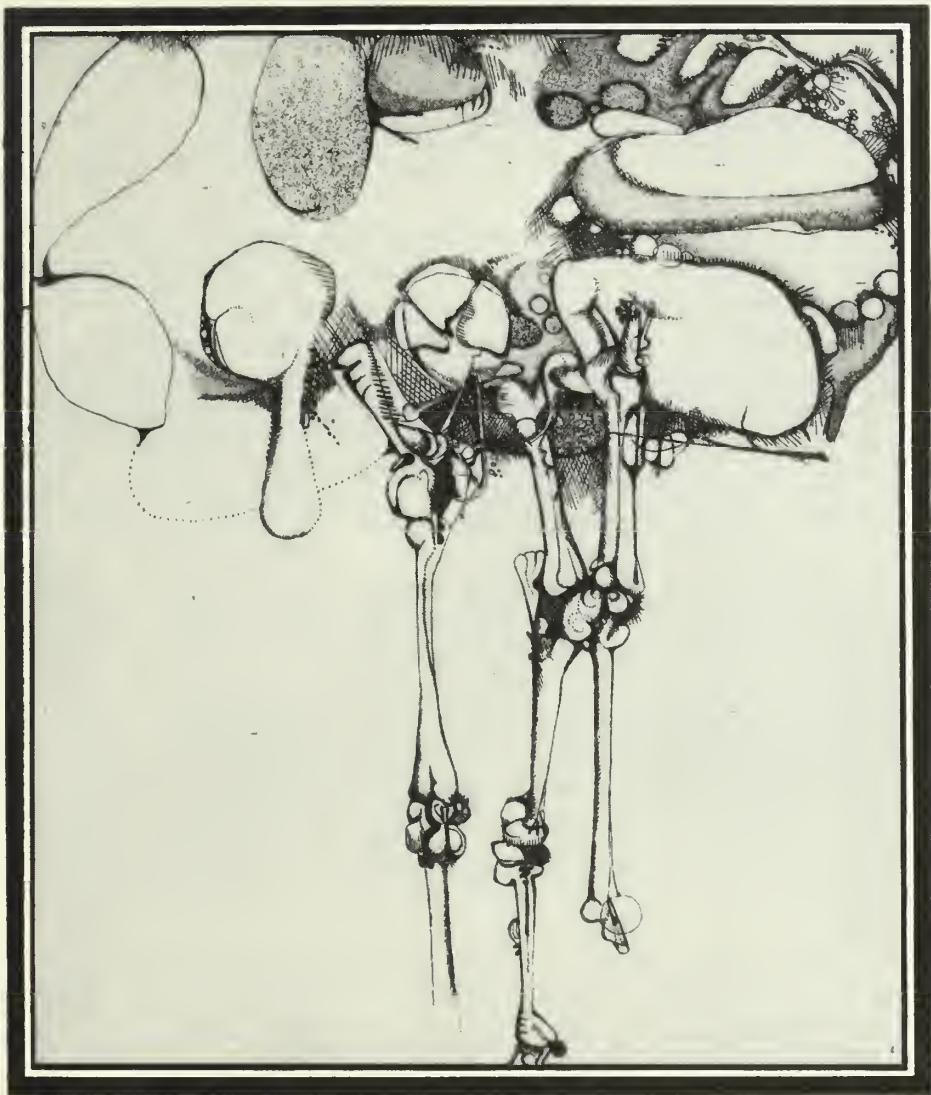
MARK DENNY

Driving north while it was growing dark
With the peeling Atlantic seaboard on the right,
The fading light was different that day.
Between the gas station and package store towns
The darkness was old and thin, loose at the seams.
The moon was gone, but still we could see
The jagged outlines of ancient dusty trees.
The gleam of beach and black ocean lay
Behind us, ahead the spotted corridor of night.

CRALE D. HOPKINS

A dead robin lay on the library steps,
Its breast the color of Carolina clay.
Above it loomed the gray-brown, rusty
Stone--a literate sepulchre--a monument
Of printed pages, journals, manuscripts, and
Letters. I cannot say what killed the bird.
It was taxidermist perfect, but for one
Extended wing at an unnatural angle,
And the scaly toes in little balls.
A dead bird on the steps--its feathers
Slowly merging with the weathered stone.

CRALE D. HOPKINS



Requiem

The funeral was predictable. Everybody somber because most of them had never been to a funeral before and they thought that's what you were supposed to do. All the brothers in ties, all sitting together in the front. A show of solidarity even if most of them couldn't really feel like they knew what was going on. A service for God? when God was left behind at home, outgrown and left behind as a pre-college phenomenon. And one good line from the preacher who managed to cut through the pious icing long enough to say something about understanding. And then it was all over.

All over. And there was an emptiness, but its gnaw went away and nobody gave a damn anymore. Life Must Go On and You Can't Let It Get You Down and Try To Get It Out Of Your Mind. So the science majors went to lab and the english majors wrote papers and rush went on and so did the elections. And from time to time somebody would get nostalgic and everybody else would look somber for a minute or so because that's what they thought you were supposed to do, and then so as not to let it get them for down everybody got busy and went right on going to lab and parties and anything else. And successfully got it out of their mind.

So now it all should be out of my mind. But despite this place which turns the soul into a function of the intellect, my heart is still crying. I write this thing for one friend and to another. Because I can't help believing that it is partly because of the love I had for the one that I so want to cry out to the other — My friend, please put down that piece of glass and come here and let me hold you.

ELLEN THOMPSON

Quiet Violence

. . . and after the first explosion
That set the stars
in the peaceful blackness of a winter sky
I see, through the framed consciousness
of a window,
my blood watching the mindful sap
of a maple tree
quietly revolt
against the lunatic odours
of a December night.

GOLI IRANI

When you finally appear on the Threshold
I wish to kneel down
a thousand feet below you
and like the pilgrims of holy Mecca
urge your blessing
in silent adoration.
But instead
I offer you a chair
with a sisterly smile and ask:
Tea or coffee
For your share of the apple pie?

GOLI IRANI

Poem

There is more discipline
Among us than one
Would ever know;

Even when spring has fallen
We stay on to watch.

EVELYN PARENT

Remembrance

The child's cold withered
through his bones into
the heart, and on
down to his gut
where it remained,
scathing, searing,
scythe bestowing
scar---
die-hard, gushing
blood of tears
like a sentimental
baboon in heat.

Wherein, on a frigid night,
alone, the most
volatile of passions
are involved.

EVELYN PARENT

VINEYARD

purple globes shining, bursting
in the golden sun,
Sun reflecting in the tin roofs of peasants
Sun glinting on the water of the harbor,
 harboring ships that fish the waters
Tonite, fat juicy fish over a fire
And the men will huddle close and remember the sun
The sun in the afternoon,
When the green of the land lays heavy on the air
And the little brown men stalk the rows
 tending their crop
And tending their sheep on the mountainside,
 the shepherds call to the sparkling sea
The land of flowing milk and honey
Beneath the hot sun,
 the clear, white streams flow
 ever onward, onward
Onward to the sea

The men
Dry on the land,
Never to return to the cool water and wine,
Bearing the heat of the sun,
 far from the lazy, heavy waters;
Their arms twitch
Like the fins of a dying fish,
Harvesting their grapes under the parching sun,
 caressing each grape,
 plump with sweet water,
The shepherds among their sheep
 cry out to the sea
 cry out under the sun
 to the sea
restless between its shores,
crying and crying and crying.

MIKE ELLSWORTH

Hat in hands he stands
The balding cuckold stranger
His eyes shed dried leaves

MIKE ELLSWORTH

The wooden stake the villagers drove
Appears on this black Monday
As the spire atop a Catholic church
In the heart of a business district

MIKE ELLSWORTH

SNOWSTORM

Swirling pieces of people's lives surround me,
Snowflakes crystallized from tears and dreams.
Driven by the winds of all our lonely destinies,
These fragments of the selves of man collect and drift
Around me.

Marvellously intricate and each one different,
Shaped like fallen stars or shattered flowers--
And yet my snow-blurred vision scarcely sees them,
My feet press on, stamping the snow away
To walk the blizzard darkness of another day.

ALAN JENKS

to Glen Jean Springs

The Road

The way between Charleston and Glen Jean Springs is either straight or winding: a quick sterile highway or a leaf-fallen path for Sunday drives. It all depends upon the person who is choosing the road. The three lane West Virginia turnpike is the pride of the engineers who laid the straight asphalt which tunnels through mountains in a bee-line from the capital to the state's southern points, and the road way seems always too clean for a highway. State Route 17 is closed through much of the winter because of the snow in the mountains; the spring thaws leave wide cracks and pock holes along the narrow, double-lane road. The governor's office used a winter scene photograph taken on Highway 17 for the official state Christmas card, but such obscure beauty was all the use the State had for the road. In springtime and fall the beauty transcends necessity and people turn to the road for a release from their all too real and all too sterile lives. But reality is the way of things and those who use the road will soon travel the turnpike when the state closes down 17 this fall. The road will be released for it is no longer needed. It is important that I get to Ohio as soon as I can, so I will travel the turnpike this trip, but coming back I would like to take 17 once more.

The spring thaws were unusually heavy this year and we had floods in Glen Jean Springs. Our farm was on higher ground, the waters did very little damage to the land and crops, but the town had suffered much and civil service organizations undertook clean-up very soon after the waters had receded. The Red Cross people from Charleston posted lists of persons who were missing and homeless and asked those of us who could to take families into our homes until things could be put to order. Groups of volunteers from Ohio and Pennsylvania began arriving in the second week and each was assigned a different area to put straight. I volunteered and was placed in a group who was to clean and repair our only church, the Protestant Church which stood on the corner of William and Henry Streets. It had stood longer than any single building in Glen Jean and was the only landmark, other than the dry spring, which distinguished Glen Jean from many other villages along the Kanawha River. The church dated back to the time when the spring was supposed to

have worked magic for people with bad bones. In those days, the parish of the church was an honored one and the people were proud and vain when they chose a minister, wanting only a man with a name to lead the service. The present building was put up just prior to the depression when many proud and vain congregations here and other places erected buildings to their new found piety. The church was tacky-tacky beautiful: the gaudy pulpit carved from cherry, the ivy-green ferned carpet, and the marble altar and table all pointed out each other's absurdity in a small community church. But the people had been proud and vain when they had given the money for the building and thought the emotion was gone, the building still stood.

It was at the church that I first met Kenny, who had come in on Highway 17 from somewhere in southern Ohio to help in the clean-up. Nat arrived the same day from Akron and they both were talking about their trips when I approached them. The first sentence I can remember Nat saying was "The damn turnpike was closed between Montgomery and Scarboro and I had to take the worst route I've ever travelled in my life."

—"That's the way I came in"

—"You both came in on Highway 17?"

I had with that interruption started a triangle which lasted throughout our week of work together.

The people of Glen Jean needed a disaster to bring them together. The weeks of work following the flood brought out in the people a family feeling of unity which enveloped all who had come to help the town. The week was one for people to share and what I was to share and learn from Nat and Kenny would not have come to be without the flood.

The main work on the church was completed on Monday when the big vacuum machines and shovels were brought in by the Red Cross people. Nat was one of those assigned to a machine, for he had had much experience with mechanical objects before and it seemed natural that he should work with one of the electric vacuums. Kenny was not good with his hands and he and I were asked to help shovel the mud from the basement Sunday school rooms. As the crews split up for the morning's work, I asked where Nat wanted to have lunch so Kenny and I could meet him.

—"I don't care, just so I can get my stomach full of something other than beans and coffee"

Kenny said, "I know, let's not eat today and say we are fasting for the flood, you know for the people who died or lost their homes or something."

—"Jesus Christ, do you think that is going to do anything? Us not eating cause some people couldn't think to build flood walls or dams to keep this from happening."

—"Well, I just thought it would make us feel closer, you know us going through something just like they did and that we could work better, knowing something about how they feel"

—"The only thing that will make me work better is to get some decent food for Chrissake."

I tried to straighten things out by saying

—"Why don't we just eat on our own and get together after our work this afternoon?"

—"okay"

—"Yeah sure, Jesus Christ, fasting. I don't believe it"

I had thought it was a silly idea, too, but being with Kenny that morning showed me where he would think doing that would make a difference. As we waded through the thick mud he said "Isn't it silly that we are cleaning out the mud just so it will be like it was, instead of letting this place sink and starting over?" and I answered, avoiding the question, that that was a good idea but not really very practical especially in the case of a famous place like the church.

—"They ought to sell tickets, then."

—"What?"

—"Never mind."

He was thinking somewhere else.

Up ahead where the road widens into four lanes the turnpike is no different than any other road in any other state. As a three lane highway people know they are on the West Virginia Turnpike and they curse because no other state would think of charging money to travel such a backward road but West Virginia. A man who ran for governor a few years said he thought that the turnpike should be made into four lanes and when he won it became clear that the road was going to become four lane. I don't think people will know just where they are on a fourlane road through these mountains.

Highway 17 crosses the turnpike at three different places, each time in a different name. The first comes just above

Burnwell where the road is named Tornado Rd. after the 1937 tornado which touched down outside of the Burnwell city limits. The twister had done no damage but because gravel was thrown from the road, the people of the area got together and decided the road should be paved. The second cross is an overpass where the road is named Milburn-Kingston Highway only because this stretch of road is between those two towns and the last passage is named Windmill Rd., but I don't know why. There was probably a windmill near here some time before, but I don't know.

At lunch we didn't see Nat so we walked down to a food tent for a meal. Kenny decided not to eat and walked up the road to play with some children. As I sat eating my plate of beans I first noticed how young Kenny looked. Playing ball-games with the different aged children of the town, he seemed much more at home there than with the strong-faced workers at the church. His blond hair did not have the gray shade which usually comes with adolescence and his un-lined face surrounded by pure yellow hair was very child-like. I could see him laughing and when he opened his mouth his eyes did not become sinister as some eyes do. Instead they half-closed and from where I sat seemed to shine light. I think it may have been from tears, but I couldn't tell.

When it became time to return to the church for the afternoon, Kenny told me that he thought he would stay with the children. Resenting his freedom, but respecting it also, I said that I thought I would go back but that tonight we could do something.

Walking down William Street towards the church I met Nat on the way back from his lunch.

—"Where's Kenny?"

"Oh, he decided to stay and play with some of the town kids. He didn't like the work much and he said he would rather be with people."

—"Goddamn, does he think we're here to have fun? I don't think he understands that whether he likes what he is doing is unimportant, that it is important that the job we are doing gets done. I swear somebody better straighten him out because sometime he is going to run out of people to take care of him and play up to his ignorant cartoon character."

I hadn't understood the relationship between them until Nat and I talked that afternoon. The big machines had been used and returned at the break and those who had worked them joined our crew in the basement. I spent the day beside Nat and I began to understand things.

—“Yes, I knew him before we got here. We went to a church camp on the lake last summer and bunked together for the five days. He arrived a day late because one of his uncles or somebody had died and he was upset and needed somebody to talk at—not to because I couldn't have helped him, we sat in the cabin and I listened for hell it must have been four or five hours and all I ever said was ‘yeah’ or ‘I understand’ or other things that didn't mean much. I really can't remember anything of what he said: none of it made any sense or seemed important but after he finished he was crying and everything so I tried to talk to him. I told him that I understood and that, I think I remember what I said, it was something like ‘the loss of one person means the finding of someone else.’ It was something I had read in some book about death where a bunch of prayers and songs and things are supposed to make someone who loses somebody feel better. My mom got one from her sister when her mother died. It laid around the house and when I needed something to read, you know like when I was eating breakfast or going to the bathroom or something I'd pick up and read it. It's a pretty fakey idea, collecting a bunch of garbage like that and printing it, but I guess it helps some people. That one line was the only thing I could think of to say to Kenny, cause I didn't know him or his uncle, I think it was his uncle, at all and I hadn't really listened the whole night so it seemed like a pretty nice thing to say. I guess it made him feel better anyway. Well the rest of the week he followed me around and we messed around you know swimming and football and a bunch of queer stuff and that's about all we did. He was screwy, but doing that kind of junk, he was fun to be with. We really didn't talk much the rest of the week, but Kenny kept on saying weird stuff like he's been saying here. Being at camp with him was okay when we were only supposed to have fun, but here where we are doing something really important, his goddam playing and immaturity really makes me sick. I kind of hope he quits writing me after this, oh that's the other thing. Did I tell you he writes

me all the time? He sends me those cards with pictures that have those stupid sayings on them like 'This is the shape that friends are made of' or 'you took me from the dark, but I still need your light,' and on the envelope he always writes 'the loss of one means the finding of another.' I guess he liked that line. I never really write him back unless I got church news or something, but he keeps sending me those damn cards."

I think I understood them after hearing Nat's story, but that understanding made me very uncomfortable.

That night was like the next as the day was like all the five days we had in Glen Jean. The crews broke for dinner and those who wished to met back at the church for a service and a talk of the days happenings. We drank cider and ate donuts and played adult group games or sensitivity sessions led by the Christian Council people who had come. When a game called for three people, Kenny, Nat and I were together and when one needed two we didn't play. We played together as we worked together, in silence about ourselves. I never really got to know either of them because that was the way Nat wanted it and the way it had to be with Kenny. Each night was closed with meditations from the workers and prayers for Glen Jean and her people and those who had come to help. Nat never stayed for these, leaving to get to bed early for the next day, but Kenny always sat and listened with the same light in his half-closed eyes that I had seen when he was laughing.

There is only one tunnel on the Turnpike and its name is Memorial Tunnel. Each trip I make I always think about stopping and reading the plaque to see in whose memory people would put a hole in a mountain, but each time I pass through without stopping. I think it would be to the workers who died building it, but I don't know. This time I will stop, because one should do those things which are thought out in the mind, to see if things are as they seem to be.

After the first days the work seemed boring. The days dragged and slowly became the week which we were to have worked and the people who had come to the village to help began to ready themselves to leave. This evening's service at the church did not have the usual games. The minister of the church had returned from Charleston and he led a service for those who had died. In his talk, he thanked all the groups who had helped

and encouraged the townspeople to “begin anew in the struggle for the Kingdom of God” and as the service came to a close, in everyone’s minds this week seemed a proud accomplishment. After the service, the workers held their last prayer and meditation meeting and Nat decided to stay, not having to wake in the morning. Kenny sat listening to those who spoke, but his eyes were not as they had been before.

I could tell that he wanted very much to say something to this group of people. I couldn’t think of what he could have to say, for during the week he had talked to none of us, and had not seemed to enjoy the little work he did. The others in the group first felt his strange ways were entertaining but as the work began to seem longer, his funny words and light way and his shunning of responsibility caused a resentment towards Kenny which even I had begun to feel. When his courage peaked, he asked the Christian Council leader if he could talk. As if wondering what Kenny could have to say, he said of course everyone is free to speak.

“I know many of you feel that my ways are silly, that I am too young to be here. And that really doesn’t bother me. I know why most of you came here this week and your reasons are much different than mine. You had to come, either because it was your work or it was your conscience. Either way it was a need, a need to know that your lives mean something. And this need shows how little you understand, for life’s meaning is not something you can give to your own life, but something someone, one other person, gives to you. No matter how hard you try to be important or good or loving, it is only when someone says to you in some way ‘yes, you are important, you are good, you are loving’ that you can be any of these things. You coming here and being the way you are tells me you have no one to say this to you, because I know how it feels to have someone. I never knew my father because he died when I was young, but his brother taught me secrets which fathers are supposed to tell. He was the first to let me know that I was very important and because he let me know this I loved him very much. But he died and when he died I died too, because he was the one who gave me the gift of life. But someone else was there to become the one who gives me what I need and his gift has been even greater than that of my uncle. For he didn’t even

know me, not at all, and he still was willing to become my person. He said 'the loss of one means the finding of another' and him giving himself to me without knowing me hardly at all has changed my life and gives it its meaning. I hope you all can find a person like him because it makes such a difference. And I love him for it, yes Nat I love you."

Nat sat wishing he were someone else. In total embarrassment he left swiftly and quietly, his boots ringing in the now quiet basement. When I looked at Kenny, his eyes were half-closed and he was smiling. But the tear-light was no longer in his eyes: it was there upon his face. As the others began to leave I went to where he was sitting and told him that I thought what he said was beautiful and then left, for I could tell that he needed to be alone.

The next morning broke early, for the sun came out before the crews had finished breakfast. The sun hadn't come out since the flood and its warmth and light seemed a good ending for the week's work. I walked down William St. to the breakfast tent and seeing Nat sitting alone, took my bowl over to his table.

—"Jesus Christ, could you believe last night? That little dumb ass in front of all those people made us sound like a couple of queers or something and then even told everyone who he was talking about. I've never been so embarrassed in my whole life."

—"Where's Kenny this morning?" I asked, wanting to know.

—"Hell, half way to Ohio I bet. He left right after I yelled at him for talking like that."

—"you yelled at him?"

—"hell yes, He acted like we had been old buddies for Chrissake and starting talking about how I gave his life worth and I stopped him and said hold on Kenny, all I did was one night try to stop you from going out of your head and that's all it was and that's all it was meant to be and anything else you've made up. All those sweet cards you sent me went straight over my head and in the trash. I don't know what you think I am, but what ever it is I'm sure it is much more than I ever want to be you or anyone. After that he just sort of said he was sorry and left, but I could tell he was crying. A little while later I saw his car pull out down 17."

Not wanting to talk to Nat anymore, wanting only to get away from the tent and the town I got up to leave.

—“Hey, where you going?”

—“Back to the farm.”

—“Well, hey I’ll write you sometime, okay?”

—“Yea, okay” I said as I walked away from him.

The Turnpike ends at Charleston. There I get on Route 21 which takes me to Interstate 77 and then into Ohio. In Ohio I take 77 to the fourth exit where I go east 8 miles until I come to Olive Green where I turn left on Cracked Mary Drive. Kenny’s is the only house on the street. I know this not like I know the Turnpike because I’ve never gone into Ohio before. This was all in the letter which came last week asking me to come and see Kenny. It had been five months since the flood and his had been the only letter I had received and the only one which I had hoped for. The directions were outlined on the back of the envelope, cryptics in minute detail with a small map of Olive Green in the corner. Kenny had drawn a picture of himself on the porch of his house, smiling and waving with x’s for his eyes. Above the picture were the words “the loss of one means the finding of another.”

PETER STRIMER











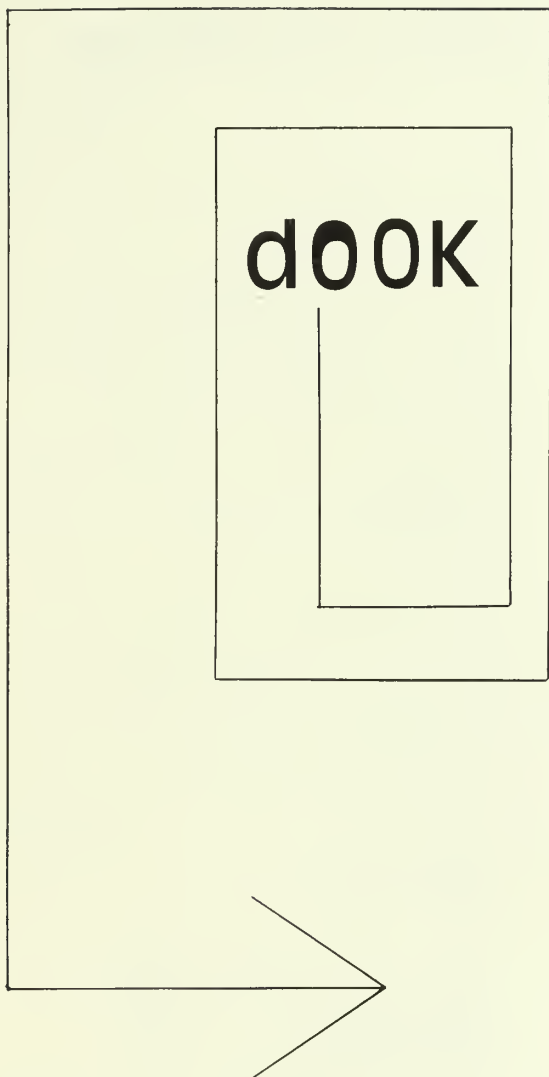


TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Page 1 — The Duke Preschool Presents —
- Page 9 — Messages from our Sponsors —
- Page 16 — Variations on a theme —

Notes on Contributors

ALICE AMMERMAN is a freshman from Potomac, Maryland, and a student of aqueous solutions.

ANONYMOUS is unknown to many but was (and is, alas, no longer) the friendly Genius of the ARCHIVE office.

ANNIE APLEGATE is a sophomore studio art major from Pennsylvania.

CHRISTINE ARMSTRONG is a senior.

MARTHA BARNHOLDT is a sophomore from Charlotte, N.C.

NANETTE BISHOPRIC is a senior piano major from Sarasota, Florida.

BRUCE BROWER learned three guitar chords, sold a million records, bought a '57 Chevy and now pumps gas in Kansas City.

DENNIS COATES is a graduate student in English now living in Durham.

RICHARD CURREY is a man trying to become a poet, from Maryland.

dan is one who studied under Captain Phogg--Balloon Meister.

D. DARLING is a light flash grinder in a munchie ball factory.

MARY DENNY is a senior zoology major from Chapel Hill and an ardent Evolutionist, soccer enthusiast and CHRONICLE sports editor.

MIKE ELLSWORTH is a senior from Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

JADE HALLOWELL works in the Duke Library and has a 4 year old son named Dylan.

WINNIE HINSON, formerly a doodler, is now a vegetarian.

CRALE D. HOPKINS is a frustrated trout fisherman and soon to be (very likely) an unemployed English professor.

TOM HOUSE doesn't have a phone.

GOLI IRANI is an English grad student from Iran who paints and poets.

ALAN W. JENKS is Dean of Freshman in Trinity College.

JEFFREY D. JOHNSTON is a Duke graduate from Statesville, North Carolina.

NICKY KITCHEN is 6 years old and a philosopher.

DONNA LANDRY is in search of the Algonquin Hotel.

PAT McNELLIS is a Nashvillian.

PEG MELVILLE is a Zoology major with an interest in whales.

MATT MILLER is a 6 year old existentialist.

EVELYN PARENT is a Durham resident.

JOAN PAVLOVICH is a 1972 graduate of Duke from Pennsylvania.

NICK PEARSON is a senior fellow of the Wilsonian Institute.

THOM PRICE is a son of Flipper and swims in the Gulf Stream.

NINA RADAKOVICH is a junior from St. Petersburg, Florida.

MARILYN ROAF is an unemployed artist and a Duke graduate.

ERIN ROBERTS, 5 years old, is an artistic prodigy from the Duke preschool.

HERMAN SALINGER, a highly regarded poet and translator, is professor of German and comparative literature at Duke.

MAY SIGMAN is concerned with linguistic barriers to interpersonal communication, and is seven.

MARK SMITH is a senior in Civil Engineering and sometime managing editor of the *DukEngineer*.

PETER STRIMER is a freshman with a fanaticism for flags.

JEFF TALMADGE writes his own songs, plays at the Ark, and is called Tex 'cause he's from a small West Texas town.

ELLEN THOMPSON is a junior from Texas who loves plains and trees and people.

TIM WESTMORELAND is trying.

KITTIE WHITE has an itinerant identity.

DONALD YATES is someone about whom nothing can be said that doesn't go without saying.



College literary and art magazines have a way of stagnating over the years. Enthusiastic origins often become tainted in time with apathy and neglect and staff members come to regard their publications solely as a media for friends, freaks, or whomever can gather the energy to make the three-storey climb to deliver their material.

This year, while sitting in our little tower, wondering how we could extend our boundaries, a staff member exclaimed, "A six year-old could write better than this!" Light bulbs flashed in a dozen skulls at once, people danced merrily about the third floor, and the champagne flowed in rivers. A question had been raised which deserved investigation: could a six year-old write (or draw) with as much imagination as a Duke undergraduate?

To resolve our debate we betook ourselves to a little known part of the Duke demesne, the Duke Preschool, a private institution located on East Campus, formerly run by the psychology department, which now consists of children from three to seven years of age. There, aided by a patient and courteous faculty, we waded through piles of stories and pictures, a few of which are herein offered to our readers. Our only regret in presenting this section is that a striking art piece by Sylvia Darling (age 7) would not reproduce in black and white. Aside from this, we would like to give our special thanks to Lee Kern and Linda Wilson, and our hope that you enjoy the following works.



I know how my dog learned not to go in the street. A car ran over his foot. He had a whole flock of blood. He had to go to the Vet to have an operation. He went a couple more times to get the bandage changed. The doctor put a muzzle on him.

George is at Louissa's now to calm down. When he gets back I'm going to call him Lassie.

by Nicky Kitchen
Age 6

MATT'S DREAM

I was walking in a pretty forest, like Duke Gardens. An ugly lady came and when I said "hello", her head went away. When I said "good-bye", her feet went away. When I said "that's strange", her hands went away. When I said "wow, that's really funny," her neck went away. When I whispered this to my friend, her body went away. And she was all gone.

I woke up and went back to sleep. Then I dreamed about an old man. When I said "hello", he got small. When I said "goodbye", his head disappeared. When I said "that's really strange," his whole body disappeared. When I said, "I'm going home", his eyes came back. I said, "please stop playing tricks on me," and his body came back but he was very small.

by
Matt Miller
age 6

The day that my ballet
teacher turned into
a frog

Will, if my ballet teacher
turned into a frog, she
would not say hi. She
would say,

"ribbit, ribbit;"

and we would not understand
her.

by
May Sigmon
Age 7

Phone 489-2371

This is a plug for Volkswagen.



If you buy one now, you'll be all set when it happens.



REMARKABLE NEW INVENTION IN EVERY
1972 VOLKSWAGEN

BOOKS

**Thousands of hardcovers,
quality paperbacks,
and foreign magazines.**



**LITTLE PROFESSOR
BOOK CENTER**

Chapel Hill's New Bookstore
143 West Franklin Street
University Square
open every day

LADS LADS LADS LADS LADS LADS



The Blue and White Room

A great variety of foods for every meal



The Oak Room

*Waitress service
A la Carte Menu
Many other fine foods*

The University Room

Special meals



The Cambridge Inn

....to serve you at all times



SPECIAL FUNCTION AND CATERING SERVICE

Duke University Dining Halls

absolutely no place anywhere near this place that is anything like

SO THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

The Best Place to Meet, Eat and Relax . . .

Serving complete meals continuously all day. We are known for the best fried chicken, rare roast beef and apple pie in town. And we have carry-out items galore from our **DELICATESSEN**

Kosher Corned Beef
Kosher Franks
Roumanian Pastrami
Nova Scotia Lox
Bagel & Cream Cheese
Chopped Liver

Imported Wines
Boiled Ham
Cold Breast of
Turkey
& Beers

Kosher Salami &
Bologna
Potato Salad
Chicken Salad
Imported Cheeses
Chicken in 'The Rough'

Rye, Pumpernickel, French Bread & Water Bagels
Pizza Pies Available after 5 p.m.



Private Rooms Available for Breakfasts, Brunches, Lunches, Dinners, or Sandwich Parties. Come See What We Have.

IVY ROOM

RESTAURANT &
DELICATESSEN

9 A.M. - 11:45 P.M. Daily — 7 Days Weekly
COSMOPOLITAN ROOM — 5-12 P.M. Daily

1004 West Main Street — Phone 688-6041

Free parking around Building and on Brunson's lot after 5 p.m. daily and all day Sunday

there is

this place



The Forty-first Season

Branson Theatre

Second Semester

→ *DEATHWATCH* by Jean Genet — February 9, 10, 11 Branson Theatre — A Studio Theatre Production

THE INTELLECTUAL LADIES by Moliere — February 22, 23, 24, 25 and March 2, 3, 4

Two original plays by Duke playwrights — April 6, 7, 8 Branson Theatre — A Studio Theatre Production

TOAD OF TOAD HALL by Richard Sewell — on tour in March

LITTLE MURDERS by Jules Feiffer — April 19, 20, 21, 22 and 26, 27, 28

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR
PATRONAGE
DAVID FOWLER
Duke University Barbershop

1973

THOUGHT ABOUT SUMMER?

BERLIN LONDON PARIS
ROME VIENNA NICE OXFORD
GREECE SPAIN

FOR CATALOGUES AND MATERIAL DROP A NOTE

A.L.S.G.
P.O. 9143 D.S.

THE 1973 SUMMER PROGRAM OVERSEAS OF

THE AMERICAN LEADERSHIP STUDY GROUPS

HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR NOT ONLY ENJOYMENT
BUT ALSO A COURSE CREDIT TO BE YOURS IN ANY
OF THE ABOVE BEAUTIFUL PLACES. JOIN OTHER
DUKE STUDENTS, AND REST ASSURED, WE WILL SEE
THAT YOUR PARENTS WILL GO FOR THIS ONE.

CALL 383-4690

Duke University Stores

- Duke University Store

- East Campus Store

- Duke University Bookstore



- Duke University Vending Service

VICKERS... Triangle's
Largest Stereo Center
 "Where service and satisfaction
 is our first priority"



marantz.
 We sound better.

**VICKERS ELECTRONICS
 & STEREO CENTER**
 506 East Main St., Durham

QUADRANGLE PICTURES

Spring Semester, 1973
 Saturdays and Sundays
 Page Auditorium

- * Mar. 3, 4
7:00 p.m.
- * Mar. 10, 11
7 and 9:30 p.m.
- * Mar. 25
7 and 9:00 p.m.
- * Mar. 31, Apr. 1
7 and 9:00 p.m.
- Apr. 7, 8
7 and 9:15 p.m.
- * Apr. 15
7:00 p.m.
- * Apr. 21, 22
7:10 and 9:00 p.m.
- * Apr. 28, 29
7 and 9:00 p.m.
- * Mon., Apr. 30
7:10 and 9:00 p.m.
- * Tues., May 1
7 and 9:15 p.m.
- * Wed., May 2
7 and 9:15 p.m.
- * Thurs., May 3
7 and 9:00 p.m.
- * Fri., May 4
7 and 9:00 p.m.
- * May 5, 6
7 and 9:15 p.m.

James Bond Double
 Feature: "YOU ONLY
 LIVE TWICE"
 "THUNDERBALL"
 "2001: A SPACE
 ODYSSEY"
 "HAMLET"
 "THE GO-BETWEEN"
 "MAN FOR ALL
 SEASONS"
 "GONE WITH THE
 WIND"
 (One showing)
 "CARNAL
 "KNOWLEDGE"
 "CHARLY"
 "DIARY OF A
 MAD HOUSEWIFE"
 "JOE HILL"
 "GETTING
 STRAIGHT"
 "ALICE'S
 RESTAURANT"
 "FAHRENHEIT 451"
 "THE BOYFRIEND"

The Hub Ltd.

The area's
 leading
 clothier.

103 EAST FRANKLIN ST.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

CRABTREE VALLEY MALL
Raleigh, N.C.



**The Duke
 University**



Union
 is
 for
 you.

Major Attractions

Drama

Major Speakers

Freewater Films

Performing Arts

Graphic Arts

Joe College

Videotape



The SEEMAN
PRINTER Y
INCORPORATED
Established 1885
DURHAM
N. C.

Manufacturing Printers



Engraving
Embossing
Lithographing

THE WHEAT FIELD AND THE DODGE PICKUP TRUCK

Jason Havaran was chipping off the cracked paint on the hood of the old truck with his fingernail. The warm motor beneath ticked down slowly, shaking off the afternoon drive. The truck bed held various pieces of farming apparatus, the plow, shovels and hoes were bent and rusted from overuse. Jason picked the red specks from his skin when he spoke to Martha.

"Bert's not going to take my stuff, said he can get new machinery — and better so, if he buys the place."

"And so?" Martha squinted her eyes almost shut in the sun.

"Hell," he curved his back and leaned against the hot metal, "Hell."

Jason Havaran and Martha had twenty acres of wheat crop and some land beneath — or rather they were Jason's and Martha was having them with him. They weren't married exactly. When he got the farm three years before he'd had trouble getting the wheat in and making the rain come and feeding himself simultaneously. Martha served him beer at night, at that time, in town. She was a big girl with hard arms and wanted to plant wheat. Jason said it would be good if she found a place, and every night he slammed the old Dodge pickup's door on his two beers and thought as he drove home about asking her to come up to his place to work. Finally he got hungry enough and tired enough of her talking about wanting things to tell her to come. So they had the land together but the wheat belonged to Jason, whenever he talked he referred to "his wheat." And now he was selling the place, he figured that if one owns too much for too long that one stops seeing its worth and the less one has the easier it is to keep order with it.

"I'm putting all the stuff back in the barn, Bert can have it, or get rid of it. He's probably right, won't be worth shit to him when he adds these twenty acres onto his place." He started the motor and Martha turned away from the dust as he drove off.

Jason moved the tools into the barn and closed the door behind him. It was cool inside and smelled old, basic. His skin prickled in the cool as it did when he walked through the wheat at night — it was the same brushing sort of cool. He was glad to be leaving before time to cut the wheat, he hated the empty field with nothing to hold the night. If he could have the wheat all the time, and only the wheat, he would stay on, but as it was there were too many things to keep order to. He walked away from the cool, back toward the house, he would eat dinner with Martha soon. Always, in late evening before dinner, Martha would shine apples and lay them on a flat plate at Jason's chair. And sometimes, when she thought a day a special occasion she would rearrange the kitchen or add something that stood out in an obvious special occasion sort of manner. Martha's interferences with his birthdays always embarrassed Jason. He was obligated then to make her efforts noticed so he would call her a "good woman" before proceeding with dinner. But Jason was always embarrassed when these things happened. He moved slowly across the yard to dinner.

"Leaving tomorrow for sure?" Martha knew he was coming before he reached the porch, she could hear him part the air as he walked, after all she had lived with him for three years.

"Hope so, I've fooled around too long this week, now I'm just piling up time."

"How far' we going to try to make it?"

Jason didn't answer, he had thought about going for some while, but it was a burden to plan, too much to settle.

"Did you get maps today from Bert?"

"Yeah."

"We haven't talked about getting any place in particular, Jason, I've been turning it all over in my mind, it's going to be good to leave the wheat farm."

Martha was talking thick and filling up the room with disorder.

"I don't know, Martha, I don't know."

Martha was a tall strong woman. She had lived in Kansas all her life, worked the bar for the major part of it. Men came every night and talked about the wheat, trade and how the days got shorter at harvest and there wasn't ever enough time to put into the fields. Martha served them beer, added words to the conversations, added hours to the evening and added a different woman's face to the day. Martha always added things, she never gave things. When Jason came she had added a need for him, but could not fill it up, and after three years she was still adding, made for too much to keep in order.

Jason liked to watch the warm of the red in Martha's skirt, and once or more he thought it would be pleasant to lie with Martha and that warmth, but thought better of the matter because he was afraid it would make Martha sad. Then again, Martha was sad anyway, Jason thought himself to be a saddening person with whom to live. He hoped that Martha would stop wanting things when she came to his house, that she would get fidgety, as he had many times in the past, and decide just what to do with herself. But three years now were settling in and Martha would say she thought the two of them were getting mellow and Jason replaced the description with stagnant, in his mind, for he never wanted to hurt Martha. So he hadn't.

But Jason Havarán knew that Martha still was wanting because at night she sometimes stood at his door and watched him sleep. And he would hold his body still and quiet when he knew that she was there for fear that it would call out to her. Martha could never be what Jason needed...and he wished Martha to know that he was not what she wanted. When Martha returned to her room Jason would go to the field. The wheat held his body and he was secure in his loneliness.

It got dark. Jason left the dinner table and carried Martha's new dishes to the sink.

"Going to Bert's again for a chaw and a talk to settle things, Martha, won't be late."

"That's good, I'm packing everything while you're gone then. Don't be long, we'll have to sleep some tonight, both of us, so we can leave early."

"No, Martha. I mean, don't pack until I come, after all, there are still things to settle."

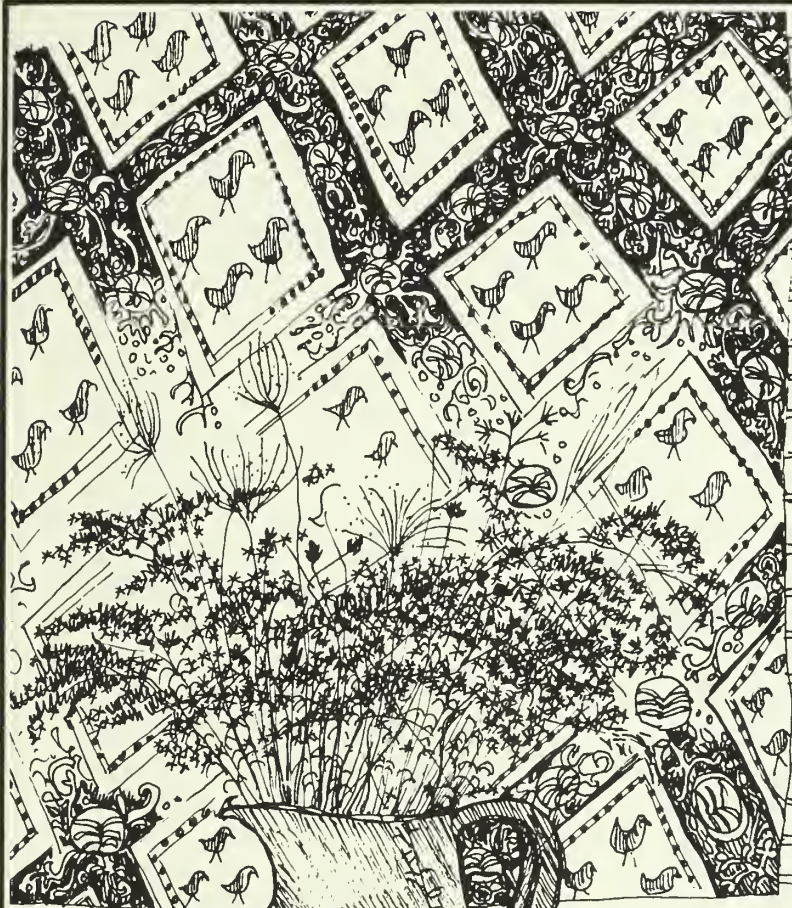
He left Martha with her new dishes in the room with the thick conversation. He wasn't going to Bert's, there was nothing left in the transaction, the place was sold. He had to lie to Martha because he could only move one foot at a time when he took a step and this was the only way to move forward, he had let himself go backwards for some while. Jason headed for the wheat field. Night wind pushed into the grain and formed a slanting wall against the black. It held the cool for him and his skin prickled as he slipped in up to his waist. The dark changed all the gold and his body to a deep neutral color.

He saw the pickup truck by the house. It wasn't going to go very far, but that was fine. He didn't need to change places, actually, just reduce what filled up this one. Only that couldn't be done. Martha moved back and forth in front of the lighted window of the house. Jason could feel the pictures in Martha's head of going "someplace" with him in the morning. Jason ached under his decision. He could teach her a great deal, a great deal, if he were to leave her here. He could teach her the value of not having too much, and being able to see the worth of a little. He would leave Martha with his wheat field and everything would be in order.

PAT McNELLIS

After you left I got up, brushed your taste from my mouth, washed your smell from my neck and arms, and went back to my room. I straightened the sheets, fluffed up the pillows where your head had lain (some of your hair was still there) and climbed into a bed that was suddenly the size of a Monday morning football field.

JEFF JOHNSTON



Michael's Room

Michael felt his room to be quite satisfactory. There were earthy russet tones in the patterned carpet, the corduroy bedspread, the sketches and wall-hangings. There were plenty of books and a feeling of music—classical, of course. He knew she would like the room, love the room, 'dance in the room and bless it with a sardonic smile. Yes, Elizabeth in the room in a black dress, with long white hands...a sort of Parisian look about her. She would laugh quietly and talk trivia for a maddeningly long time. And, yes, he would reach out and touch her dress, feel a small thrill of pleasure at the touch of warm, black wool.

He crumpled down on the bed beneath "The Tree of Knowledge," pressing his face into familiar russet corduroy. His fingers clenched and throbbed; he wanted her. He could almost sense her presence, could remember the strength of her perfume. He saw her at the *Damnation of Faust* concert, small-talking her way through two professors, gesturing with his opera glasses. He heard her stage voice from the Children's Play shrill happily over an audience; he saw her rouged lips and ridiculously painted eyes. He felt her cold hand press his on a wintry day when she said there was someone else she had to try, thank you, and pursed her lips in Proper fashion, only to have her belt come undone, a mockery of enticement.

Raising his head from the rumpled bed, Michael fixed his eyes with difficulty on his father's photograph—sensitive, boyish with wavy hair. Father on his third wife, a New York apartment, city exotica. And Michael's English notebook had *Pro Erotica* written on it...a futile gesture. Michael's mother was a birdy librarian. Small talk and bright glances. Did he really look as much like her as everyone said, would he be a librarian, too; would no one respect his masculinity? Elizabeth, Elizabeth—how could he make her understand?

He rolled off the bed. Perhaps it was useless. The irony of it all was that he had not loved her, once, when she adored him. She had suffered, she said; she did not need to justify her empty feelings for him now.

Beating his head against a wall seemed the appropriate thing to do, reminiscent somehow of Dustin Hoffman, similarly thwarted. But Michael resisted the sudden impulse long enough to feel a prick of conscience.—Michael, the stuffy one, never free, never spontaneous—Michael promptly struck his head against the wall several times and sat down again.

Elizabeth had given him part of some silly psychological test once, naturally the part supposedly indicating sexual desire and inhibitions. Something about walking in a field and finding a stream—what did it look like, what did he do, and so on. He had said he would sit down and put his hand in the water, checking for fish, algae, rocks. He would consider wading except that there were far too many tragic stories of snake bite associated with wading in strange creeks. Elizabeth had laughed—hysterically. It was typical, she said, and just as she expected from him. She—of course, would have taken off her shoes, rolled up her jeans, and gone in—she had no recourse. Of course, she said, he was seriously inhibited and she was not.

Michael rubbed the back of his neck with both hands, hard. His head was thumping strangely. He removed his contacts and rubbed his eyes. Elizabeth. He almost hated her. Involuntarily, his eyes jerked to the poster of Eleanora Duse on his old oak door. (Hadn't he sent Elizabeth a post card from New York like it?) Duse with her heavy-lidded Italian eyes. And Elizabeth with hers.

He went quickly to the piano and ran his hands over the keys. Play his heart out. Lonely, mellow piano notes drifting from an open window at dusk....He played faster and harder. He was pounding crescendos. His forehead began to sweat.

He thought briefly of Hedda Gabler. Who had "played a wild dance on the piano...and shot herself in the head." He tired of Beethoven and began to improvise. There were no guns in the house.

DONNA LANDRY

gummed impression

my mudfeet mind
stuck pulling
chewing

gum
off my face
kneading

it
but too impatient
fingers fumbling
drawing

my gummed
face away

thoughts tacky
brake
as the strands
of bazooka

try
to roll them back
to chew
to restore wisdom
tooth imprints

but no chewing
restores
those impressions
that a saliva
acid washes
and distorts

leaving
my mind
the inflated
bubble flat
on my face

dan

thoughts pass in
and out
of mind
much as
sunned body shadows

as a shadow
takes shape
through concentration
of energy light
so do thoughts
with the concentration
of mind

the sun's brilliance
gives source
to clearly cast umbras
defining dark
in its own light
the source
imaging new ideas
among all that it knows
clearly is the mind

but not always so
shadows lose their real edge
twixt dark and light
thoughts become lost
tween now and then
sun and mind
behind a fog
or a higher cloud
blur and fade
would-be shadows
would-be thoughts
frustrating the shadowmaker

dan

AW

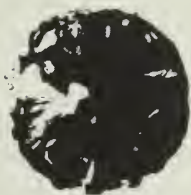
the shadowmaker

for children only

stoned
cobble-stoned
the
Ye Goode Days Shoppe
with candy sweets
apple tarts and licorice sticks
crinkly noses stuck in windows,
whisked away by matrons
in white and blue;
(men with polished canes and hats would ere approve)
swinging flourishes of coin
sometimes dropping
stoned
into the cobble-stoned
darkened village streets

five-and-twenty varieties of
pies
all made from one brand of flour,
candy sour,
and an ice-cream soda parlour
all have their places
in the
stoned
cobble-stoned
now stirring streets.

EVELYN PARENT



Carolina Rain

Carolina rain
and
you
Remind me of all those things
I've always known
and never known.
And months
or years
From now,
I'll remember
waiting for dawn
with someone beside me--
The Carolina rain
and
you.



JEFF TALMADGE

EPIC ELEGY

The beggars are coming to town,
selling pencils and computers,
in short hair and long hair
and some in a silken gown.

The Habsburgs lie in the Capucin crypt
beautifully organized in death, all
Habsburg-clad and Habsburg-lipped
in their stately, lighted Escorial.

The beggars are quite disorganized
but they organize and sell munitions,
sell themselves, sell each other
and trade on various human conditions.

The origin of species means war. War!
The Gods of Greece hide in the Isles of Greece.
In Babel and Pisa towers lean as before.
The Habsburgers sleep their Catholic sleep.

HERMAN SALINGER

Home, Sweet Home or Sunday at the Ritz

God how I hate dishing out prunes. But this must be done first, before mixing up the powdered milk, before putting hot water on each table, before making the toast for the little red-faced man who shakes so badly he looks like he is about to erupt, even before kissing my favorite little old man good morning, who says, "You know I'm too old to do you any harm." He cries if I don't kiss him before his daily exercise of pushing a shopping cart around the adjacent Webb's City parking lot. Before all this, prunes must be dished out.

Because today is Sunday, and Sunday mornings Miss Emily always has her prunes a half-hour early in order to have ample time to go back upstairs, move her bowels (this last word always mouthed in her explanations), and return to the lobby in time to be picked up for church. Otherwise, she would have to leave in the middle of the service to move her bowels (again, this last word mouthed), and you know how awful that would be. So here go the prunes.

The Ritz Hotel is a residential, "economical" hotel for the elderly (aged?). For a monthly cost, residents (called "guests" by the management) have a room, three monotonous meals a day, and no personal attention whatsoever. Outside on the street you can here policemen and others refer to the Ritz as a crazy house.

True to the image, the cook is in his usual perverse humor, which I ignore, as usual. He has long dark hair greased straight back and a New York accent you could cut with one of his meat knives. He keeps a supply of Genessee beer in the walk-in refrigerator. One day, in one of her better moods Miss Emily saw him laughing and started to giggle herself. "Men are just grown up little baby boys — once you know how to handle them, they're just like a sponge."

Miss Emily is a shrunken little woman, bent over to one side because of a spine disorder. She has never married and is glad of it, but wishes she still lived in New York, where you can still get a decent pair of shoes for your money. After meals are served, she usually doesn't have much to say unless you have foolishly put something on her plate that contains vinegar, cheese, tomato, chocolate, gravy, or oatmeal. She loves Cream of Wheat and broccoli, also sometimes mushroom soup.

After breakfast, the overhead fans are turned off, since the guests are not in the dining room. The employees sweat profusely because St. Petersburg, Florida, is rather hot in the summer, even at nine a.m. There is not air-conditioning—it would be too expensive. Some guests do have air-conditioners, but they pay an extra fee each month for this luxury.

Lunch is livelier than usual; Billie Duncan is in top form. Twice a day she re-enacts the civil war with Mr. Seagram, “one-a-them dam’ yankees!” Her eyes are more caved in than most, and she walks slowly with two canes instead of one. Her philosophy consists of the idea that “four-legged animals have a lot more sense than two-legged ones.”

One day she came to dinner carrying an innocuous brown paper bag and wearing the bizarre grin of the half-senile.

“I brought some family pictures to show ya.” Out of the bag came a photograph, mounted and framed.

“This is my daughter and son-in-law, Buster and Peggy.” The picture showed the portraits of a bulldog wearing a top hat and a suit and a white collie wearing a hat, veil, and shawl, with the most serious of expressions, in black and white. I and the ladies around us marveled at the beauty of the couple. Then, Billie pulled out another picture saying, “And this is their daughter Patsy, when she was teachin’ school.” It is another white collie, wearing black glasses, sitting at a desk with a book open in front of her.

One morning during my break I was up in Billies’ room watching the Beverly Hillbillies with her (her color television is her most prized possession). She was chain-smoking and we were drinking Coke — she loves me to visit her. I noticed several boxes placed around the room against the walls, and one large trunk. Out

of curiosity, I asked her what was in them. She looked at me in her conspiratorial way and said, "Dogs." Throughout her life, one of her hobbies has been collecting them, in all sizes, made out of all sorts of things. She even has one made from a folded washcloth with sequins sewed on for eyes. We laughed for a while about how funny it would be for her to put them out, all over the floor, on the day that the maid comes. She said, "Maybe I will."

We gossip about the guests a lot during these visits. It is from her that I learned Charlie Newman's secret. Tips are not too much at the Ritz, maybe five dollars a week. Most of the guests that tip at all try to give us (two waitresses and one maid) a dollar every two weeks. One day the maid was cleaning Charlie's room and he handed her five dollars. Because he is well-off compared to most of the guests, she thought nothing of it. When he put his hand on her hip, she slapped him and handed the five back. Without blinking his squinty little eyes, he offered her a ten.

Dinner is hectic. Because it is Sunday we serve soup and sandwiches at four thirty. (The big meal was at noon. A minister came from a local church and said grace, but no one listened, as usual.) Mr. Israel Jacobs, who has had a stroke recently, is very upset. "Who ever HEARD of serving the soup before the sandwich! The sandwich ALWAYS comes before the soup! What kind of place IS this? I don't even WANT a sandwich anymore! Just forget it!"

But he is not nearly as mad as the time someone gave him a sandwich with ham in it.

"You KNOW I don't eat ham!" He sure likes bacon, though. Sometimes he is completely serene, and says only, "Hello, Sunshine!"

Mrs. Branly, a grossly obese woman who wears a white-powdered wig and has breath that smells like dead animals, is beckoning me to come to her table. She always wants seconds, as she says, "I have nothing else to do late at night all alone, so I just eat myself to death. It entertains me." This time, though, she doesn't want seconds. She presses a small moist package into my hand and smiles, "I saved this for you from Bingo last night." It is a doughnut wrapped in a napkin. Twice a week she does this. Bingo and food are her obsessions. Some of the others are obsessed with alcohol, detective magazines, or pills. Except for "Buttons" Miller, who owns a fantastic button collection, no one has any real hobbies, unless sitting could be called one. There is only apathy and eccentricity in this place that so remarkably resembles an asylum. One must eat at the prescribed times, and suffer. Billy Duncan says that the next thing we know, we'll all be walking on the ceiling.

NINA RADAKOVICH

15 january 1973
701 Benton St., Apt. 4
Hillsborough, N. C. 27278

Archive
Box 4666 D.S.
Durham, N. C.

Dear Archivists,

"Horror Flicks" on p. 4 of the most recent number of the Archive is falsely attributed to me. It is important for me to say that I did NOT write this poem, so I have said it twice. I like to see my name in print but not next to somebody else's poem. Please give the poem to the right writer in your next issue.

Unerringly yours,

Donald Neal Yates



Editor's Note: Will the right writer please step forward? The erring Archive desires to mend its ways.



The Archive apologizes to Goli Irani for misprinting her name throughout our last issue.

the waiting room

belly-dancing walls enclose me.
the curtain-covered walls undulate
slightly. the venetian blinds flutter.
in the first hours of the opium
dream, we trace lines that will not
be still. as imperceptible as the
final second of a vibrating rubber
band.

the candlelight dies on the
curtains. muted, pastel-pagan shadows
flatten themselves against the wall.
a man-of-war dances under domed
chimes and tinkles to the heater's
ticklish blasts.

lime, unhemmed curtains wrinkle
below cedar rods and jerk at probing
fingers through the broken panes.
the draw cords dangle. i sit in
corduroy. i sit in linen.

hannah, i come to you with a
secret. i can not recall the woman's
face. i can not hear her voice. i
know her scent, no longer. she has
left me with the winter, and the
winters are getting colder. but we
can not let the fortune of the season
dictate our actions. freedom is the
answer to our riddle.

i have dreams, i explain to her.
let me tell you. eyes are as black
as shadows, smeared like blue memories,
cut sharp that pencils line. and i
erased those eyes, and i could not
see.

and lips are as pink and as swollen
as a bite. moist with sweat. and i
dried them with a towel. and i could
not speak to her. and i knew she did
not love me.

i peeled away the face as if it
were painted rubber cement. and the
perfumes i washed down the drains.
and the clothes i burned. and the
tiny feet i crushed.

but, i knew so little of the lady.
i sit before the brand actress as
passive as a child. she parts and
combs my hair. and i would not
dare offend her.

the dream has lasted forever.
familiar in its sameness, i know
it as i know my coat. the feeling
is a comfort that i would not long
avoid. this state of mind, deserted
in pre-history, returns as true as a habit.

two.

music peels off the unending
phonograph, and waxen ribbons curl
upward. they are absorbed into the
smoke. which coats the walls.

the singer proceeds as if prodded.
her voice cackles. i can feel the
needle grating through the grooves.
the noise is so acute, i can distin-
guish the sides of the needle.

.hannah, i ask you. what is love?
and what is hate?

we match coins, but they are
the same coin. love. hate. cobwebs.
water spreading to saturate our
lowest levels.

we are always living. but we
are always dying. we both understand
that.

but our decisions do not matter.
our judgement is invalid. we sit
here nodding, as spineless as rag
dolls and discuss the birth of the
universe. they did not deliver
their babies. their ayes and naves
are not their own.

we lease away our birthright.
our society is one of ruffians
and thieves. our history is a lie.
the manipulators do not accept our
charity. we are embarrassing the
image. they announce to the news-
paper; they can not be imprisoned,
but, neither shall they know release.

three.

the music stops. i can barely
keep my eyes open, and it barely
matters if i do. cats cry in other
rooms, but i can not hear them.
people live in other rooms, but i
do not know them.

this loneliness should not be
so large as to hold my fears. this
empty room. this cardboard. this
closet. this cruel and jealous
woman.

the faulty wiring winks at me.
it is dark. and the weak man is
finally betrayed by his indecision.

peace was never our understanding.
the purposely, misplaced item. the
forgotten umbrella. the never-
spoken admission of loves.

and i? i believed the promises to
have different faces. they held
their hatred in such shallow bowls.

when the marionettes awake, tell
them that i am the puppet of the
mobile. that i float amid these
doors and walls. and windows.

that nothing exists here. no
one could own it..

Piano Lunaire

mute under empty windows'
fingers of stark moonlight,
I with longing unguarded, stroke
The piano with the white teeth.

Awake I lie quietly
Dreaming of that slender waist
Of ebony like a black wave, which I stroke
Mutely, with fingers of moonlight.

Stilled would be all my longing
Might I, as if dreaming
This night, with infinite desire, stroke
The piano with the white teeth.

NANETTE BISHOPRIC

Shulamith

*Shulamith Shulamith Shulamith
moon veiled with
the warm land's exhalations
the interior dark and close
smell reminiscent of estate's moldy greenhouse
clings to the walls to the air
to the bodies inhaling
the encircling pipe
Shulamith...*

*our sister.
the sea moans, the sea caresses
the palm trees ring with
their own hidden sap-blood
stars beyond the cloud shadows
enact blind astral justice
happening to fall
on the figures below
their smoke-filled hair chanting
to Shulamith.*

MARILYN ROAF



The Angels

They all have satiate faces, their appalled lips
slip faintly, while their souls are without seams,
and are on fire, wholly consumed with a desire-to-lapse
(as if into Sin) that sometimes gets into their dreams.

They look all but utterly alike;
in God's backyard they are all still, silent,
like pause after pause in his music,
intervals in his strain of arrangement.

Only when they unleash their wings like fans,
do they worry a breeze into being:
As though God with his chiseler's hands
had paged with wide spans
through the dark Book of Beginning.

DONALD YATES

Die Engel

Sie haben alle muede Muende
und helle Seelen ohne Saum.
Und eine Sehnsucht (wie nach Suende)
geht ihnen manchmal durch den Traum.

Fast gleichen sie einander alle;
in Gottes Gaerten schweigen sie,
wie viele, viele Intervalle
in seiner Macht und Melodie.

Nur wenn sie ihre Fluegel breiten,
sind sie die Wecker eines Winds:
Als ginge Gott mit seinen weiten
Bildhauerhaenden durch die Seiten
im dunklen Buch des Anbeginns.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Entrance

And whoever you may be: some night go outside
out of your room, whose things you already know,
as if your house was the last outpost before the worldwide:
whoever you are, too.

With your eyes, which can scarcely tiredly
free themselves from the habitual threshold,
heave up really slow a black tree
and put it against the sky: slender, alone, bold.

And you've made the world. And it's so
big, and like a word—one that is still getting ripe in silence.
And as your will comprehends their essence,
tenderly, they let your eyes go....

DONALD YATES

Eingang

Wer du auch seist: am Abend tritt hinaus
aus deiner Stube, drin du alles weisst;
als letztes vor der Ferne liegt dein Haus:
Wer du auch seist.

Mit deinen Augen, welche müede kaum
von der verbrauchten Schwelle sich befreien,
hebst du ganz langsam einen schwarzen Baum
und stellst ihn vor den Himmel: schlank, allein.
Und hast die Welt gemacht. Und sie ist gross
und wie ein Wort, das noch im Schweigen reift.
Und wie dein Wille ihren Sinn begreift,
lassen sie deine Augen zaertlich los...

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Autumn Day

Lord: it is time. The summer was intense.
Lay thy shadow on the sundials now,
and let the winds shake loose over the inlands.

Command the last fruit to be big and fine,
give them two more southerly days,
urge fulfillment on them, and chase
the last sweetness into the heavy wine.

He will no longer build one, who has no house now.
Who is alone now, will long remain so,
will read, write long letters, drowse,
wake and walk the streets to and fro,
wandering restlessly, as the wind drives the leaves.

DONALD YATES

Herbsttag

Herr: es ist Zeit. Der Sommer war sehr gross.
Leg deinen Schatten auf die Sonnenuhren
und auf den Fluren lass die Winde los.

Befiehl den letzten Fruechten voll zu sein;
gib ihnen noch zwei suedlichere Tage,
draenge sie zur Vollendung hin und jage
die letzte Suesse in den schweren Wein.

Wer jetzt kein Haus hat, baut sich keines mehr.
Wer jetzt allein ist, wird es lange bleiben,
wird wachen, lesen, lange Briefe schreiben
und wird in den Alleen hin und her
unruhig wandern, wenn die Blaetter treiben.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

Two Definitions of Pain: Evolutions of Waiting

1.

There were no quartz crystal clouds
And furthermore
Your hair didn't shatter the sunlight
(At least i never noticed)
But - Still -
On beautiful mornings I hide
(The rays of sun fly down to my spongy soul like darts
stabbing me with your memory)
And like some slow burning flower

.I

.am

.crumpling

2.

Before you : After you
A simple equation (super nova in the snow)
But
During you: enduring me
More a test of my relativity.
But that means motion
And, naturally, I've gone nowhere
or — I'm back where I began
or — I'm only back where I belong
There is no time.

Like now.

Always

--The moebius howl

like light searing through space--

I know beginnings and endings so well ...

KITTIE WHITE











Brilliant (4/10)

wûrdz



Archive

DUKE UNIVERSITY

Volume 85, Number 3. Spring, 1973

Box 4665 D. S., Durham, N. C. 27706. 684-2364

editor **anne dantzler** assistant editor (& poetry editor) **thom price** prose
editor **tom noland** assistant prose editor **dave chandler** art editor **weesa**
plyler magazine concept & design editor **kathy harward** photography
editor **scott flanegin** contributions editor **gali hagel** people editors **pat**
mcnellis **chris mayfield** business manager **liz ansley** ad salesperson **steve**
carter ad layout **dave birkhead** literary editors poetry **diana brenna**
andy hicks **donna landry** **bill marquess** **debbie mow** **lynne sturm** **joe**
ullman **tim westmoreland** literary editors prose **mike breen** **donna**
landry **barry lee** **chris mayfield** **libby sajo** **tim westmoreland** **bruce**
young arts editors **leigh ablondi** **alice ammerman** **winnie hinson** **kathy**
white magazine concept & design editors **tom coleman** **winnie hinson**
kathy white **blackburn** festival coordinators **anne dantzler** **gali hagel**
tom noland advice assistance **tea & sympathy** **william cranford** **clyde**
turner **kirk ridge** **jan martell** **peaches rigsbee** **james applewhite** **bill beck**
dave darling **jim wise** **john dewar** **dave southern** **dave birkhead** **john**
rocap **bob bernstein** **greg collins**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE	NAME, WORK
31	Anonymous, <i>untitled</i>
4	Running Bear, <i>untitled</i>
13	Dalton Biggs, <i>untitled</i>
21	Bogatin, <i>English 56</i>
45	Daoud Choro, <i>Odilla</i>
5	Robert Aubry Davis, <i>II Dream Lover</i>
8	the different drummer, <i>Juanita</i>
22	Mike Ellsworth, <i>The Fence Went on Forever</i>
41	<i>untitled</i>
30	N. P. Gilliland, <i>Beau and Arrow</i>
6	<i>Ephemera Vulgaris</i>
32	Bob Glass, <i>Beware the Common People</i> <i>Are Becoming More So</i>
35	Jeff Holcombe, <i>Consider the Rain</i>
42	<i>The Lake</i>
36	Mark Hook, <i>A Web of Circumstances</i>
24	Donna Landry, <i>Animal Frolic: A Fable Like</i>
20	R.B. McDonald, <i>X, XVI, XXI,</i> <i>from One and Twenty Jokes</i>
37	John A. Stevenson, <i>Tom and Jim</i>
7	Jeff Talmadge, <i>Homecoming</i>
28	Jennie Kathleen White, <i>A Quick View of the</i> <i>Dilemma of the Grapefruit</i>
10	Kittie White, <i>11</i>
11	<i>V</i>
12	<i>Vii</i>
44	Connie Winstead, <i>untitled</i>

I am, and have always been —
A part of this land.
Part of its lust, and part of its squalor.
Dissolved within its gusty flow,
And walled within its limits
And prisoned within its darkness.
This land is my home.
And its soft and sensuous pleasure
And its wild and mad delight
I have freely grown to love.

The heavens do not unfold before me.
Yet I ponder them,
Wishing some distant kinship.
And yet I know that I am not as much a part of the divine
As of this earth.

I am hopelessly finite
With finite joys
Yet strangely infinite ambitions.
Touched by a fever of hope
Within my earthly, lusty walls.

RUNNING BEAR

II Dream Lover

Dream lover:

there are moments of winterbirds at play in fields
the full moon ghostly at sun down
the sunset reflected in Two Moon Pond
the pond-reflected forest misty with road dust
anointed with road dust

There are moments as I pass by
when I place you beside me
watching the puffed up bluebirds
their rosy chests blue and blushed and fluffed with cold
the perfect winterbird clutching the barbedwire of the fence
sublimely uncognizant of fences

Dreams have their own memories

So as I sleepwalk through the spheres
I come to clearings where you are beside me
And memories as vast as forestlines against the sky
As wintertrees on winterskies
Souvenirs of full moon sleep
Call to me of dreamless days
And winter nights
From which you were awakening
To find me there beside you
Moon Dream Lover.

ROBERT AUBRY DAVIS

Ephemera Vulgaris

Spring ascends:
Love reigns on Earth--
It reigns? It pours!
Lovers in scores
Flying in tandem,
Loving at random--
We must understand 'em:
They've not long to live.

A Mayfly may fly,
But its joys in joys in joining lie;
When life comes in such short supply,
It's best to know how best to die.

N.P. GILLILAND

HOMECOMING

Gabriel and I would walk near my home
On the banks of the muddy creek
Filled with water from the icehouse
And the late spring rains.
Summer crept over the valley like sunrise,
Our skins freckled and our hair grew lighter
And our illusive walks on Thompson's Creek
Became transcendent journeys
That escaped the blistering heat,

The heavy air, and the reality that
School was a few short weeks away.
The hours we spent there mounted into days, then years,
And we had no way of knowing
That one day I would leave.
My mother tried to explain to my young mind
Why we had to move away—
I didn't understand until some time later
That the reasons were not altogether good.

I went back once to Thompson's Creek
And hoped to see my friend,
Eating fresh-picked Mustang grapes,
With a cane pole in his hand.
But Gabriel didn't recognize me.
The creek was dry, the fish had died.
And our old house burned down
The winter we had gone.

JEFF TALMADGE

Juanita

Joaquin Velasques saw the morning come like a giant bird flexing its million-colored wings. Heard the muffled sounds of the world come from the distance of the night to the nearness of the day. And hearing and seeing, he became aware that his eyes were open. That he was staring at the knifeblade of inflamed sunlight stabbing through the window.

There were memories, like cobwebs in his mind. Some faint and almost silent, some burning like the touch of hot wax. All drifting by in an interminable succession of pain and pleasure. But pain welled like a yawn and flooded his brain, and he closed his fists around the blanket of the bed. And wishing for sleep he held his teeth together and put his hand on his closed eyes.

Time passed, and the world around Joaquin unfolded like the flowers that belonged only to the morning, that grew in the fields by the sea and gave their seeds that one might forget and be happy.

Time passed. There was breathing in the room. Like a rustle of cloth. Like the fall of a leaf. Like the sound of a flower opening. It filled the room with a warm, soft sigh, and left it cold and empty, waiting for the next breath.

There were soft, deep breaths, and Joaquin forced the sounds of the day from his mind. The breathing became the center of a universe of memory blended with reality.

The rise and fall of wind on a summer day. And the waves of the sea circling like delicate fingers. And the soft sounds of the birds on a summer day in Joaquin's mind.

And there was breathing. Close, thick, but very deep and quiet. And the rise and fall of the wind, and the sliding waves, and the birds burned like a new flame in his brain.

And a word.

And a name came from the edge of his thoughts and left nothing but the name, like a billboard before his closed eyes.

Juanita. The word rose to his throat.

Juanita. It crumbled into the air, a whisper.

Juanita. A cry.

And Joaquin smiled in the half-light of the morning.

Juanita.

He turned over, and like a child to a present, reached forward. His fingers touched the palm of an upturned hand. The breathing quickened. He opened his eyes.

Juanita?

A church, white like sun bleached bone. Huge black doors that opened on the memory of screaming, of a woman's beautiful face pressed into folds of terror and framed with a halo of black hair spread on the whiteness of the bed. A child, born and held by the doctor, only to whisper a sandpaper cry and tremble slightly, then curl and harden, like the morning approaching and passing the noon. The doctor looked at Joaquin—and laid the child gently at the side of its mother, then pulled a sheet over the two forms and stepped away from the bed. The church. Huge black doors. Open and shut. Two boxes, into the earth. Two stones in an ocean of the flowers that belong to the morning, that grew in the fields by the sea and gave their seeds that one might forget and be happy.

Juanita. It came like a question, but was not a question.

An answer.

the different drummer

11.

Listen to the leaf sift to the Earth:
myth, myth ...

See,
It lies curled on its brown side
like a dead bird.
But not stillborn.

so (w),
the ground, not the sky,
catches my attention these days,
tiled in colored parchments
to be reshuffled daily,
providing the unwritten forecasts;
testaments to my infertility.

And i am left behind,
sluffing only words
like dead tissue.
Mockery!
The wind drools,
and with the wicked flick of her lizzardly tongue,
peels the leaves from the dirt
to nip'round my feet like rabid puppies.
Such cruel pretense
to reveal the fruit!

And i drool, too,
my only weapon:
tears,
playing the lance.
As you can see,
the leaves will flinch
beneath their every blow!

V.

Oh,
the wane tears such succulent sections
from the moon's ripeness,
dripping her musical juice.
inklings
that you and she connived,
your hair to be
her winking eye,
as she chimes yours
in a toast to the death of Reason.

And in the pomegranate's garnet
she has promised me a caryatid:
people in my life
only as there are stars in her sky:
to fight the darkness, each.
The seasons trade their constellations,
but if feeling, the clear pearl,
be the water,
Then water is the child of light.

I heard you once,
scattering your laugh before you,
like petals from a wedding basket.

KITTIE WHITE

VIII.

From calf
to hips
to breast
her eyes,
like a standing appointment,
await their turn.
They churn
Reflection:
eyes,
a sun-slapping pool
on which there skips an angry rock
thrown by a lover
at the edge,
Now reeling 'round
to ask why
Not.

she-like overworked muscle
responds involuntary,
with a
twitch spits
out her memeo-plea(se)
(k)no(w).
the stenciled sounds
slip through the screen
of his slick ears uncupped,
fade, like the impressions
made by her clothes
upon his skin,
while she becomes the fossil
of his man-hood,
no cameo.
How he does relieve her!

And the look-back current carves
its reaching hand
a wave's coughed
on the silent sand,
the falling froth,
giggling children,
chasing glee
downhill.

A rabbit's subtle pads
will pack each flake of snow
till ice,
the last to melt.

untitled

If Stephan had seen him the next day it wouldn't have mattered much. Nothing had happened, nothing to avert eyes and mutter about, if necessary, nothing at all.

Andrew pulled his shoelace taut and flicked through a quick bow. In the mirror he smiled with teeth bared for inspection, brushed his hair and smiled again. As he left the room he whistled.

The coffee he had poured was not cooled as it should have been by then; it was cold. He gulped it anyway, choking a little once, and left the room.

Outside it was spring weather. The morning wind was light enough to walk into without turning and the air was warm. He walked evenly and wanted to slow down a little, but the papers on the desk were not going to move until he moved then and they all had to be moved by the afternoon; he quickened and arrived and settled to work with occasional cups of coffee and a lunch at one. The papers moved quickly all day and he looked up at the clock only a few minutes. And Andrew passed such a day at work and for the work day that was all. After it was over he turned off the light and closed the door, the glass rattling as he did, and began to walk back. He walked slowly and watched some of the faces he passed. Most were set and stared at the end of the block. Some were distracted and looked from side to side. A woman with red hair had slept late and hurried on her makeup and Andrew smiled at her crooked lips. An old man in a gray hat smiled back and felt known and friendly and perhaps some young men still knew respect. (In celebration, the man walked down the street and bought a beer).

Andrew's name came from the crowd and suddenly Stephan was with him and Andrew was no longer watching. He saw shoelaces and sidewalk cracks and Stephan's boots. They began to talk.

Once a child was born alone. When he opened his eyes he was in a small, dark room and when he cried, no one answered. But a thin tube lowered from the top of the room and in it there was food. But the room was empty and he was alone.

One day when he woke there was a white square on the wall. When he sat up, the screen changed to blue and there were two high-pitched sounds. The child stared and then began to cry. The square darkened and the tube lowered to him.

Stephan and Andrew ordered and the waitress took their menus and left. They talked about politics and about the weekend football games and about a movie Stephan had seen. Then they drank the wine the waitress had brought and were quiet, waiting for the meal. The room was filled with soft talking and clinks of silver on plates or glasses together. It was warm and slow and the wine eased it more.

When she brought the food they talked again and discussed the coming evening: Stephan was playing cards, Andrew was planning nothing and was soon coaxed into playing. The future settled, they ate and drank more easily and talked over dinner.

They payed and left, Andrew without his coat which they went back for, and walked to Stephan's room. Inside they drank and records played and Stephan looked for his car keys. Then they left the room and went to play. The game was even; no one seemed very skillful or very lucky, but Jim's wife cooked and the food was good. After their wine and drinks and beer, Stephan and Andrew were happy no matter who won.

Soon the child forgot the square and slept. But when he woke and cried for food there were three high notes as the tube lowered. He was puzzled and ignored the tube for a while, looking for the sounds he had never heard before. The only sounds he had known were his — crying and breathing and eating. The new noise confused him; but soon he forgot and ate as usual.

But each time he cried, the tube lowered with these same three notes and the child soon grew used to them and ate without noticing.

Then one day he cried and the tube didn't move. He cried louder, but nothing happened. He screamed until he couldn't cry any more, but there was no food. He crawled to the wall and pounded, he kicked his feet, he stopped breathing, but nothing he did affected the tube at all. Until he did something which he didn't understand, something he couldn't explain to himself later. He sang the tube's three notes, the sounds he remembered with food, and the tube lowered, echoing the notes. And he ate greedily because he was tired and hungry.

Andrew drove home; Stephan was afraid to because he had drunk a good deal more than Andrew and hadn't been affected by the black coffee Jim's wife had forced on them. So Andrew drove. Stephan was quiet at first, but as he sobered he sat up and looked out. He was lost. There was moonlight on long grass in fields beside the road. The fields went as far as he could see with only the road dividing them and giving them form. The grass was blue-green in the light and it sparkled from dew that might have been frost the week before. There were no cars on the road and Andrew was driving quickly. The road was straight and all they could see was the pavement and the fields.

"Where are we?"

Andrew didn't answer though he accelerated. The lights of another car approached and disappeared.

"Where are we? Andy, where the hell are we going? I've never seen this place before."

"I just felt like driving. I didn't think you'd wake up before we got back. I didn't think you'd mind. Go back to sleep."

"Well, where are we? I've never been anywhere like this."

"We're on an old highway, a few miles out of town. These are farms around here. Big, empty fields..."

"Yeah, they're nice Are we coming or going?"

"I'm still leaving town, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I meant. How far are you going before you turn around?"

"I don't know. Just sit back and calm down. Stop worrying."

And they drove silently through the fields, watching them pass quickly without landmarks, fields of long grass and blue light. It seemed they drove for hours.

Finally Andrew spoke. His voice was stern, like an old teacher, and he spoke slowly.

"Steve."

"Mmm?"

"I want to talk to you."

"Yes?"

"I want you to talk back, too."

"Hmm?"

"Steve, I'm tired of ... playing. It's too hard to do ... How long have I known you?"

"A long time."

"You understand well enough, don't you? I think you do. You'll get tired if I don't. We're at least that much alike."

"I guess so."

"You understand?"

"Yeah, I know."

"So what shall I do?"

They were quiet for a while. Then Stephan spoke.

"Let's turn around."

The car slowed and made a three-point turn between the fields and drove toward the city.

The child soon learned to sing the three notes of the tube's song and he ate happily for a while. One day the tube sang four notes and he learned the fourth within three meals.

Soon after he learned the fourth, the square in the wall came on again. He didn't cry this time. When the blue screen played two notes he didn't scream. After the screen had darkened he sang them and the blue re-appeared. Then the screen went blank and there was a low hum. He sang for blue and it lighted. He sang the low note and it darkened.

He played with his toy for hours and then sang for food. As he ate, the screen turned yellow with two new notes. The child hummed for blankness and repeated yellow; the screen lighted yellow.

By the end of the morning he had learned all the screen's colors and he played with changing them. Once he sang four notes in a quick melody and combined blue and green. With his compounds he made oranges and browns and even a song of black and he was delighted. But he was tired and hummed for blankness and slept. He was awakened by new notes. On his square was a picture of a tree.

When they got to Andrew's, all the windows in the neighborhood were dark. The car seemed to roar down the street and Stephan said something about the muffler.

They parked a block away and walked slowly, talking about the card game and swinging their arms in the cool air. At the door Stephan began to talk more quickly and he came in as if he were engrossed in remembering the full house Alex had held in the last hand. But after they were inside the room he was abruptly quiet and they just stood and scuffled a little and moved around. Food was offered and refused, drinks were made and Andrew sat down, staring at the furniture. Stephan turned on the television, but there were only various test patterns and an old movie. So he tried music and sat down opposite Andrew, listening to the record drop.

They both sat very still and listened. They looked at lamps and magazines and at carpet and walls and, once, each other and, embarrassed, looked away. Andrew was intent upon his glass for a while. He whirled the drink, clinked the ice and spilled a little on the floor. They tried to talk about cards some more. They even tried to talk about the fields and the dew on the grass and what nice weather it was. But it was obvious how comic they were and they were soon laughing at themselves. But it was a a nervous, wordless laugh and neither of them moved. Finally the last record ended and as Stephan stood to change it Andrew spoke.

"You know, what I was saying tonight, it was all kind of – kind of –"

"Andy, I know what you were talking about." He paused, then went on. "Let's stop fooling around and clearing our throats. Let's go to bed."

He started the records and they left the room.

Soon the child could recognize all the pictures the screen showed him. He knew mountains and trees and all sorts of animals and flowers and even a few people. He sang their notework names as their pictures flashed on and later he learned to sing the names to see pictures. The screen showed him everything he asked for and he sang pitches to ask for everything.

Until one day he woke and the square was gone. There, in its place, was a door with a small handle and no screen. He sang for red, for meadows, for forsythia, but nothing happened. So he reached for the door and pulled at it; it opened and he crawled out. Outside his room was another room, larger and cooler than the first, and in the room were two people, a man and woman whom he'd seen on the square. He sang their names in a frightened voice and turned to go, but the man sang to him in notes he'd never heard and he stopped. He tried to sing, but all he could say were colors and flowers and names. He couldn't ask or explain; he could only endlessly sing his musical catalogue.

The man and woman merely smiled and picked him up. They sang softly and in new notes. He heard melodies he knew – their names, his room, food, singing – but he couldn't follow their voices. He listened carefully, but he didn't understand. They held him close and moved slowly, soothing him with their song and their bodies and soon he fell asleep.

When he awoke he was alone. He looked around and cried and the woman came and brought him food, but before she gave it to him, she sang. The first melody was her name, the last food, but he didn't recognize the middle. He repeated it and she smiled. With her hands pushing from her she mimed a gift and sang the notes again. He copied her and she smiled and left. He ate the food she had brought and sang the sequence to himself.

Andrew woke warm in Stephan's arms and looked to see if Stephan were awake: his eyes were closed and he breathed slowly. Andrew looked at his clock; the alarm would go off in ten minutes and then he and Stephan would get up and shave, gulp coffee and go, as if nothing had happened. He would go on as usual and move papers during the work day. After he closed the rattling door he would meet Stephan and have dinner and everything would be the same. At least he felt the same. Everything was as it had been for him. For him at least. Maybe Stephan would have new ideas. Maybe he would change, would avert eyes and stare at the furniture and find excuses for dinner. Andrew might not see the fields again. Stephan might find a difference and disappear. And Andrew soon resigned himself to crush the alarm clock. He settled himself to his melodramatic ending and drummed his fingers on his chest. Then Stephan rolled over and slept warmly beside him and Andrew smiled, smiled very quietly so as not to wake him.

Eventually the alarm went off and Stephan sleepily floundered for it where he knew his clock should be. Andrew, on the other side, turned it off and rolled over, drowsing quietly. After a few minutes they both forced their eyes open and looked around.

"Good morning."

"I'll say 'Good morning,' but my body doesn't believe it. I could sleep eight more days What time is it?"

"It's ... eight-fifteen. I've got to be at work at nine. How about you?"

"What's today? ... Thursday Today I have an appointment at nine-thirty. I've got plenty of time. I may not move for an hour."

"Good for you Sorry, but I've got to go. Enjoy your rest."

Andrew got up and took a shower, fixed coffee and shaved. By the time he finished, the coffee he'd poured was cool enough to drink and he gulped as he dressed.

As he left the room Stephan called to him. He tensed and answered.

"What?"

"I said, 'What time do you want to meet for dinner?'"

"Oh ... I don't know. What time do you finish?"

"My last patient is at four-thirty, so anytime after that is fine. Why don't you come over whenever you finish and we'll go."

Andrew nodded and said goodbye. As he left the room he whistled and he whistled all the way to the office.

Soon the child knew almost all the songs the man and woman sang. He knew how to ask for food, how to describe sleep, how to tell ghost stories. He could sing everything he wanted to mean, without words, and his voice would carry as if he were whistling in an empty room. And the man and woman corrected his melodies until his songs were perfect and eloquent and then they left him.

After they were gone he sang to himself for a while and wandered around the room. Soon he was hungry and sang for them to bring food, but they didn't come. He sang louder, but no one answered. He began to cry, but no tube lowered. He ran around in tight circles, screaming to himself, but still there was no response. Finally he stopped and choked his breathing and looked. He came to a door, opened it and left the room.

Outside, he was in a hallway with a large glass door and several chairs. He opened thy new door and left this room, too. He was on a sidewalk and there were people walking all around him, but he didn't recognize them. He stopped a woman and sang his question to her. She smiled, patted his head and walked on. One man paid no attention when he pulled at his sleeve. Another stopped and spoke in quick, tuneless sounds and the child did not understand. When he sang, everyone made sharp sounds with their lips and teeth. He walked down the street and sang, but everyone stared at him and walked on by. Soon he was tired and frightened and he stopped singing and looked around.

Andrew moved papers all day and had lunch at one. Stephan saw his patients until four-thirty. Then he went home and changed clothes and slept until Andrew came. They went to dinner and talked about work and food and old friends. After dinner they walked to Stephan's. Andrew turned on the records, Stephan mixed drinks and then they both read their newspapers: Stephan, the *Times*, in his leather reclining chair; Andrew, the *Sun*, stretched out on the couch.

DALTON BIGGS

ONE AND TWENTY JOKES,

X

Marks my spot
Adam and Eve
had no navels
Feature that!
Two people like that
now could make a
small, dirty fortune
showing twice daily

XVI

Piers and Pillars
of our docks and queues
Blind me steal me
Tiresius upon me
Bareback riding
Pegasus Proud
against the possibilities
of the falling temperatures
and a night in the city pound

XXI

Then you shall go up
From the lands of Canaan
To New Haven and there
You shall cut calves
In my holy stockyards
My priest of vespers

English 56

I don't like ripping into poems
To find a lost Inspiration,
A wandering soul,
Poetic injustice,
Or that intense moment
Of spontaneous awareness.
I'd rather move through
Each line aimlessly,
Watch slow syllables slide by,
And gaze open-eyed
At the wondrous beauty
Of words,
And listen to
The soft blur
Of melting vowels,
And consonants in harmony
With life
And the themes
Of love and truth...

BOGATIN '75

The Fence Went on Forever

the fence went on forever
as far as we could tell
green and greedy under the tree
we gathered our acorns, stuffing our pockets
till we could barely walk
scampering like overloaded chipmunks do
the acorns were our coins and
we were the richest in the class
and we never spent our money

towards the jungle jim was a tree
and you could stick your hand up a hole in it
and feel a dead squirrel
the girls were afraid

I never was really able to cross the climbing bars
without stopping
my hands stung like bees

there was a place by the stairs
that was painted in bright roadline yellow

TABOO

the teacher said it meant danger
and we knew about danger,
we used to play games of courage,

jumping in and out of TABOO
afraid we would blow up from a Nazi bomb
or something

one boy used to walk around inside
and laugh at us
we thought maybe he was a Nazi

some of the bushes on the hill
tasted like library paste or peppermint
and we used to go out
dry from play
and break off sticks to suck in class
if you got the wrong bush you wanted
to spit for a week

the hill had many paths and
one lead to the cliff from which
the great Arabian sand dunes
extended for miles to the horizon
this cliff was separate from the fence
and the land beyond
we thought they must grow grapes there
cause it looked like France
but we never went beyond the fence,
for it was danger to leave the schoolyard
if you went beyond the fence,
a man would take you
you'd miss the bell for class
we used to play around the fence
and fake falling off the cliff
one guy jumped off and we would have told the teacher
of his death, but we felt guilty--
we hoped they never found his body.

MIKE ELLSWORTH

Animal Frolic:

A Fable Like

There were once three beings who were very fond of each other. They were good friends, such very good friends that they ate together and drank together and made merry together and tried to look into each other's eyes. They were very different from each other, but each was very fond of the other two. And so they were quite happy.

She said to him—Joe—she said—this has got to stop.

—We have to do something about Michael.

—Right. Something must be done about him.

—What?

—Good question. What can we. . .

—Joe, I hate and despise him.

—I wouldn't go so far as to say that. . .

—No, you wouldn't. But I would.

Lara was a bit impetuous with fluttering long white hands.

—The thing about Michael is, the problem with Michael is, is that he's so terribly sure of himself, so secure in his own little world.

Joe, a thin and nervous tower of indecision, perpetually hesitated until he burst forth with some revelation of feeling, startling because it came from him, the impregnable, the deep.

—While we jitter and fret and are neurotic and suicidal.

—And he just sits back and trusts, trusts, damn it.

—Joe. I hate him. I loathe him.

—No, you don't, he attracts you somehow, you know, beyond friendship.

—Attracts me? Are you insane?

—He does, you know.

—Well Joe maybe . . . he does kind of. Just a little. It's a subjective fascination I assure you.

—Yeah, well. Anyway, you don't really hate him, we are his friends, you don't really hate him and neither do I.

—But we've got to bother him somehow—shake his little world until the damn teacups rattle and break . . .

—And his damn piano is out of tune.

—And he hasn't any faith anymore.

—OK.

—We'll do it.

—OK.

—We owe it to him.

At this time, they were sitting, Joe and Lara, in the dusty straw of a fly-filled barn on the hottest day of summer. They were long-limbed and raw-nerved; they maneuvered the straw in fretful jerks, while Michael was broad chested, gentlemanly and unmovable as a bear. A Russian bear beset by fretful borzois in the poetic sense. Joe and Lara plotting. To dispose of Michael, or at least of his sanity.

—Joe—she said through the piece of straw in her mouth—I could seduce him.

—Seduce him?

—I mean try to or begin to or something.

—And then?

—Well then I'd stop I guess and leave him, well, you know, leave him coldly.

—Oh, sure. Yeah.

—Joe I've already started to anyway.

—WHAT?

—Now Joe I can't explain the *whys* or anything. I just sort of told him that we would eat with him tonight, and that you were "just okay," while *he*. . .

—Why the hell did you say that?

—How do I know? A premonition?

—Oh, really.

—No I mean I think this plot or whatever has been brewing inside me for a while. Part of the triangle.

—Oh.

—Michael is making stew or something for us tonight. Lamb with Julia Child.

—Stuffy.

—We could have an argument.

—Would that be so contrived?

—Joe! This is purely hypothetical. Not at all symbolic. We're trying to destroy part of Michael . . . not ourselves, right?

—How do I know you're not plotting against *me*, destroying me, right?

—Joe that's ridiculous. It's Michael that's irritating me, not you, that's all.

—All right, let's say you lure him, seduce him, excite him, after he's sure that we two can't stand each other . . .

—Then Joe you could come in and I'd leap up cool as ice and he'd see what a fool he'd been.

—And perhaps, the big *perhaps*, the absolute question, he will be mad, he will be furious.

—That's it—we've never seen him mad, you know, Joe. Always so tolerant and sure of himself.

—And we will have shaken that damn faith he has, made him neurotic, more like us.

—If he can't trust his friends he'll be unsure and full of anxiety and all. He'll

be friendless and ego-less and fearful.

—Just like us.

—Yeah. Just like us — she said, trying to look abstracted. She wasn't really suicidal, but it was good pretending, exciting to make Joe think she was precariously perched on the brink of insanity. Aren't we all insane and all that.

And that is that. It almost happened. They had feigned argument over Michael's lamb stew and Michael's strong wine, and she had seen the gleam in Michael's eyes as she brushed up against him. "Leaping doe's eyes" ran through her head as if she had read it somewhere. And Michael irritated her no longer. But they grew suspicious of each other, Joe and she, and feared that they were indeed plotting against each other, clawing at each other, Michael merely a vehicle of vengeance. When three have shared so much, might they not share three plots, as well?

—Lara—It was Joe fastening his hand onto her arm and looking at her with eyes which she knew he thought piercing.

—What is it? Michael is going to come back in a second.

She was squirming and hoping to look relaxed at his touch, his first, trying to be cool. Her feet looked bony against Michael's mother's hardwood floor.

—Lara, this scheming, are you with or against me, because if the joke's on me, then by God, I'll . . .

He faltered. She squirmed. She saw his eyes. Trapped. So he wanted her to throw her arms around him and be passionate. She was definitely withered inside and shrank back, shrank away.

—Oh God.

—Joe it's not what you think . . .

She knew now. She was no longer feigning chess which she could not play. Michael? Joe was going, lunging toward the outside door. They were plotting against her, and she had revealed herself. Joe despised her now; of that she was certain. And Michael, cruel at last, would laugh. At her. She sat down on Michael's mother's hardwood floor and shivered, felt her breath ache.

Then there they were: Joe and Michael. Michael and Joe. Her long fingers played, drawn to neither of them and to both. She was confronted. Joe was hurt. She knew herself at last—hatred and love being the same and all that. Michael, I have done you an injustice, she thought. Punishment: he was detached, of course. She felt that he looked at her coldly, shaking his head at her incoherence, her hesitancy to unveil herself.

The three friends sat in the dark on the cold wood floor, their heads full of wine and hot darkness coming in the open door and mosquitoes droning as in a tale by Hemingway.

—Why, Lara? Why do this?

It was Michael the Mediator.

—I can't explain.

—All I want to know is: what's the story? Are we, are you, sadistic, or what?

It was Joe the Victim.

—Now, Joe, take it easy—said Michael the Mediator.

—I don't know—said Lara the Accused. — I don't know I don't know; I don't.

—It's all right—said Michael the Mediator.

And she thought, you are so strong; you are the one least touched by this and we, Joe and I, are gone, completely drained, estranged, deranged . . .

—Lara, I don't understand you. And I don't particularly care to, either, I prefer not to.

Joe the Victim turned away. He was turned away.

—Look people I'm going to say something literary and stupid — but this is it and I'm going home as soon as I've said it. Okay. "Aftermath . . . we three are scattered to the winds." Goodnight. I'm sorry.

And she left Joe the Victim lying on his face on the oaken floor and Michael the Mediator sitting cross-legged with a panoply of stars visible over his head through the open door. That night she dreamed of three strange animals, three mythological animals, leaping and stretching and in and around each other, purple and green and red-gold animals with no definite shape, but with fiery eyes. They were incoherent and ate fire. Three strange animals with Leaping Does' Eyes, impatient at finding their landscape dreamed.

DONNA LANDRY



A Quick View of the Dilemma of the Grapefruit

Wanting to make a gift of some grapefruit to my next-door neighbors and uncertain as to how to go about it as I had not been over to see them for some time. I was given 9 grapefruit — 2 of which I had already given away. I now had 6 left (I ate one last night) and was planning to give 2 to my neighbors. As I stood in my room holding the 2 grapefruit I planned to present, I was struck with doubts and fears. “Was not 2 grapefruit a paltry gift? Did it not seem ridiculous to pilgrimage over to their room to give them only 2 grapefruit?” Besides, for some reason it seemed to imply unsettling Freudian insinuations. Would they arch their eyebrows, flare their nostrils and silently question, “What does she mean giving us these 2 grapefruit, eh?” Then, what if they did not like grapefruit?

I could instead wrap them up, sneak out at 2:00 in the morning, and leave them on their doorstep with a note explaining that I would be out of town for the next two weeks but please accept these grapefruit anyway. Or, simpler yet, mail them as if I myself had been in Florida and was thinking of them. No. It came down to either marching over and giving them 2 grapefruit, 3 grapefruit, or the whole box — explaining that I myself really did not like . . . perhaps 3 grapefruit would be the best. But, when you consider that most people only eat $\frac{1}{2}$ a grapefruit at a time, then 3 would be 6 grapefruit consuming sessions. But 2 would only be 4. Perhaps I could cut one in half. If I gave them 3, then well, I might not have enough for my friends who might drop by and how nice it would be to ask them if they wanted some grapefruit but shucks I gave it all away. Well, I would hold 2 grapefruit and then hold 3 grapefruit, and then see which felt the most appropriate—the least embarrassing. This is it.

It did not end there with my sensibilities warped and confused; with my staggering under this decision I had to make. Somehow it could not be made and I dropped the grapefruit and rushed from the room out into the night. I jumped on my bicycle and sped away into the darkness. I arrived at a girl's dorm where they were having a George Washington's Birthday party. I looked in the room where they were having it. Seven girls in red nightshirts, red bows in their hair, and red construction paper cherries tacked to their rears were singing a suggestive song about George cutting down the cherry tree. There were many guffawing people there munching Fritos and potato chips. As a matter of fact, there were definite insectlike humming swarms of curlerheaded dorm dwellers in pajamas thriving around the chip dip areas. I tasted all the different dips—blue cheese, bean, cheddar cheese, onion, taco—and left just as the singing Cherry Sisters were ad-libbing about George, after all, being the father of our country . .

I went outside and stood by my bike and recrunched the bits of Frito still stuck in my teeth and wondered why it was that my attitude was so often apologetic. "Oop sorry for, ah, dropping that bean dip on your notebook." I always feel so furtive, like the giraffe at the water hole, yet like the last match that wouldn't light, yet like if anywhere someone has eaten the last brownie—Who's eaten that last brownie?!—it must have been me. It was the same with the grapefruit. I was going to wind up feeling apologetic and miserable no matter what I did. Or so it seemed.

It was not as if I had all the time in the world. "I have a Physical Anthropology test tomorrow," I thought. Faint recollections of taxons and lineages, lemurs and golden pottos, hairyfaced tamarins and true barefaced tamarins, Gigantopithecus and Pliopithecus impinged disturbingly upon the decision at hand. I had to study and memorize all that I had been putting off for weeks and weeks in a matter of one evening which was already gone: 11:30 and what had I accomplished. I jumped back on my bike and sped home. I struggled up the embankment by my house dragging the bike after me, dropped the bike in the yard, clamoured in the door, dashed to the kitchen, grabbed 2 grapefruit, rushed to my neighbor's, held the 2 grapefruit out, one in each hand, and said, "Here. Here are your grapefruit." They had company. There was a certain silence and I supposed that I had to say more. "My parents sent these grapefruit from Florida and I thought that you would like some." They both picked one up and smelled it and said thanks and made jokes and had no idea that this moment was the termination of an evening of hesitation, terror, and tired wits. I left soon explaining that I had a test to study for. Now I cannot. I am home with the books in front of me and the 4 grapefruit left in the box and all I can think of is whether I should have given them 3 . . . even though it's too late now. Or, is it.

JENNIE KATHLEEN WHITE

Beau and Arrow

I felt the ARROW'S point and laughed,
For I enjoyed a LOVER'S FLIGHT;
But then, the POINT led to the SHAFT,
Which somewhat dampened my DELIGHT.



N.P. GILLILAND

Jones got up he was on his back the sun
was not yet up, but him used to that
the planes went overhead at the usual hour
but today was accident. today it whistle:
Jones wondered, wasn't whistle of he,
wasn't whistle of tea kettle, what whistle
was? was bomb was what world's biggest
piece of bird turd and smacko Jones flies
in air. Newspaper man see all write all—Man fly on own power
Jones land, man says what you say Jones
he says "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."
Jones know.

ANONYMOUS

Beware

the Common People Are Becoming More So

To be sure, Norton, Virginia may not be the loveliest town one could stumble into, but it is, nevertheless, a very colorful community. It is there, in a tiny Appalachian valley which nests 3,500 people, that I was born, schooled, and introduced to smoking, drinking, cussing, girl watching, and all the other bad habits which make life easy-going. I confess that there is nothing in Norton interesting enough to deserve placement upon the front of a post-card, but the tourists find amusement in simpler things like camping and fishing. As a matter of fact, a big source of delight for the visitor is the local telephone book. Hardly bigger than two comic books stapled together, it is the directory for the entire county and is just as humorous as any funny book. No where else in Virginia can one find such a collection of great names like Bertha Livingston, Quince Thacker, Rebecca Fondsock, Baxter Beverly, Calvin Coolidge Hale, Ruby Hill, or Gladys Snodgrass. The Yellow Pages aren't bad either. A careful perusal of them reveals that the most abundant businesses in the area are feed stores, fish bait suppliers, carpet dealers, and well diggers. This type of information is a fast and accurate indication of what Norton is all about . . . the commercial hub of Wise County. Actually, I rather enjoyed the phone book the first ten times I read it, but after that, it grew old in a hurry. Now that I think about it, many things in that town grew old in a hurry, but because everyone is avidly searching for an escape from boredom, there is usually pretty much to do.

I can remember spending hours in the Poster Shop when it first opened in 1966. "Handy" Mullins tacked it on the side of his newsstand and filled it, I think, blindly with hundreds of rolled photographs that he bought on faith from some salesman from Cincinnati. They were sold in a small, stark room with walls painted in the loudest, most clashing colors. Here and there were a dozen posters hanging on exhibition, with the rest of them, manhandled by the customers, stashed in vertical, cardboard bins. The most prominent poster on display was also the most puzzling. It was a retouched photograph of *Mona Lisa* holding a rather ornate roach clip in her lap. I say puzzling because in 1966, very few people anywhere knew what a roach clip was and no one in Norton knew until some five years later. One thing is for sure, though, the Southern Baptists would run "Handy" out of town in a minute if they ever find out.

Anyway, I always wanted a small art gallery there instead of a poster shop, but the folks around didn't have much demand for art or excellence. Besides, "Handy" did quite well with his little place and I was told that lately he has branched into the top-forty-records business.

One of the best friends I ever made was Ralph Milam who ran Ralph's Barber Shop. He came to Norton from Washington when I was sixteen years old. Ralph had made a good name for himself in Washington as a superb men's hair stylist, however, he didn't much care for the hustle of the city and came to Norton when he had made enough money to start his own business. Nearly everyone appreciated his addition to the community because he was easily the best barber around and a fine stand-up comic, as well.

My younger brother and I used to go to Ralph's almost everyday after school, not so much because we were infatuated with the hair cutting process, but because Ralph kept us spellbound with tales about the Cold War navy and his incomparable sex life. Maybe that was a mistake, now that I think about it. Talking about sex, I mean. It seems that if you ever start talking sex to somebody, you eventually wind up talking about it every time you run into the guy. Still, Ralph was quite the stud and we used to get plenty of vicarious sex fulfillment from the conversations when we were suffering from a dry spell.

Anyhow, Ralph gave three kinds of haircuts: the eight dollar deluxe razor cut and hairstyle, the two dollar, ordinary haircut, and the free, ordinary haircut which was reserved for his children, cousins, and my little brother. The eight dollar jobbie, though, was a real visual treat because it allowed the true artist in Ralph to emerge. The first part of the procedure was a soothing, protein shampoo followed by a delicate razor cut. Then the styling gel was put on and, finally, he went to work with his hair dryer. I spent plenty of time in that barber shop and never once saw Ralph give a bad, eight dollar hair cut. The trouble was that he very seldom got to give one because mountaineers are the last people to appreciate the art of hair styling. Perhaps that was why my brother and I went there so often: we were always hoping to see the masterful creation of a deluxe haircut. I suppose Ralph averaged one of these every two weeks, which I always thought was fairly insulting to his talents.

I'll never forget the day that Frank Sexton came to the shop. He was Norton's token freak and had hair so long that most of the rednecks called him, "Francis." Well, since Frank hadn't even considered a haircut for over two years, we were dumbfounded when he requested the eight dollar works. I don't know what motivated his decision, but I was glad he knew a good barber when he saw one.

Ralph approached him slowly, scissors in hand, and muttered, "I feel like a mosquito in a nudist colony; I know what to do, I just don't know where to start."

Without a doubt, most of my boyhood was influenced by an old character named Hub Gilliam. He was a backwoods philosopher, square dance caller, and the local bootlegger. I often thought that Hub was the man who inspired Al Capp to create Pappy Yokum because the two were almost identical. The only difference was that Hub was a more discriminating drinker than his double from Dog Patch.

One morning when I was seventeen, I ran into him downtown. The prospects for an exciting day weren't too hopeful, so Hub invited me out to his little farm to visit for awhile. Since I had had hundreds of such visits and four times that many drinks with him in the past, I thought one more trip would be just that much more beneficial.

Soon the two of us were sitting on his front porch staring at a gigantic ten gallon bottle in the yard about twelve feet away. Fastened to the bottle's mouth with electrical tape, there was a three foot piece of a garden hose which dangled to the ground. Hub and I always watched the thousands of miniscule bubbles evolving from the bottom of this home brew contraption with the same fascination as the small boy in front of a tropical fish tank.

In such a familiar situation, it was never too long before he started discussing the finer points of the brewer's art. This was our favorite topic because I had developed the deepest appreciation for a good drink and Hub had more pride in his skill than any artist in any field. He grew all of his grain himself and used only water from a spring reservoir on a hill behind his house. He was just like a famous chef or magician regarding all the other ingredients secretly involved. The most he'd ever let me do was to transfer the fresh, white liquor to the charcoal kegs. Hub insisted upon mellowing his moonshine for at least three years because drinking the untamed stuff was as sinful as touching a portrait before it was dry. He was right, too, because his sour mash whiskey was easily superior to the best Jack Daniel's Black Label.

We used to make a lot of jokes about the Sturgill family in Guest River Hollow who supplied most of southwest Virginia with white lightning. All they were interested in was mass producing cheap whiskey that never failed to do the trick. I saw their set-up once. They had replaced the traditional copper "worm" with an automobile radiator because it cooled more efficiently. That was not nearly as bad as their methods for delivering punch to their product. They used all kinds of tricks like adding calcium carbide, which produces methane gas, or tobacco juice.

Anyhow, their stuff was five dollars a gallon and Hub's was sixteen. Obviously, Hub didn't get to sell much, but he never was in bootlegging for the money.

I can remember a notice I saw in the ABC store one day. It said that the year before twenty people in the state of Virginia died from lead poisoning by way of illegal liquor and that another sixty were permanently blinded. If I were a romantic, I'd say that they experienced such euphoria on their binges that they voluntarily willed themselves death or blindness, but I don't think that was the case at all.

BOB GLASS

Consider the Rain

Consider the rain that falls on hay fields
In the midst of August, after the sun
Has baked each grassy leaf, and now yields
To the gathering storm.

Hear how the rumbles of a distant thunder
Seem to echo from the clouds themselves,
A warning that we had best get under
A shelter other than sky.

Yet our hearts neglect the tumult above;
Our thoughts are with the hidden sunlight;
Our home is in the grass, and being in love
We choose the sky.

JEFF HOLCOMBE

A Web of Circumstances

a web of circumstances
separates your world from mine
drawing its filmy curtain between us
not completely impenetrable
since we have caught
those momentary glimpses of each other
that faded away as a phantasm
leaving us uncertain
that we have ever known
each other at all.

MARY HOOK

Tom and Jim

It looked more like a modern suburban den than a doctor's waiting room. The walls were pine-paneled and littered with a few Currier and Ives prints. The furniture was old, but comfortable. A few porcelain knick-knacks decorated some window shelves: little fairy-tale figures probably intended to cheer up some terrified child awaiting a shot. A few things, though, gave away the true nature of the place. A magazine stand overflowed with greasy *McCalls'* and slobbery *Highlights for Children*. A neat sign hung by the door: "Unless you have established your credit with us, bills for services rendered are payable in cash." Finally, the room was pervaded with the enervating stench of alcohol and mortality peculiar to doctor's offices and hospitals.

Tom Hull picked up a decaying *Life* and sat down. He was alone in the room except for a somewhat corpulent older woman sitting in a corner busily knitting an indeterminate garment. He put the envelope containing the forms for his college physical on his lap and began thumbing through the magazine he had already read twice. Trips to the doctor held an added interest for Tom. Dr. Buckner's office was in Ashton, the little town where he had been born eighteen years before. His family had moved to a larger town about thirty miles up the road when he was ten, but they continued to visit Dr. Buckner for check-ups and such. He was an old-fashioned small-town GP and a good one and it seemed unnecessary to find a new doctor for a drive of less than an hour.

Tom found it interesting to return to this world for a brief stay. Ashton didn't change much and he felt a kind of joyful melancholy in returning to his first stage with the set intact. He had, it seemed, a memory associated with nearly every place in the town, latent memories which only the physical sight of the place could call up, and he had come to love the sudden shocks of recognition which trips to Ashton held in store. If I get out of here at a reasonable hour, he thought, I'll drive around a while before heading home. He had only recently acquired that modern totem of manhood, the driver's license, and he relished the independence it gave him.

He skipped over an article on mongoloid babies that had depressed him the first time he had read it (was that only last trip here? he couldn't remember), and looked out the window into the parking lot. A station wagon of recent vintage pulled in. Two people were in the front seat: a middle-aged woman was driving and a young girl, presumably her daughter, rode beside her. Bored with the magazine, Tom followed the car into a parking space with his eyes, then sat forward with a start when the occupants got out.

I'll be damned! It's Mrs. Perry, he thought. The Perrys lived next door to the Hulls during the latter family's last few years in Ashton. They had a boy, Jim, two years older than Tom, and then had started producing girls, Tom forgot how many. Apparently this was the youngest with Mrs. Perry. She looked to be about eight and resembled the other Perry girls; not quite cherubic. They all had the kind of angelic countenances found in the pictures of an Illustrated Family Bible, but something was missing, Tom thought, perhaps a proper air of innocence. Mrs. Perry looked about the same to Tom, which surprised him for he had heard periodic reports concerning various mental and physical ills of her husband. Then again, she had always looked pretty haggard with her brood and half the rest of the neighborhood underfoot.

They were headed towards Dr. Buckner's office. As they came across the parking lot, Mrs. Perry reached down and took hold of her daughter's hand. As she did so, Tom noticed the child's other hand, which was heavily bandaged. Those Perry kids were always up to some mischief, Tom thought as he surmised the possible accidents which could have befallen this, the youngest of the group.

He thought back on the years when they had been neighbors. The adults had never been too close, which is not to say unfriendly. They just kept out of each other's way. Big Jim, the father, had always looked a little uncomfortable in the suburban environment. He had been raised in the country (his father still farmed) and although he was an executive with a textile firm, he struck Tom's memory as appearing ill-at-ease in his adopted life-style. He had never acquired the legible face of most businessmen: his eyes never gave away what he thought. He kept his secrets and didn't smile. The only emotion Tom had ever seen him display was in the discipline he meted out to his children, discipline dispensed with rural thoroughness.

His son and namesake was one of Tom's best boyhood friends. He was just enough older and meaner to scare the hell out of Tom, but he did live next door, so the basis of their friendship was never questioned. They were still in that stage of childhood where a playmate was a playmate, and such consideration as liking a person were somehow irrelevant. In a flash, the fabric of the two boys' activities appeared in Tom's mind.

Most of them, it seemed, had to do with make-believe mayhem of one sort or another. They had grown up before the advent of much concern over "socialization to violence" and their plastic Winchesters were in no danger of finding themselves at the feet of some department store manager. How could you play War without guns?

Occasionally, Jim overstepped the bounds of make-believe. One of his favorite stunts involved the destruction of certain small frogs found in the grass on summer evenings. Jim would pick up the creatures by a leg and fling them against the brick wall of his house. They would explode like a water balloon.

This activity worried even the normally agreeable Tom, and he remembered having the courage once to ask Jim why he did it. "I hate frogs. They cause warts," was his terse reply. Tom didn't question him, for he had seen the hate behind Jim's eyes, eyes which normally displayed their father's hooded secrecy.

The boys' consuming passion involved certain plastic soldiers about two inches in height. Each had received rather elaborate sets of blue and gray stalwarts one Christmas and Tom and Jim had pooled their resources to form impressive armies. If the weather was bad, the opposing forces were set up indoors in intricate battle formations. Then, god-like, Tom and Jim would stand above them, one to each army, and slowly kill off the soldiers. This activity was accompanied by suitable sound effects. Jim was never so frustrated as when he got his braces and had to say "Bang! Bang!" Something like "PPkkkrrr!" was more to both boys' taste; an element of realism was important to the game.

This desire for the real thing led the boys to look beyond their indoor warfare. The solution was found in an abandoned cotton field a few hundred yards behind Tom's house. Plowed and left fallow, the field provided the perfect theater for bellicose fantasy. Some loose soil was used to fashion a rough fort: four walls about eight inches high. Architecture was not a major consideration. The soldiers were deployed inside the battlements, the boys repaired to a challenging but not impossible distance away (about twelve yards) and the attack began.

The weapons were dirt clods of a size that fitted conveniently in the palms of their small hands. Strategy varied. Sometimes the projectiles were used to break down the walls of the fort, leaving the defenders exposed. More often, though, they tried to lob the clods inside where they would break up and scatter deadly dirt shrapnel. The latter provided more of a challenge with its considerations of distance and arc. Jim was always a more deadly and accurate gunner than Tom; his extra years added strength, but he seemed fired by inner zeal as well in his careful determination of range and rarely erring toss. Every so often, the cohorts would cease their barrage to check the damage—running a kind of body count. When the armies were sufficiently decimated, the miniature soldiers were resurrected and forced to submit to the ordeal once more. Darkness or the maternal announcement of a mealtime would force the boys home, filthy and happy.

All this flashed through Tom's mind and he smiled. He recalled, too, his abortive attempts to continue the game after his move to the city. There were no cotton fields now and somehow gravel in the driveway failed to recapture the old thrill. Within two years, the plastic soldiers had found their way into the hands of the Salvation Army Christmas toy drive.

A string of bells attached to the back of the door rang as the Perrys entered. The nurse at the receptionist's desk looked up and smiled. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Perry? You're a little early—won't you please have a seat?" She leaned a little over her desk and waved at the little girl. "How's your hand, Linda?" The child clutched tightly at her mother's hand and looked sullen.

"What do you say to Mrs. Ravenel, Linda?"

A terse "better" was all the child managed and Mrs. Perry smiled an apology to the nurse as she moved to a seat and placed her daughter in her lap. Tom hoped his old neighbor wouldn't recognize him and the dull look in her eyes as she quickly passed over his face told him she didn't. He had not seen her since they moved and he really had no idea of what he could say. Fortunately, he was spared that ordeal.

"Doris Perry! Goodness me, it's been ages since I've seen you! How have you been?" This exclamation was delivered by the older woman who had been in the waiting room when Tom arrived.

"Oh, hi, Ruby. I know, it has been a while, but this family of mine! If it's not one thing, it's another! They'll be the death of me yet." This last truism was intoned with an air of resigned finality.

"You know, Doris, I think that child of yours gets prettier every day. But, dear me! Look at that hand! What ever did you do to it, Linda?"

The little girl looked to be on the verge of replying, but her mother cut in suddenly. "Linda had a little accident, didn't you?" Mrs. Perry looked up and laughed in an embarrassed fashion. "You know kids her age. Always up to something!" The brittle laugh broke out again.

The child, who had been squirming during her mother's explanation, suddenly spoke up. "I burned it on a firecracker. One of Jim's that he throws at his dumb ol' little soldiers." She thrust her jaw forward and looked quite proud of herself for joining in the conversation like that. Her mother grinned sheepishly and appeared to be searching for something to say. Tom began flipping distractedly through the *Life* until he noticed, with relief, the nurse was motioning him to come into the examining room.

After the check-up was complete, Tom hurried out. Mrs. Perry was leafing through the magazine he had abandoned and the little girl was still on her lap. The child looked up at him as he passed through, but he could not see behind her eyes. Although it was still early, he decided to drive straight home.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

I'm tired
and my pale blue thoughts are tossed
like balloon on the wind of inner restlessness
all around me knowledge is melting
like a castle of sandbags
before a dissolving sea
I long to cast upon the sandy waters
and become just another unmoralizing rock
covered with green moss

MIKE ELLSWORTH

The Lake

Like the falling rain our hearts
Are drawn to a precious lake,
Where the elixer of life lathers the
 shoreline
With waves of eternal dews that reach out
And embrace the sky with their faces.

A spring is the source of this lake,
And some are united directly
With its peculiar magic,
While others must risk the long journey
From the hillsides and streets of cities;
A hazardous venture, for many brave travellers
Are lost on their way to this great lake.

Often have I heard of its wild waters
From those who have escaped by the sunlight,
Or have sought greener pastures in the
 lowlands,
For few can bear the weight of the mountain
 waters,
And many are swept away by other currents,
To dwell forever in the endless cycle of
 the rain.

And what will become of us, my love?
Will we find the lake of the clouds
In whose pure mountain waters we might fuse
With the dews of ageless rains,
And revel in the silent wildness of its deep
Spring as it swirls life into the waters?

It was not our fate to be united directly,
And the current bears down on those
Who attempt the long hike among
The bewildering mountain streams of the
wilderness.

But even if the lake eludes our search,
The journey together is certain to be
An exhilarating affair — a search for an
Identity with nature — the quintessence of life...

If you are ready, we will leave in the
morning... early.

JEFF HOLCOMBE

i cannot stand to see
your long curls
or ponytails, your beards
dark or light
drifting past expressions
merely passing thru this air
i cannot stand your images
filling up those melodies
words or none
without singing too
my human beings
touching never enough
why am i so
concerned for us
are you so absorbed
in walking by, glancing
and missing my life
i miss you so
i do not want to be one
if it is alone
my emptiness flows
with your eyes, your hands
until it dies, screaming inside
as i stand to become
a walker-by.

CONNIE WINSTEAD

Odilla

She disengaged from childhood, as a pearl from its cloudy matrix, and floated into life until I met her. I called her Odilla and gave her ink drawings; she rarely said she like them, and left them on cafe counters.

I went to San Francisco in 1969. It was like going to see *Camelot*: not as good as most people said, not as bad as some others said... The first place to go in a new town is the local campus. I headed for the cafeteria like an ant-eater, and after an hour and some of scavenging trays I was Ali Baba, picking out a table in case, in the future, anyone wanted to make an appointment.

The dissipation of summer is a fool and his money whose names and faces always appear in public places; and had there been any decent oak trees, the agony would have been blatant. But no one seemed to care that year (or any since) that nature was going through her period. There were days of wedgwood skies that the boys of 14-18 would have laid aside their guns to appreciate. Men then were children.

I tried to picture all this romanticism, but failed in banal splendor. I was, however, starting to earn money with sidewalk sittings for chalk portraits. She came and sat on the little wooden folding chair on December first.

Like a slow motion replay of sliding in safe at home, like a foaming seawave scudding up the shore, my hand moved out across the argent air, for the money. She had none. Fifty minutes for nothing. What care! what devotion! had gone onto that oyster-colored paper, to be exactly true to the honest beauty of the subject. Crap. I'm not a person who gets mad, jumps up and around, pats the air in front of me with the back of my open hand, rants, raves, or even winces. I said, "Well... ..."

Being naïve requires an explanation. Naivete is the perfect state of being, the Garden of Eden. But once a single startling fact is found out, we are thrown out, and then the only perfect state is to know all, both the good and the evil. She had just been cast out some months before, and was still learning. She had a hump-back Volvo. Perhaps, I thought, this is the ewige Frau, or maybe just one of the Walkure. I went to Seito's house to listen to the *Ring des Nibelungens*.

Schichinin Seito is a music student, brilliant pianist, and mediocre player of the *shamisen*, who always wears a suit and a .22 pistol in a shoulder holster, and who nearly commits harakiri every Sunday in honor of Wagner. He also bought 25 dollars worth of Emily Dickinson 8 cent stamps last year, because he enjoys licking them more than any others. I finished the *Ring* three days later and left before Sunday.

* * *

She came and sat on the wooden folding chair on Sunday. I drew her with patience and plum-colored lips, but she was not Astarte, not my ewige Frau. Her naivete was real, and not a pose of an eternal, condescending being, playful in mortality. I recited some lines of poetry to her:

Toi qui sais faire des lits dans la mer...

Warte, nur balde/ Ruhest du auch.

She didn't think it rhymed, but she drove me to McDonald's and bought me anything I wanted. I was explaining that Cleopatra had to have been white—being of the Ptolemaic dynasty, a Macedonian family who intermarried to remain pure—when, looking into her eyes the color of the old black Chevy with the oxidized paint, I said,

"I desire you." No person who has desired another ever before, wants to begin desiring again, once the desire of the first part has deceased. The more you try to resist it, like food, the more it gnaws at you; the more you give in to it, like sin, the more you crave to indulge. But again, no one enters into desiring upon his own free will. It is the human condition, the desert of love. I desired her spiritually, but mostly I desired her physically. If she dyed her hair black, I thought, she would be what a sixteenth century peasant in Trieste would think to be an emissary of the Blessed Virgin. I think, if I desired her physically more than spiritually, it is because she was more abundantly endowed physically than spiritually. The hump-back ran out of gas on the way to Seito's. Dumb.

* * *

He was still alive at nine o'clock, however. After sundown I figured him to be safe. Before sundown on Sunday, he would try to get me to carry the samurai sword in case he did decide to do the deed. He was conducting the Garrard turntable in the *Tannhäuser Overture*, and so didn't hear me come in. When it was over, he turned and bowed, and seeing me, bowed again. I smelled lasagne.

"Seito," I began, "our great nations were once at war, following that dastardly, snivelling day of infamy, some twenty-odd years ago. What ever happened to the good old days?"

"Poetry."

"Ah!"

"Au wa wakare no hajime."

"She has nice jugs." Indeed. Waves, thorns of rose, fins of sharks, two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies. I showed him the two portraits I had made of her from memory: one with blond hair, the other with black. Seito had the air of a judging angel when he considered art, and he graciously took on the same air to look at my portraits. I liked them. I liked the gold bangles and spangles I had added to the blond, and the white linen on the other. I had

brought forth light from the cloudy gray paper, and now I must give it a name, which name will be:

"Odilla."

"Because of Redon?"

"I hadn't thought of that." I liked Redon because he reminded me of myself. Some of his works were of great insight and power, while others were very mediocre. His grotesque was grotesque. He understood Lucifer, and portrayed him as a gentle, wistful young man, very much the brother of the portrait of Christ appearing to Saint Anthony in the sunburst. Seito raised the Japanese flag over the window: it served as a curtain, and the empirical blind.

* * *

I was drawing a young woman with white boots and sticky hair, while her boyfriend, in red pants and white shoes, asked thirty-six questions. Odilla came from behind and said hello. To hear her voice was like *Un bel di* in Puccini, a gleaming ball-bearing rising from the sludge. I invented a lowcut bosom and charged the creep an extra dollar. I hate chutzpah wherever it is. Odilla, Odilla, I speak your name, and cypress trees resound your fame; I imagine you gothic spires, and you look with orphic lyres upon this winter heart of mine, to set a hearth of burning pine. Odilla take me home with you.

Once, when I was a child . . . No. I don't like to think I was ever a child. I once knew a boy who, when he was a child, was stung by a bee. The intense pain was transformed into pleasure at the thought that the damn bee would die. Served him right for sticking his stinger where it didn't belong. *Tod wo ist dein Stachel?* She drove me to her home.

Her parents must have thought it strange that I called their daughter Odilla, or even that I was with their daughter. I thought her parents strange. Perhaps I have never met more gentle and honest people than these parents of Swedish stock—the grandfather had come over in one of the migrations, and probably had nothing in common with Max von Sydow. Their home was furnished in Muzak style: absolutely mindless. It was a bubble of white innocence in the lanolin jelly of the world around them. They had not always lived here, and Odilla had grown up, sometimes all alone with her parents, in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

On my third visit her mother took me outside to see the stained glass window she was restoring, and to talk about Odilla. She was worried. Odilla had begun her college here—"You know, she has a talent for writing." I had read some of her poems: I know/ That I/ Am one/ With you, etc., so I smiled and nodded my head. "But you know some of these college people well, they're just not..." She trailed off. I like trailing-off people. They're still of the aristocracy of naivete. Odilla's mother began tracing the decline and fall of her daughter—her descent into Hell (the college), her dislocation from the family setting. Several months before I had first seen her, Odilla had not come home one night. The mother and father were heart-broken. (She struck her breastbone. I thought of Clara Bow, with the back of her hand to her forehead; but I didn't want my smugness to show, and miss out on the background lecture on Odilla by offending her mother. I have always been obsessed with knowing all I could about someone, but I have also learned to dominate that desire—*libido sciendi + libido dominandi = savoir-faire*—so that I had never quizzed Odilla on her personal data. I knew her tastes in movies and poets and what painters she knew. I had never met any of her friends. I thought, she's like a Vespa in a world of Hondas, and I didn't imagine her having any friends.) "She says she was just talking all the night, but Lord knows..." she trailed off.

"What's it of?" I asked.

"We're not sure. The house we got it from was torn down last year, and it's just been in these boxes for a long time. It's either a shepherdess or Mary."

Best to know, I thought. I mean, there's a lot to divide the two. Anyway, Odilla was never the same after that night, apparently. I lost track of what her mother was saying, and found a strange delight in one of the panels of glass stained yellow. It would make a golden ray when the sun passed through it, whether pastoral or nativity.

"Odilla," I said that night—trying by my intonation and expression to put an end to the era of our relationship characterized by my glib flippancy, and trying to appear lordly, because I am only flippant to cover my self-conscious insecurity—"what happened the night you never came home?"

At night, when a pond is calm, it reflects light and peacefulness. When it is tormented by wind and storm, nothing can be reflected, and it is black and magnetic. The warm aureola of friendliness about Odilla suddenly was drawn in, like Dracula's cape turning into a bat. She wouldn't shift the Volvo into 4th gear . . . just drove around for a long time in silence and 3rd gear. I was ready to say that I regretted asking, when she answered.

"Mama got to you, I see."

I nodded, knowing that my voice would not be true to my feelings, not knowing what exactly I ought to be feeling.

"I was with friends—people from English class. We talked most of the night. . ."

She ran a red light. I looked around, but no cars were near.

"...and I went home with a boy." The nimbus of her gentleness began to return to her face and voice. I wanted to touch her, like the little boy who is freezing wants to stick his feet in the fire.

"That must be the ultimate put-down," she continued. "The next morning he kicked me out and told me never to come around. He messed me up bad here (head)... First time... Bad time..."

I wanted to say something. "Sorry" was not right. I thought of *tant pis* in French, but that's the wrong meaning. *Tut mir leid* was more exact, but cliché. I almost smiled; a bad move. It's hard to look understanding, so I gave up and looked indifferent. I had been given the singular gift of appearing to be a wise counselor, apparently, since people, usually females, were always coming to me to air their troubles and seek advice. By perverse irony, I have never really been able to be sympathetic on those occasions, and I often give advice as unfeelingly as if I were pretending to be an English magistrate sentencing a poacher to five hours on the rack. Maybe if she had been born Japanese she would have sought an honorable end to her life; but being of Swedish stock she distilled guilt in her mind. Bergman would understand. Odilla had been collecting cisterns of gummy hurt ever since that night, and the only way to get rid of it was to run her mind at 70 mph for an hour and a half. Then she pulled into an empty Safeway parking lot and cried for a while, first in whines, then in whinneys, then in sobs. I was at a loss of words and my expression was out of control. I began to feel uneasy, but she pulled out of her crying crash-dive just in time.

"I'm glad you're not ... disgusted ... or something," she said. She was smiling. She was relieved. I was relieved that the worst was over. Compassion for my own plight must have shown on my face: Odilla reached over to me and put the palm of her hand very delicately against my cheek. I was amazed that I had by lack of character and will-power done the right thing.

"Can you love me still?"

We drove to Seito's and told him to go buy some pizza or something, and gave him the keys to the Volvo. He had sewn chamois skins together to make a bedspread, and we sat drawing designs with our fingers for a few minutes. I ran my gaze over her forehead and nose and lips and chin and graceful neck. I drew my fingers across her cheek and lips, and pulled her hair softly up and out, and let it fall crisply against her shoulder. I kissed her. And she me. We fell back and lay on the skins, straining our necks to look at each other in the eyes. I reached over and started at the bottom to unbutton her shirt (I also eat pie starting at the crust on the base of the triangle), and when it was altogether unbuttoned, Seito came in with a 15 inch sausage-and-anchovie pizza and a gallon of apple cider.

"Seito," I began, "you are a good person. You look like an intelligent Oriental, wise in the paths of life. I even like you. But when it comes to figuring things out, you don't know Shit from Shinola. Where are some napkins?"

Perhaps I should have put lamb's blood over the doorway to have him pass us by. Maybe I shouldn't have put a dollar's worth in the damp hump-back Volvo. Oh well. Crap.

The next morning, a dusty one, Seito was practicing his *sortile virgiliano*: letting the Bible fall open, then blindly pointing out a passage that would illumine the day. ALL THINGS WORK FOR THE GOOD OF THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, he pointed. Right. Everything had worked out the best way, I suppose. Getting what you want isn't always getting what's best. Besides, her real name was Sarah, which in Hebrew means "Princess." And for a princess there should be but one knight. /// I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I had clothed her with so many of my own fancies that when she was undressed she still wasn't naked. I revel in appearing virtuous, but I'm haunted by the other possibilities, alternatives to virtue. Remembering Odilla will always be like walking with a lantern down the dark corridor of a museum of fine arts, with paintings of saints on one side, and, alternating, on the other side, scenes of concupiscence, with Helen, Diane, Cleopatra,ANGES Sorel, and Salome: Salome by Moreau, Salome by Klimt, Salome by Dammann (in the middle of the hall—it's a sculpture).

Odilla, you were like Elizabeth Taylor playing Cleopatra: the fiction was delicious but the reality is disappointing. I thought you were something else.

DAOUD CHORO



notes on contributors

ANONYMOUS - is a Viet-Nam citizen who conducts sampan tours along the Mekong delta **RUNNING BEAR** is writer-in-residence at Wounded Knee, South Dakota **DALTON BIGGS** is a favorite son candidate from Blowing Rock, N.C., who may find that he can't go home again **BOGATIN** is one word **DAOUD CHORO** is a graduate student of whom it was said, "He cannot teach literature and write it too." Perhaps it is so. **ROBERT AUBREY DAVIS** is a Trinity senior from Washington, D.C., who has been published previously in *The American Literary Magazine* and who will have an upcoming article in *The James Joyce Quarterly*. **DIFFERENT DRUMMER** lost his fear of sharks and snakes before reading *Walden* **MIKE ELLSWORTH** is a senior from Longmeadow, Massachusetts **N.P. GILLILAND** is a Florida gator from Gainesville **BOB GLASS** is a senior who writes his own songs and plays them on his guitar **JEFF HOLCOMBE** is a senior from South Windsor, Connecticut **MARY HOOK** is studying elementary education in case Broadway doesn't let her play Eliza Doolittle on its stages. **DONNA LANDRY**, like James Wright, is from Ohio, and unlike him, is studying creative writing under Dr. James Applewhite **R.B. MCDONALDS** is presently serving 6 to 12 for larceny at the Loretta Lynn School for Boys **JOHN STEVENSON** a sophomore, changed his major from history to English when confronted with the question, "But what are you going to *do* with a degree from the Woodrow Wilson School?" **JEFF TALMADGE** is a sophomore English major from Texas **JENNIE KATHLEEN WHITE** is a photographer and **Duke** junior from Durham **KITTIE WHITE** has an intinerant identity **CONNIE WINSTEAD** is submerged in wandering introspection, nature, and emotion



MUSIC

record bar

records and tapes

THE PATRONAGE OF YOUR VERY MUCH FOR

**DAVID
FOWLER**


**Duke
University
Barbershop**

•Drama •Major Attractions

Programming Committees: •Freewater Films

•Performing Arts •Video Tape

***The Duke
University
Union is
what you
want
it to
be.***



•Graphic Arts •Joe College •Major Speakers

Duke University Stores

Duke University Store



East Campus Store



Duke University Bookstore



Duke University

Vending Service



Union Building

Specialists in creative printing.



Meredith-Webb Printing Company, Inc.

116 EAST HOLT ST. / POST OFFICE BOX 2196 / BURLINGTON, N.C. 27215



DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

NOV 12 1973

DURHAM NC

ODE ON A CRUET

I was Quasimodo then
And you no less than Venus
But now you pout and act as though
Something's come between us
Well when you come into my tent
Watch my Giacometti
And don't put your shoes on the letter I sent
Last week to Ferlinghetti
If you're indifferent to my care
What's the sense in being cryptic
Just put the jewelry from your hair
Behind that Flemish tryptich
I'll find out by all my pains
Whether you're Hell or Heaven
If there's ketchup in your veins
Or Heinz 57

THE ARCHIVE

A magazine of literature and the visual arts published by the students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

volume 86 no. 1 autumn, 1973

Editor, Thomas Noland
Assistant Editor, John Allen Stevenson
Poetry Editor, Pat McNellis
Art Editor, Leigh Ablondi
Layout Editor, Kathy Harward

Poetry Committee

Tom Lumsden
Lynne Sturm
Tim Westmoreland
Donna Landry
Susan Allison
Bill Marquess
Lee Lourdeaux
Donald Slowik
Ed Harrison
Andree Tremoulet
Andy Hicks
Kittie White



Prose Committee

John Clower
Jim McIntosh
Austin Triggs
Bill Pauley
Chuck Wheeler
Sally Dawson
Linda Walters
Donna Landry
Tim Westmoreland
Barry Lee
Libby Sejo

Art and Layout Committee

Alice Ammerman
Tony Baker
Alden Lancaster
Andree Tremoulet

table of contents

Fiction

Sam Atlee, <i>Just the Whites of His Eyes</i>	8
Peter Trias, <i>untitled</i>	28
Julian Chestny, <i>Hunt</i>	41
Allen Jamison, <i>Case Number 4</i>	62

Poetry

D. H. Madsen, <i>Ode on a Cruet</i>	1
James R. B. Nashhold, <i>Two Poems</i>	6
Stephen Selby, <i>Martyr</i>	7
T. L. Anonymous, <i>Hidden Art</i>	24
Lee Lourdeaux, <i>Doing Summer in Father's House</i>	25
Wimpy, <i>Two Poems</i>	26
Peter Burian, <i>Two Poems</i>	31
Mike Ellsworth, <i>Nostalgia Land</i>	34
James Dunbar, <i>Revelation</i>	37
Jay McPherson Cheesman, <i>A Translation</i>	38
Bill Marquess, <i>The Singer</i>	40
John Stevenson, <i>Four Poems</i>	49
Suzanne Austnit, "Close the door..."	52
J. B., <i>Puerile Prufrock</i>	54
Pat McNellis, <i>Self-Portrait</i>	56
Tim Westmoreland, <i>The Pear Tree in August</i>	57
L. M., <i>A Night in the Farmhouse</i>	57
Alfred Starr Hamilton, <i>Pineapples</i>	58
James Dunbar, <i>Where?</i>	59
Susan Tifft, <i>London 1971</i>	60
Sheila Rebecca Adams, <i>Two Poems</i>	61
Ezra Stiles, <i>Now We Are (Twenty-) Six: August 6, 1971</i>	74

H.K., <i>A Young Ballet</i>	75
Andy Hicks, <i>On Dali's Crucifixion</i>	76
Donna Landry, <i>Two Weeks After Fellini</i>	77
Tom House, <i>The Last Night of the Decade</i>	78
Bill Marquess, <i>Metaphor</i>	79
N. P. Gilliland, <i>Wonders</i>	79

Graphic Art

Winnie Hinson, <i>print</i>	cover
Jane Berlin, <i>Martha</i>	5
Corey Walker, <i>gesture drawing</i>	15
Janice Duff, <i>ink drawing</i>	23
Jane Berlin, <i>drawing</i>	27
Steve Miller, <i>print</i>	33
Helen Smith, <i>charcoal drawing</i>	44
Farley Gibson, <i>crayon drawing</i>	55
Corey Walker, <i>gesture drawing</i>	69
Jane Berlin, <i>Betsy</i>	83

Book Reviews.....	80
Announcement.....	82
Notes on Contributors.....	84
Letter to the Editors	88



James R.B. Nashhold

DECEMBER

the wind
is a cold ache
behind my cheekbones
that are fleshed into rose marble
and like some ancient artisan
he carves, reforms my face--
 he chisels caves for my eyes
 chills and smooths my bright cheek
 with his patient, flattened hands
 evens out the rough, warm stone--
he cries no mercy, this old craftsman
he has time
to freeze me into
his archaic form.

DEAR PATRON

I am trying to pry open your eyes
with the hammer headed claw of these words.

I'll abandon my food
for spitting more nails
and even go deaf amidst this ear ripping
cloud of metal sawdust.

But if my craft works you can
pay happy
maybe
die in this, your new room.

But I am still working, working
consumed by my blood blistered words
in this unfinished room.

Stephen Selby

THE MARTYR

He was there
destroying quiet moments
his tongue on fire
shouting most bitterly
for the waves to part
then turn upon his enemies.
 but we would not listen
and he could not drown us in his conception
of what our fates must be.
 and he walked away
saying he was Ghandi
but we knew there was more than a little
Machievelli in him.

Sam Atlee

JUST THE WHITES OF HIS EYES

Tommy

I bring the rig in around the propane tanks wide and easy and then back it up, pull on the air and shut off the engine. I see Cozzic's door's down and the lights are off, so I don't have to worry about him comin' out to get me to go. I know I gotta eat seein' as I didn't stop for breakfast after I left the market, and all I got was lunch in New Haven, but I'd rather go sleep than go on in up to the restaurant. Right away I see Monte ain't around and his pick-up ain't there, and the little green truck under the trec's got the back doors swung open again, like I told 'em not to do.

I climb on out and lock the door, and unlock the garage door and go on through the water. When I get on into the office I turn on the light and sit down. There ain't a single message there, and no slips, so I figure no boats been goin' out and no fish been comin' in. I sit up and turn on the CB just to check. But I can't raise Ray or John, so I figure they're all in, cause if they were out fishin' they'd have the radio on for sure, so they don't get too close in the dark. I pull out the slips from my pocket and try to figure out how much I'll make on the load, seein' as how the blues and squid are up some since Thursday.

About half way through I lose track, wonderin' if I should go on out to the hospital or not. I know if I go on up to the restaurant Mary'll say somethin' if she's been this morning, or even if she ain't. I just ain't goin' up there and have her badgerin' at me. Now the old man probably won't say a thing, unless she gets after him.

I turn on the radio to try to get John once more and I don't get a thing, so I go out of the office and through the cellar and up through Cozzic's. At the top of the steps I open the door just a crack, and over the kid washin' dishes I can see him just settin' the knife down on the belly of a lobster fresh from the oven. I open up the door and come on around, makin' sure neither Mary or the old man are there.

"What you gonna do when you're done?" I says to him.

"I don't know," he says, lookin' up, the sweat drippin' down over his cheeks. I feel the heat from the oven comin' up against me, pressin' me back like a wall.

"I was goin' to do some drinkin'," I says, "maybe I'll go on over to the Velvet Hammer."

"Alright, but I ain't goona be out of here till nine."

So I tell him I'll come back up at nine, and just as I turn around and get half way to the door I see Mary come in from the restaurant.

"When'd you get back?" she says, her eyes starin' hard at me.

"Just now," I say.

"Well, you gonna go see Carmel? She's been askin' for you now. I went in today and took the television from...."

"Yea, yea, I'll go over later. I gotta get some sleep first."

"You can't go in after visiting hours you know," she says. "Why don't you just eat here and go on over after?"

"No, I ain't hungry," I says. "I gotta get some sleep."

I turn and start out through the door, and I hear her behind me, tellin' me to make sure I go. I close the door, and as I'm goin' down the steps I see Cozzie left the fish out again, sittin' on the cement floor with just some ice sprinkled on 'em, about a hundred flies hoppin' and buzzin' all around 'em. I swear to God that man don't care any more if he makes money or not, leavin' fish out on the floor now all the time to spoil. Its just like throwin' out his own dollar bills. I go into the cooler, seein' all the busted clams and scraps on the floor, and bring out a box of ice. I get an empty box, put a good six inches of ice on the bottom, lay the big bass in, curlin' the tails till they lie flat, and throw another couple shovel fulls on top, coverin' 'em smooth. Then I drag both boxes back in the cooler with the long hook and close the door. Even in there, where the cold air keeps pumpin' in, it stinks. I know sure as hell if he don't start cleanin' up somebody'll complain again, and they'll come and shut him up. They give him three months to get it right the last time, or else they'll close him down for havin' an unsanitary place of business. So I grab the hose and turn it on, washin' the scales and ice and blood down toward the drain, seein' the flies spring up quick off the floor as the water hits near 'em. I get done with that and I go on out, makin' sure I close the door tight behind me.

When I get back in the office I hear the juke box playin' loud upstairs. I look for the clock and find it under a couple of old bills. So I wind it up, settin' it to the big Coca-Cola clock hangin' on the wall, and set the alarm for a little before nine. I take a couple of the rubber cushions and a blanket and put 'em down on the floor makin' a sort of bed, and take off my shoes and pants, foldin' 'em up for a pillow. I turn off the light and lay down, pullin' the blanket up over my legs. I still hear the juke box goin' loud, the floor shakin' over the office roof.

John

All afternoon, like I was telling Ray, I'm sure the kid'll bring back everything, even for himself when he's there to try it on, in the wrong size. But still its better sendin' him in his car to New Bedford than for me to go in mine. But sure as hell he comes back about six o'clock with the new shiny boots and the pants I wanted, and the cable and the baskets, and everything's right, and he even got 'em as cheap as he could and remembered to pay for 'em with the money I gave him. We tried 'em on in the pilot house and they fit, and I measured the cable

with my pocket rule, and I couldn't hardly help but tell him I was proud of him for doin' such a good job. Not that I got real nice or nothin', but I told him he did a good job, cause you gotta tell him that sometime. But you can't ever be too nice to any crew, no matter how much of a kid he is, cause if you get too nice he'll turn around and do somethin' stupid sure as hell, and leave you wonderin' why he's even on your goddamn boat in the first place.

I tell him were not goin' out tonight, but that he might just as well stay on board, seein' as how we'll paint tomorrow, or maybe go out tomorrow late if I think the fishin'll be worth it. There ain't no way tonight that I'll use up fuel and oil and my sleep time when I know I won't get more than seventy pounds in three tows, so I tell him we'll stay on board. I know Ray's sendin' all his boys home for the night seein' as its Saturday, but I'll keep the kid here. There ain't nothin' gonna make me let them or some other fellas get him drunked up and send him home, and have him call me or his Ma when he gets lost, though he run that road to Matapoisset a thousand times and ought to know where he lives by now. Just so to keep him out of trouble and be ready for the morning I tell him to stay, and he don't argue none, not that he ever does, or that I'd take the backtalk.

Jimmy

I knew somethin' was up soon as he sneaks up the stairs, makin' sure nobody's around to see him. And then he comes up, lookin' tired and not like he knows what to do. I guess I know why he'd rather go on in town to the Velvet Hammer than stay next door, even though the Swamp Fox ain't bad, but it don't pay for me to interfere in nobody's family business, so I just keep my mouth shut.

I figure it's lucky I brought in a good shirt and took a bath before I come in. Now if Cookie'd called me I wouldn't be worryin' about Tommy or where he wants to go, and I could just change and walk right next door to sit down at my seat and have my becr. But seein' that he ain't called me I might just as well go on out with Timmy. And seein' as I'll be with him my luck's gotta get better, as they'll all sure as hell look at me before they take a look at him.

When I get finished takin' the hot pans on over to the kid at the machine and clean off the cuttin' board and the table, he comes on up the steps with no shoes on, his eyes all twisted up still with sleep.

"Ready to go?" he says.

"Just a minute," I say, "I'll meet you downstairs."

So he turns and goes on back down the steps, grabbin' a roll off of one of the dirty plates as he goes past the sink. Once I get everything all cleared away I tell the kid to finish up quick, and get my fresh shirt and go on out the swingin' door to the restaurant. Cozzie's sittin' in the back in the dark, drinkin' a beer, and Mary's just lockin' up the front door. I stop at the counter cause I can see through the front window Joanie just gettin' into her car, and as she climbs on in I see the top part of her leg and her white underwear as the uniform goes up, and then she pulls the dress down again and closes the door, so I can't see a thing. Its just like her to be the last one out, seein' as how all the other girls are probably

all home already. Maybe she figures she'll get some big raise for stayin' late, cause I know she don't know Cozzie or Mary or one of 'em yet.

I go on by Cozzie and go into the bathroom. I wash my face and hands and put on the shirt, then comb my hair back neat and slick with the comb. When I come out again Mary stops me just as I'm goin' into the kitchen.

"Where you goin' so dressed up?" she says.

"In town," I say, "maybe into the Velvet Hammer."

"What's the matter with next door," she says, "ain't that good enough for you? We close a nice restaurant down over there and pay a high price to fix it up and rent it out, and now you won't even use it. We was figurin' that at least our own help might make it worth it. We gotta get our money out of it you know."

"I know Mary, but I'm going' to meet Cookie Snyder down at the Velvet Hammer soon after nine as I can," I say. "That's why I ain't goin' to the Fox."

"The Fox is it, huh? Well, go ahead. But you make sure you don't take Tommy along with you. Go ahead. Good night."

So I go on out the door, figurin' what I told her'll keep her quiet, wonderin' how in hell a woman her age can still treat a full grown man like a little kid. And the old man don't say a thing when she's around. Even Tommy for Christ's sake, her own daughter's husband, even him she treats like a kid. And seein' as how he took over old Cozzie's fish shippin' business for him, you'd think they'd at least treat him nice. But not them, no sir.

I tell the kid to hurry and finish up, and say good night. Down the stairs its dark as hell and I hit my head on the rafters, but I get to the door and open it up. Soon as I do I hear the noise from upstairs boomin' and shakin' the whole building. When I get on out I see from the light in what he calls his office all the water on the floor. How in hell somebody can run a business like that I'll never know. Inside a basement littered with junk, old tires and chairs and coolers, he puts up a little metal shed on concrete blocks and puts a rubber carpet on the floor and calls it his office. Just so he can be away from Mary and the old man, I figure. Jesus.

I walk on over the cardboard and the pallets, and when I stiek my head in I see him sittin' there tryin' to comb his hair back with a little pocket mirror and comb.

"Ready?" I ask him.

"Yea, yea. Just a minute," he says, tryin' to keep the hair off his forehead, pastin' it back so he looks stupid as hell.

I go on out to get the car to bring it around and pick him up. Because I wanna be in my car if I find anything, cause then I can get rid of him and make sure I have a good time. Then I can just put him off here and go on over to her place, or a motel.

Mary

How that boy ever expects his wife to get better when he won't even go and see her I don't know. I took her the television set and that's all I can do, cause I'm no doctor and I got a restaurant to run. Its hard enough as it is gettin' away from here even for five minutes, let alone for an hour. A whole day seems more

like what she wants. Buy layin' there in the bed, her eyes all funny and her face all pale and thin, tellin' me again and again how she don't feel right, how she feels sick but her body don't feel sick, tryin' to grab at my hand every second so I can't even see the picture on the television set I just carried up in the elevator, I don't know what to do. And the doctors just keep her in there, givin' her pills and tellin' me she's gettin' better, when I know for sure she still ain't right.

When she come up into the restaurant that day three months ago and just stood there in front of the door, holdin' her bag and lookin' funny, and tellin' me she don't feel right, I see something gone wrong. Cause when I asked her what's wrong and where it hurts her she just keeps sayin' she don't feel right, like she never heard a word I said. When I finally got her to sit down it didn't do any good, she just keep starin', not lookin' at anything, sayin' she felt sick. So three months later she's still in the hospital and no better, though the doctors say it's nerves, or some kind of nervous breakdown, though I know for sure she ain't gettin' any better. And when they decide to let her go home for a night with her husband that don't do any good either. I see he don't know any better than I do how to take care of her and get her well, and God knows how hard it is. Her hand all clammy and nervous, tryin' all the time to hold your own when you can see she ain't right, her eyes funny and her sayin' how she's confused, how she feels funny inside, well I don't know what to do. You can't even talk to the girl and make any sense out of her anymore.

But I still don't see why that boy don't try a little, even if he does have his own business to run and don't have much time. But I don't like him gettin' mixed up with the likes of Jimmy, cause a business man has no sense in him if he hangs around with some secondrate cook that takes himself for a king. I seen they probably went out together tonight, but there's nothin' I can do but warn him of it. Cause drinkin' or hangin' around with a boy like that won't do any man any good. He ought at least go see his wife's what I think, though I know he won't listen to me.

Tommy

Soon as we come in from out back I sit down at the bar and order a sandwich and a beer. He sits down on the stool next to me and orders one, lookin' all around with those big eyes he's got. He's rolled up the one sleeve on his shirt to show his mermaid tatoo, proud as hell he was a cook in the Navy. We both look around to case the place, and we see plenty of girls sittin' around, but none of 'em there by themselves.

"Christ," he says, turnin' to look at me, hanging' over the bar, "there ain't a thing."

"Wait," I say, "this place never lets go till after ten."

So he turns on back and starts drinkin', his big eyes still movin' all around over the edge of the glass as he swallows it down quick and cool.

Carmel

The leader told me I should talk more in the group. She said its the only way it helps. But when she comes and watehes the television and laughs I talk to her and she doesn't like it, I know. I don't understand the television. Its not funny, so why does she laugh? How can I talk to them and not to her, about the problems? He told me I should talk it all out. But she doesn't talk to me because I'm sick.

He could have called, but maybe he isn't back yet. He said two days when he left. But when will he come? When the doctor comes to see me tomorrow I'll ask him if I can go home again, and I'll ride to New York with him in the truck. The doctor asked me what I did at home. Your husband is a very busy man he said, he works all the time, doesn't he? He's right. But he could have called.

It's nearly time for me to sleep again. They'll give me the pill with some water, and I'll lie back and close my eyes and pretend I'm asleep. After I sleep I'll wake up to the stillness of the room and the dark, and I'll think I am not sick, I am well, and I'll close my eyes when the slat opens and turns yellow, and I'll know the hand on the door and the eyes'll be watching me. When they're gone I'll open my eyes and see the slat gone. Sometimes I hear them talking at the desk. There are two of them at night, but it is only one that makes the slat with the door when she looks.

I like my room in the dark. I like to pull the sheets up to my neck, or over my mouth. Once they couldn't see me and they pulled it back and left. Here I am well. But when'll he come? I am not sick, I'm well. Soon I'll go home.

Tommy

Its just like he likes to get me mad. I figured you could never trust 'em, even in talkin'. So I don't answer 'em, like I never heard a word out of his stupid mouth. If I could see his faee turned toward me I could see his laugh, his fun at makin' me mad. No I have not seen Slim, I should have said that and not let him know how he rides me. So I just lift up the glass and take a good swallow, like I never heard 'em.

I see how he must be laughin', the son of a bitch. I know he said it just to ride me, knowin' what he does. It ain't that I think of Slim all the time or nothin', but it does grate on me to be taken that way, knowin' he's doin' it just to ride me. Secin' as how I did that fuckin' guy a pretty good turn, givin' him work after his boat went down in the middle of the harbor, and the signin' his banknote so he can get another boat in the water. The son of a bitch. So I talked it over with Cozzie, and he knows I been cuttin' them all on their pries, tellin' them all the time that New York is payin' at least five cents less than I know they are for fish, just like he did when he ran the business, and he tells me its all in my interest to keep Slim fishin', secin' as how I'm makin' so much off of the fish I buy from him and sell to New York. So I sign it and Cozzie signs it, and fuckin' Slim skips town. Goes out one day on his new boat and don't come back. Two weeks later Ray tells me he's in Florida fishin' for shrimp, with a goddamn boat I'm still payin' the bank two hundred dollars a month for. But

goddamn if I don't get 'em. Sooner or later, even if I gotta go down there myself, I'll get the money. I'm tired of payin' for nothin', and I can't hardly pay the bank anymore with the goddamn hospital bills. But what I was doin' to Slim I been doin' to all the others as well, cause you can't trust 'em, and I gotta make a livin'. And its a way of gettin' even, though I never saw it that way in business till now, when I been doin' it all along.

He hits me on the elbow hard, tryin' to get me to look over to the door. Some broad comes in with 'em hanging' down around her belly, great big and stickin' out so's there ain't much left to guess. She's on the arm of some little guy dressed like he's queer as hell. He keeps ogglin' at her, watchin' her the whole way to her seat, turnin' on his stool and twistin' his head all around so he can see everythin' she got hangin' out.

Goddamn if I don't belt him before the night's through. Cause I know what he said he said just to rile me, and I don't like nobody hittin' me on the arm. The son of a bitch, laughin' like he was.

There ain't one of 'em knows any better to know about the prices. Just the only thing gets me is what Monte says. He says I showed Manny my price book by mistake when I was givin' him his slips, not that I believe 'em. It ain't that Manny'd know what the prices meant, or what days they was for, but I don't like takin' a chance like that. But if he saw somethin' he'd a said somethin' for sure, cause they can't keep their mouths shut. So I figure its just like its always been, nobody seein' or sayin' nothin' about somethin' they don't know nothin' about. Their lucky I give 'em what I do.

Jimmy

How he can sit there and talk to nobody but himself I don't know. Just drownin' all his sorrows, drinkin'. And you can't do nothin' but make 'em mad. If he can't keep that woman happy I don't know why he'd be blamin' himself, cause the way I see it its nothin' but a big pity party, everybody supposed to feel sorry for her. Just one big pity party. And all the beautiful women here, Jesus.

I never seen anybody who don't notice when somethin' like that blonde comes in hangin' onto that little dude's arm. But Jesus, the jugs she had. I thought I'd go right off the stool tryin' to see those things. Christ, and the look she gave me. What I could do with her, Jesus!

Tommy

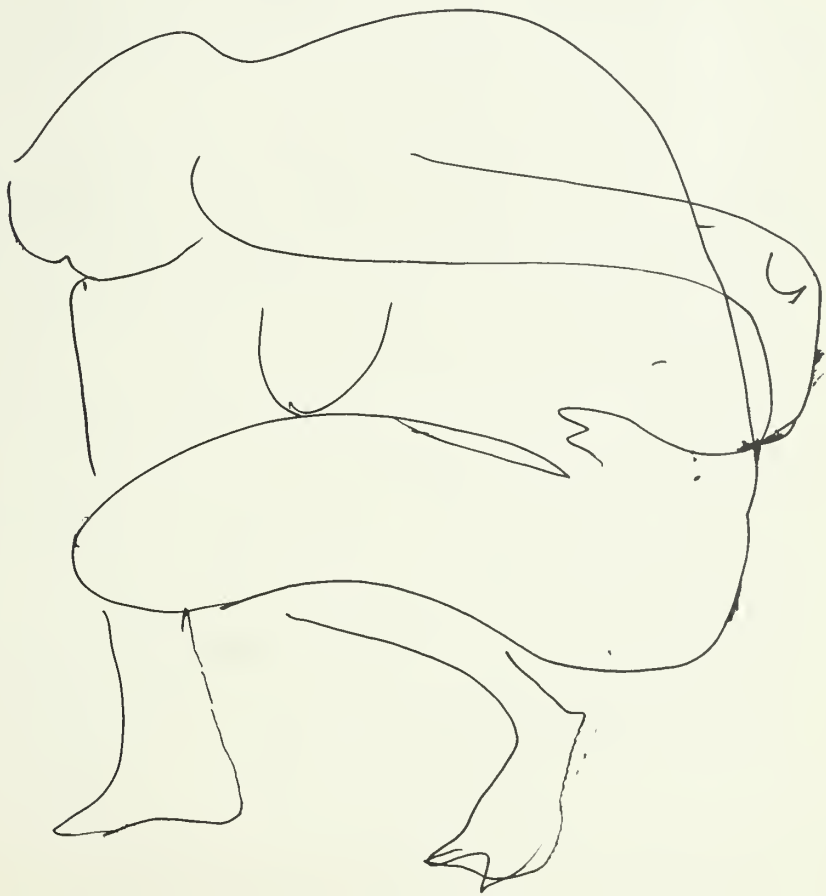
There ain't a time I see 'em he don't grate on me with somethin'. Sittin' there like he owns the place. It ain't so much me worryin' about Manny and them knowin', cause I know they don't. I don't think about that none unless I'm provoked. But he does grate on me, the dumb son of a bitch. I can just see that goddamn laugh.

There ain't no way John and Ray and them couldn't help but remember what I done. Cause that day me and Monte are out there greasin' the Astro behind the office last week and this car pulls up with some kind of government writin' on the door, I knew something' was up. Right away Cozzie's out there makin' friends, tryin' to keep 'em out of the cellar and the cooler, cause he knows

they'll close 'em down if they see it.

He's talkin' on for maybe fifteen minutes, me and Monte mindin' our own business and goin' over the truck, when I hear him start yellin'. No tellin' what it might be, so I go on over, and he's yellin' about how swordfish can't hurt ya, I been eatin' it for years, no there ain't no mercury in it, on and on, yellin' like hell at 'em so they can't get a word in, swingin' the euttin' knife all around, the dry seales poppin' off his shirt and arms with all the commotion. Then I hear this government guy ask 'em if there's any swordfish around that people been tryin' to sell without government okay. Right away I walk back real slow and pick up a rag and start wipin' down the truck. But I go on around to the side where they can't see me, and get in my car and go on out real slow and down to the docks. Cause I know for sure Ray's got over a hundred swordfish in his hold right now, weighed and marked and ready to sell to some guy in Boston, cause I won't have nothin' to do with somethin' like that. I got a respectable business and a family, and I can't go buyin' illegal fish and get caught with 'em when I try and sell 'em.

When I get to the dock I tell Ray to get the hell out of town with the boat, figurin' these government guys'll be down any minute to snoop around. So he



goes out right away, thankin' me like hell.

I know how much they talk, I know they talk on prices and how much fish they got each tow, so I know the good turn I did him'll get around. And it'll just make it better for me. So I figure I got nothin' to worry about, cause if what Monte'd said was true they sure as hell woulda talked to me. But now its them thats got the debt to pay me. Monte don't know nothin' anyway, cause he's just a fuckin' driver. He don't run no business. No matter what they know Ray'll keep 'em quiet, and tell 'em it might just as well been them as him I done the good turn to.

Jimmy

These two young ones come on in and sit at the bar next to me, and things start lookin' pretty good. He's just sittin' there drinkin', not sayin' a thing.

I nearly gotta shake 'em to get 'em to look over, tryin' to introduce 'em, seein' as how I already got their names and eased 'em out soon as they sit down beside me. And when he looks over I figure at worst I'll get the best lookin' one, the one with the blonde hair done up nice on top. Cause his eyes are all sorta hangin' out and his mouth's open when he talks, showin' his teeth.

I know one thing no nice girl likes in a man's bad teeth. And when Tommy opens up and talks, you can see all his brown, about an inch between each one of 'em. I see the one girl sorta notice it and make a face. Secin' as how I got my good shirt on and he ain't in nothin' but work clothes, I figure I got it made, cause I'm all set for just this kind of thing.

John

When I see what I got I figure I won't draw none, just to scare him off. He looks across the table at me and then throws down three, and deals off three more for himself. I give him a minute to figure out what he's got, though I know he wouldn't know any better if I waited till tomorrow, or even if I tell him myself what kind a hand he's got.

"I'll go twenty-five," I say, cause I don't want to scare him off too much. I put the quarter in the middle of the table, and he looks across again.

"Up you a quarter," he says, layin' two more beside my one.

"Well, well," I say. I figure if I take long enough he'll be sure he'll win. I sorta reach my hand out and then bring it back, pick up two quarters and lay 'em beside the three on the table, real slow.

"I'll call you for a quarter," I say.

He looks all puzzled, looks over at me again, and then his eyes sorta light up, cause he figures I'm bluffin' again.

"Alright," he says, layin' another quarter atop of mine. "I'll call you."

I lay 'em down right away and reach out my hand for the quarters.

"Wait," he says, "what you got there?"

"Two jacks," I say.

"Oh," he says, and I scoop the money back next to the edge of the table.

"You sure?" he says, puzzled as hell.

"Look here," I say, "two jacks. Count 'em up."

I know if I said I had five jacks he wouldn't argue, and he wouldn't know well enough to call me out. I swear to God if I had a pair of twos I'd beat 'em no matter what he had, cause he still don't know well enough how to figure what he's got even when he's got a good hand.

"Deal 'em out again," he says.

Jimmy

So when I ask 'em if they wanna go someplace, right away the one with the dark hair suggests her place. Jesus, I know I got it made now. This blonde she keeps hangin' on me, askin' me about Korea and the Navy. I know that's one thing any broad'll like.

He starts gettin' all worked up, this fat one with the dark hair givin' him the eye. My girl stands up and says they better go to the bathroom first, so they'll both meet us out at the car. They go on away from the bar over through the crowd so I can't see neither of 'em.

I try and get him up, havin' a pretty rough time of it, but I finally get him through all the crowd and over to the register, and we pay. I figure we bought 'em about four drinks already, but him and me split it. And I figure its worth it, seein' as it looks like we're sure to get somethin' for bein' so nice.

I get him on over to the door and we go out and on back along the alley to the parkin' lot, and just as we get there I see this car pullin' off, the blonde smilin' out the window and wavin' at us from the front seat.

"God damn son of a bitch," I say, seein' the car goin' out faster than hell.

"Shit," he says, "shit. Those fuckin' cunts. Shit."

I start goin' to the car when he yells at me, stumblin' over to the other car.

"Chase 'em," he says, "we'll chase them fuckin' cunts and make 'em pay. Come on."

So we get in and I can't find the keys, and when I do find 'em I start it up and pull on out. I go on out the same way I seen 'em go, knowin' now we got took for what we got and then dumped.

"Son of a bitch," I say.

Tommy

Stupid fuckin' Jimmy, goddamn stupid fuckin' shit. Goddamn cunts, I can see 'em laughin'.

"Goddamn it," I say, "you goddamn stupid fuckin' shit. You ain't gonna find 'em. Why the hell don't you know where you carry your own goddamn keys?"

He don't say nothin' at all.

"You stupid cunt," I sam to 'em. "You ain't gonna find 'em."

He ain't goddamn smart enough to ask 'em where they live, goddamn stupid shit. He just keeps drivin', headin' down outa town.

We get down there and some young cunt's walkin' along the sidewalk, nobody else around. I figure she's one of them town kids hangin' around here weekend nights. You can't see nobody else on either side of the street.

"Jesus Christ," I say, "pull the goddamn car over so's I can talk to her, you stupid shit."

Jimmy

"Want a ride?" he says, leanin' out the window.

I can see her lookin' in at the both of us, her hair hangin' down real long on either side of her face. She don't look no more than nineteen at most. Before I can say somethin' she walks away from the car and down the sidewalk behind us.

"Goddamn it," he says, "God damn. Back the fuckin' car up."

So I do like he says and pull back just to where she's walkin', and he leans his head out again.

"Want a ride?" he says, kinda quick and mean.

I see she don't pay any attention, but just keeps walkin' right down the sidewalk, kinda fast.

He starts yellin' at me again, and just as I'm goin' to back up to her I see a car pull up maybe thirty feet behind us, and she runs over and gets in.

"Fuckin' cunt," he says. "Goddamn fuckin' cunt."

I see his hand go out and hit like hell on the dashboard, and he starts screamin' at me again.

I pull up to the red light, and when I stop this other car comes up beside us, on his side. I look over and see its a whole goddamn car full of niggers, this one white bitch sittin' in the back seat with two or three of 'em, lookin' over at us.

"Jesus Christ," I say, "that goddamn little bitch."

"God damn," he says, hittin' the dashboard.

Tommy

I know he sees me lookin' at him. I just wait for 'em to start somethin', them laughin' in there.

He rolls down his window and looks over real calm, and real nice like he says, "You gotta problem, buddy?"

Goddamn fuckin' nigger, smart as hell. And that little cunt sittin' there talkin' with the niggers in the back. Fuckin' cunt.

"No boy," I says, "I ain't got no problem. You gotta problem, boy?"

I know like hell no nigger likes bein' called boy. Right away I see 'em get mad and start cussin' me real low, and all his buddies hangin' over the seat lookin' at me, mad as hell. Stupid fuckin' niggers.

Jimmy starts movin' as the light changes, so I yell at 'em to follow 'em. He got no guts, not even with some goddamn niggers.

They pull into this empty lot and he follows 'em in, just like I told him to.

Jimmy

I see three of 'em get out the front seat and one of 'em out the back, one of 'em stayin' in there with the little white bitch. They stand there lookin' at us mean as hell. One of 'em walks around to the other side of us, so's he'll be behind us when we get out.

"What you got in here?" Tommy says.

"What you mean?" I ask 'em.

"You got your goddamn jack, don't you? Don't you got any tools in here goddamn it?"

"Christ," I say, "I got my toolbox."

"Well, what you waitin' for, you stupid cunt?"

"Christ, Tommy, what you wanna do? I ain't gettin' in no fight with no niggers over that little nigger-lovin' white bitch."

"You just gonna let them niggers take that white cunt, are you? You must be a fuckin' nigger-lover yourself."

He turns in the seat and leans over, and I hear by the sound of the latch he's got the box. He scrambles around in there and then brings his arm up, and I see he's got the hammer.

"Come on," he says, "you get the fuckin' jack."

He opens up the door and gets out, goin' over real slow toward 'em.

I get the keys and get out and go round and open up the trunk, and get the jack that's layin' in there, like he told me to do. I carry it over, it hangin' long near the ground. He's standin' there in front of 'em, holdin' up the hammer, callin' 'em niggers, dumb fuckin' niggers, shakin' the hammer at 'em.

"Jesus Christ, Tommy, you stupid...."

"Shut up, nigger-lover," he says. "Come on boys, come on. Looks like you was lookin' for this, so what's the matter now? You niggers ain't takin no white cunt from a white man."

They all sort of back off. The little white cunt in the car's scared as hell, yellin' at 'em to get in the car and leave.

He starts walkin' closer, shakin' the hammer.

"Jesus Christ, Tommy," I say, "come on."

He don't turn. But real sudden they all jerk round and run back and get into the car, closin' the doors fast as hell and startin' up the engine. Tommy runs up and hits the back of the trunk just as they jerk away, smashin' a big dent.

"Fuckin' nigger chickens," he yells at 'em, "you fuckin' nigger chickens."

The car wheels across to the other side of the lot and then out. All of a sudden I see somebody runnin' after it. It's the other nigger come up from where he was standin' way behind us.

"Come on!" Tommy yells at me, "come on you nigger-lover."

John

I couldn't hardly stand seein' that poor kid keep losin', not knowin' why and not even knowin' what he got in his hand, so after about an hour of it he ain't won once, so I give him his money back. Now some man might say I'm a fool, but I can't see takin' what I won when the poor stupid kid don't even know yet how the game goes. That's no game, and any man thinks it is oughta learn somethin' himself.

The kid still don't properly see what I give him the money back for, and when I tell him why he don't think it's right, but I tell him I ain't takin' it and better keep it all, cause he'll be needin' it when we play a real game. He seemed to see somethin' in that, so he don't try to argue no more. I tell him to go to

bed, and I figure I'll be lucky if he don't screw that up.

You'd think he'd a learned by now when he's got a good hand, but he still don't see how a two ain't as good as two twos, or how in hell you get a straight outa five cards. Now maybe if I did take all the money he'd learn real quick, but I don't think that'd be right to work it like that.

Before the kid climbs up onto the bunk he goes on out and checks to see we're all tied up right, though I know we're held in fast. He sure can't learn playin' cards, but at least he checks the lines, even when anybody that had any sense'd know they'll hold.

I don't say a thing to the kid about what I know, cause he won't understand and I don't like talkin' business like that with nobody, cause it does no good. I know well enough he'll be baek from New York and I can see him tomorrow. Won't he be surprised when I tell him he ain't buyin' no more of my fish, you bet he will. It ain't much, but its the best I can do to get even. And I can't say I feel sorry at all, even seein' what he done for Ray last week. But I got my livin' to make, and from what Manny says its been like he's just takin' the money from your own pocket, takin' the blood right out of you. No matter what good he done it don't matter, not in this.

When I lay down I hear the kid still awake, and I know he feels us movin' up and down, up and down on the tide, like I did when I first got my legs. But he'll learn, and someday he won't notice it nor even hear the water, like you get after time.

Jimmy

Tommy run on in right at 'em, gettin' 'em in the corner there at the bushes so he can't get out. He just keeps walkin' on in, backin' the nigger into the corner of the lot.

I walk on up real fast, still holdin' the jack.

"Christ, Tommy," I say.

"Shut up, nigger-lover," he says.

The nigger's got his hands out in front of 'em, tryin' to keep Tommy back, tryin' to keep from gettin' backed up right against the bushes and the walls.

"Come on, man," he says, his voice shakin' and whinin'. "Come on, I ain't done nothin' to you. Come on man."

Tommy just keeps walkin' in real slow, the hammer still held up in the air.

Next thing I know the nigger tries to run up along the wall past 'em, right at me. My arm sorta brings the jack up from the ground, but before he gets to me real sudden Tommy swings out and catches 'em solid on the side of the head. He just sorta slumps down in front of me.

"Jesus Christ, Tommy. Jesus Christ. What the hell you do that for?"

He don't say nothin'.

I bend over seein' the blood on his neck, seein' he ain't movin'.

Jesus Christ. Holy Jesus Christ.

Tommy

Just like fuckin' niggers to leave one of their own behind. Just like a fuckin' nigger.

"Get the ear," I say.

I stand, lookin' down. I hear the car start and he brings it up real close. He gets out and opens the back door, and we pick up the nigger and get 'em into the back seat on the floor.

I close the door.

Just like fuckin' niggers, tryin' to get a white girl.

Carmel

I try to count the days. To add them, while I wait in the dark. How many days they give me the same pill at the same time, and how many days I wake up later, how I wait in the dark. In my room in the dark I am well. I am not sick. This way I do not feel sick. When they come in it is just a yellow slat and her head stuck in the door. I have seen it. I close my eyes. I feel her eyes and the light both laying heavy across my cheeks. Then it is dark again. I open my eyes.

She does not watch television. Then why did she laugh? She laughs and her hands move. They are not close to mine. He will come. Tomorrow he will come and I will go home. Why did they not let me stay at home? He slept. Why did he not sleep in the bed? Why did he sleep on the toilet? I saw him. Why did I feel sick?

Here in my room I am well. Always in the dark when the slat goes I am well. Here I am never sick.

Tommy

I see it's all quiet, not a light on in any of the boats. I tell him to stay put, but he don't want to. So I tell 'em to shut up, grabbin' his arm hard, and he stays put.

I go up to the Rosalie R. I go on board and knock on the door of the pilot house, but as soon as I try the door I know he ain't there.

I get down and climb on over the pilings to John's boat, and knock real quiet on the door. I don't hear nothin' so I open it up. There he and the kid are asleep in the bunks. So I get 'em up and tell'em what he's gotta do, but John don't want no part of it. But finally he give in to me. The kid just sits there not sayin' a thing, and won't come out of the cabin till John tells 'em to.

I go on up and get Jimmy to help me get 'em out, and I know he ain't moved and he ain't breathin', so I figure I done the right thing bringin' 'em down here. We get 'em on board, the three of us with the kid just standin' by. I tell him to cover 'em up with the tarp. I see, just before the kid throws the tarp over, with Jimmy pullin' at my arm to go till I push 'em off, just the whites of the nigger's eyes and his teeth showin' in the dark. Its the only part of 'em you can really notice, and when the kid throws the tarp, you can't see nothin'.

Jimmy

Jesus Christ. He tells this guy to go way the hell out and drop 'em off. He tells 'em he'll pay 'em like hell to do it. He don't seem any too anxious to do it, but he finally says alright, like he's got some debt to pay or somethin'. But I know he still don't like it one bit.

I go get in the car and start it up, lookin' around to make sure nobody sees me. He throws off both the lines from the deck, then jumps off the boat and runs over slow. Just as he gets in I hear the engine on the boat start up with a jump. I pull out quick as hell, and he hits me across the arm, yellin' at me to go slow, like I ain't in no hurry.

Just before we get up into the house he says he can see 'em pullin' out, already half way into the harbor.

Tommy

He drops me off at the office door and then pulls off real slow, not sayin' a thing. I go on into the office, knowin' John's doin' what I say.

I set the clock for six and wind it up some more, so's I can check and make sure he done everythin' all right in the morning. When I lay down I have to get up to turn off the light, and I take off my pants and shoes, and I see there's blood on one shoe, so I wipe it off on the rug and lay back down. I swear I still see that nigger's face, lookin' up dumb and motionless, and I know I seen it before. I keep tryin' to sleep, but I can't.

Then I rememberer seein' a nigger in a fun house on the Boardwalk, in one of them rooms where just the white shows on you because of some kind of light, and I can see clear as anythin' that nigger in that room, just his teeth and his eyes and the white cuffs on his shirt showin' in the dark. So I seen right away what that dumb nigger layin' so stupid on the deck struck me so funny, and then I close my eyes.

John

When I see that guy's car go on behind Baxter's and the Wharton's place so I can't see their lights anymore, I cut off the engine and just sit quiet, waitin' to see if they come back. The kid can't figure what I'm up to, and I hear him movin' around behind the pilot house, scufflin' his feet, but I just stay quiet and wait. After a couple a minutes I ain't seen a thing, and we're driftin' in with the tide too close to shore, so I start 'er up again and come on about, headin' right back into the slip.

I hear the kid come on around the pilot house, and though I told him to keep his mouth shut and ask no questions, I'm surprised he kept his mouth shut so long, seein' as what we got on board ain't fish.

"What're you doin'?" he says, scared as hell.

"We're just goin' back in," I says.

"What ya mean?" he says.

"We're just goin' back in."

"What for?" he says.

"You seen that poor nigger baek there?"

"Yea, but he, you know what he done for Ray."

"I know," I says, "I know."

"What you doin' goin' in then?"

"I gotta make a phone call," I says.



HIDDEN ART

There are those who feign the world's unity,
say that saints are only by decree.
Moderns, in the market's cryptic trade,
Countrymen in allusions, disdaining to judge,
in estrangements ask: was white-clad
Emily Dickinson at least saintly, or
a penitent come again, sequestered to wander
corridors, her retreat, visions from rainbow glass,
a mendicant's domain. Lean times in the silent life,
silent, like the stones in a cloister.

Nocturnal gardener of allegorical flowers,
guilty of arranging teacups (though cosmically)
and verse, the tarnished relics of another season.
Alone in the cubicles of examined conscience,
no formal votary, a pilgrim without a shrine,
the sacrifice without a trial: thrown to Amherst lions,
dubbed as hermetic, condemned to inner burnings,
and, with emanations dying to her
"halfcracked," she wrote, life,

She claimed to be nobody. But who was she,
like a shadow seeking secluded corners?
A wit: the declamation of Euclid, her clock.
For her requiem's buzzing messenger, the fly.
A coffin, a room were her security,
with the breviary of measured drones,
cathedral tunes cautioning, in hymnal cadences,
an affected civility, even from those calvaries.

With certain pauses and thorn-encrusted truths,
carefully crafting patterned lines
(her punctuated and self-imposed sentences)
while lightning thoughts informed their symmetry,
the fading enigma balanced words,
the tensions of ecstasy and hate,
too sententiously, perhaps, for the starry game.
Encompassed moon around her soul,
the dance maker, half bound to the Center,
just a door apart; yet, with that Chamber,
immediate in her austerity, arrested on the stairs,
her shadow world with broken lights, but in
complexity of standards, her chosen elements.

What should I do
 with paper napkins
 folded and maybe clean,
 with gravy fatty and cold
 for a week in a cup
 the handle chipped not enough
 to throw away?

Instead of moo moo milk
 I rinse the cardboard carton
 to throw away for certain
 but not in the box of cans
 with bad non-aluminum bottoms;
 tucked in the garage
 behind a mound of left shoes
 the cans conspire with a car
 that drip drips pennies of oil.

Lee Lourdeaux

DOING SUMMER IN FATHER'S HOUSE

Giving up on food and money and flight
 I turn to a plastic wading pool
 away from house and jangle hurried phone;
 so steeped in soothing cooling water
 I finger "Freud" on the bottom—
 a guileless stir of fungi
 that's got to be syphoned tomorrow . . .

Because I can do nothing new
 in a childhood home
 of carpets worn the same,
 it's all right for awhile
 to just realign younger smiles long framed
 or scrub every crusted pan until
 the dish runs away with the spoon.

Wimpy

GOOD SHEPHERD

I've tried to follow Jesus, but in the blowing grass
 My bare feet always pick up little bits of broken glass.
 My Savior doesn't hear me when I sing out my blues.
 Christ just keeps on walking.
 He's wearing tennis shoes.

AN EVENING IN REMEDIAL READING

Dark mother and dark child
 Unsmiling sat--
 A mind flashing, slashing:
 A young hand leaving a mad trail
 of black on white.
 Opposite me they sat--
 Refusing my gaze and the blue words
 I wrote, but did not know.



Peter Trias

During one summer we went for a few days to Tinos, well known for its church to Panagea and especially for its icon from which an entire tradition sprung. As legend had it, three men were digging under a tree when their shovel hit something hard. They pulled two objects from the earth—two halves of an icon, which when placed together, fused. At that moment a spring eased up from the earth: fresh water. The sight was consecrated, a church was built. The water still flowed and it was holy.

Over the years various miracles were attributed to Panagea through this church, so that within the buildings were strung gold and silver trinkets, emblems of a single moment. If a peasant fisherman had hard luck and praying to Panagea was suddenly blessed with an overabundance, he would then place a gold fish within the church. My maternal grandfather gave a gold hand.

We had left Piraeus mid-August when the sea was especially rough; and there was a general sickness, a ship filled with ghostly faces. I spent most of the journey in bed, barely able to lift myself. As I tried to sleep, Alex, my roommate, placed an icon on his bed, knelt before it, and prayed. Embarrassed by his piety, I did all I could to pretend that it wasn't happening. He sensed my awkwardness and told me I shouldn't feel that way about prayer. He said he left his glasses in Athens, that when we reached the island he'd have his eyes restored after anointing them with holy water. I was stunned by his faith.

When we finally arrived, we were sent to live with various peasant families. The woman who gave Alex and me a room had a heavy mustache. It was early Saturday evening. Another boy, Roger, joined us and we all walked into town to have dinner by the docks. When we returned we went straight to bed, the peasant family long asleep.

We overslept on Sunday and found our hosts already on their way to church. Afraid we'd be missed during service, we dressed as if rattled by furies, and ran to receive communion. Deciding on a short-cut we hurried through fields past primitive windmills. At one point we ran along on top of a low wall until the wall stopped dead before a pig-pen, the hogs rolling in the mud. Eventually we arrived at the church, just in time to receive communion. No one missed us. During the remainder of the service, I stared above the bowed heads as the smoke from the incense circled around the gold and silver and the light scattered.

Just afterwards, Alex, Roger, and I anointed ourselves with holy water—Alex remained kneeling long after we stepped out into the courtyard. An old farmer sat under one of the few trees and two nuns on a stone wall in the distance. Alex joined us and we walked over to the farmer. He told us he had a fig farm, that he would like to give us a tour. We were delighted and followed slowly behind him. Within a few minutes we were walking up and down the gentle hills of his orchard, stopping occasionally to pick the fruit, its green skin splitting to reveal a pinkish center. As we walked the farmer talked about his life working the land. I was pleased how easily I understood the Greek. All of a sudden Alex stopped and said he could see. I continued taking a few steps looking at the trees and fields, the import of his statement not registering. The fig farmer told us we must all cross ourselves, which we did obligingly. He then gazed into the sky to thank Panagea. I was dazed, not understanding what was in process. Turning around, we all rushed back to the church.

It was mid-afternoon and unbearably hot. The two nuns still sat on the wall as the farmer ran toward them shouting. Alex, Roger, and I watched from the center of the courtyard. Soon the nuns rushed over and touched Alex as if he were a fine and rare brocade. He explained what had happened. Within a few minutes three or four more nuns joined us, responding just as the others did. One told me to go across the courtyard and hold up various numbers of fingers. I did so with one hand shielding my eyes from the sun. Alex shouted across the distance, correctly each time. He too held one hand above his eyes. As this test was conducted some ten to twenty people, priests and peasants, joined around. It was then that Kuria Tzira, the woman who held us in her charge, came running up to Alex. A middle-aged man pushed me aside and held up a lighted cigarette. As I approached Kuria Tzira, she holding Alex in her arms, the bells of the church began to ring. An ever growing number of people filled the courtyard. I noticed a few Americans my age. Kuria Tzira instructed us all to form a circle around Alex and her, that we would escort them to her hotel on the docks. So, slowly at first and then gradually faster, we marched out of the courtyard into the cobblestone streets that ran downhill past shops and houses. Out of second story windows, peasants called to us as still others lined the streets. As we passed, some fell to their knees crossing themselves while others pushed against us trying to touch Alex. After a few minutes of being battered

and worshipped, we stood in front of the hotel. The circle split open. Kuria Tzira and Alex disappeared into the front lobby.

Roger and I walked towards the water and stopped beside a fishing boat. A newspaper reporter stepped up to us and began questioning. It was too noisy, too many people on the docks. Since Roger spoke and understood Greek with more ease than I, the reporter took him to give his testament at the Newspaper Office. Remaining where I stood, I stared out into the sea. The church bells still sounded.

A few townsmen gathered around me as I told them the events of the day. As I spoke, one handed me a stick of gum which I shoved into my mouth and began to chew. Soon Roger appeared again, telling me that the story was to be printed in newspapers all over Greece. He then confessed that he had excluded me but included the name of his friend as a witness. Not caring terribly about my anonymity, still I expressed amazement that he could lie just after a miracle. He shouted that I was chewing gum just after a miracle, that it made one spit, that it was spitting that was unholy. I spit my gum into the gravel at his feet, then walked alone up to the church, sat on a wall, and stared at the town below me. A ship slowly left the harbor.

Peter Burian

TWO POEMS

DAWN AT DELPHI

Light pierces the air like arrows,
glides like serpents
down cliffs the color of blood.

The air is heavy with wings.
A hawk hangs there, then spins.
The sun marches
to the song of sparrows.

Light darts along scarred hollows
where goats forage
nimble, bells jangling.

The air is heavy as dreams.

COLOPHON FOR A PAINTING

BY KUO HSI

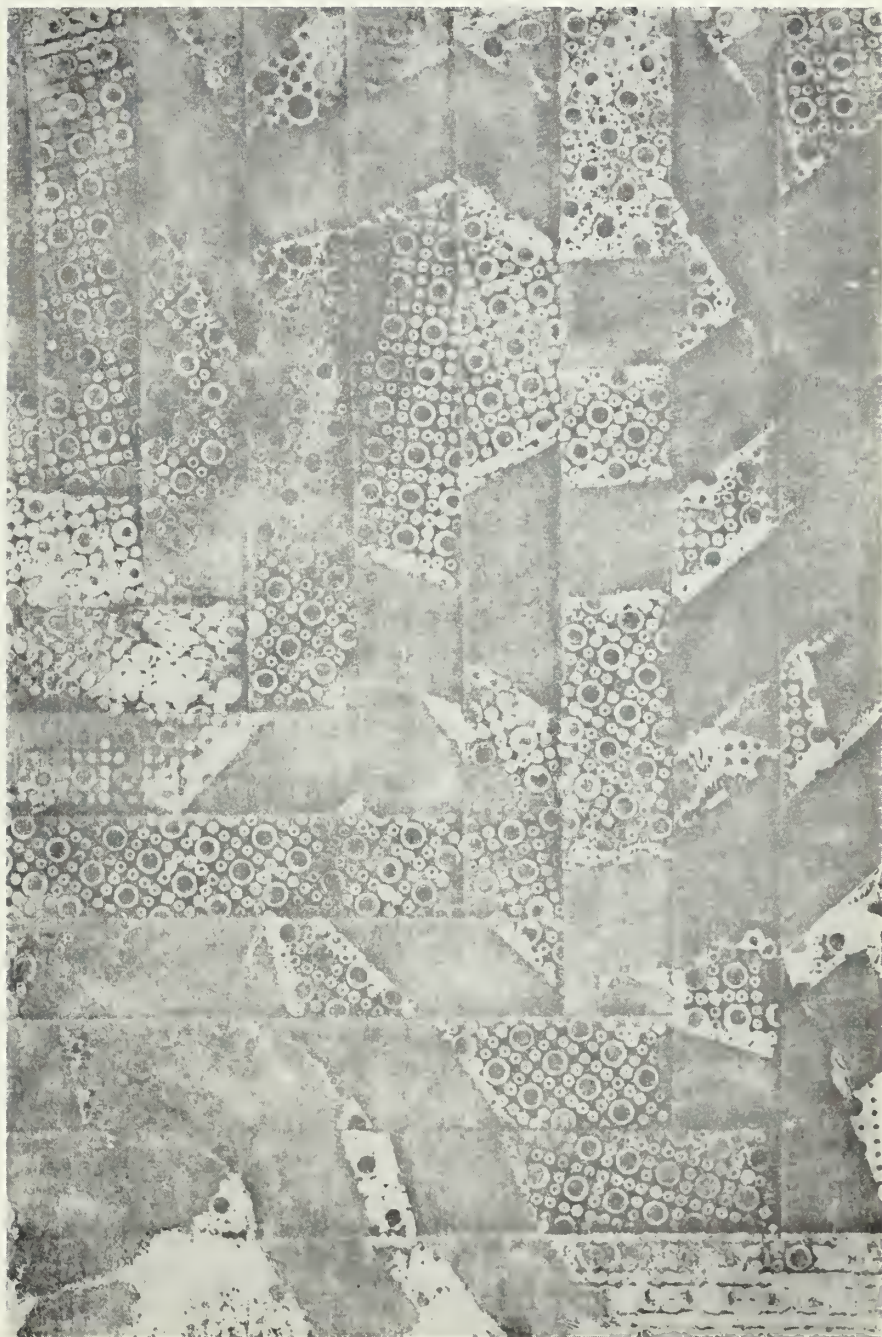
Early Spring:
 mist delicate
 as the buds

waking on
 weird crags, valleys
 curving to

uncertain
 endings. Kuo Hsi,
 you have built

temples here
 beside the loud
 waterfall.

These men--small
 and so fragile
 in the mist.



Mike Ellsworth

NOSTALGIA LAND

When the last dews of spring
settled on the land,
and the birds in their singing
paused to admire the days,
I was changed from a man to a boy
and back

Just one small piece of nostalgia
served this transmutation
a piece of a pocket whistle ring,
the part that made the noise,
and that I had hidden
in my secret tree years before
it means even more to me now than it did to the
boy who hid it
a boy who hid lightless lightbulbs
and waffle iron cords
and thought the broken special

These days that I have portioned out
to find myself and forget myself,
these days when I am sown in the wheatfields
around me
and when I feel like a living growing thing
and when with a shake I clear out my head
of all the trinkets of my present--
these days are when the past falls within me
and begins to stir like a mouse in my hand

In the green womb of the spring earth,
on the spongy fabric of the nostalgia land,
who could explain a grown man
stretched out in the trees
eyes aglitter with the light of a rascal,
trying to play tunes
on a one note tin whistle

Yet tunes I played
 symphonies of single notes
 and I played to the fields
 and the land made me whole
 and I played my music for my trees
 and for my ears
 wiping off the spit on my sleeve
 spending hours polishing, shining the kernel
 of my childhood
 the seed of my new significance
 to myself

 I am yours
 you are my wings
 together we have everything,
 each other

 you and I
 lying in the morning
 on crisp white sheets
 touching, not talking
 of the sunset of our day

in the rose of your bosom I wept
 and the dew,
 it covered our windowpanes
 lightly, in the morning's first glow
 and the day's last goodbye

and I cried to the gods of morning
 and night
 to let us stay and
 please let us lay
 here: soft and fragrant
 in the beginning of the day

Upstairs

just another morning--
 blues on my windowsill
 greens in the yard--
 another morning to get up
 out of sleep
 brought wretched to life again
 from a dream tossed night--

in my dreams when I sleep
 I think of triumphs and defeats
 at the hands of a gladiator race
 I don't want to be a Christian
 if it means the lions,
 and I don't want to live among you
 if it means defiance

I awoke and wrote on the days of my windowpanes
 the sun-lit flowers in the yard
 shine--
 fused with my headache, I glassily stare
 at the features of my reality

soon in this morning, I begin to mumble
 and rhyme to myself, myself--
 laughing at my cleverness;
 thinking to myself how wonderful
 it all would be--
 if I never had to go downstairs

James Dunbar

REVELATION

Pentameter — the pibroch of the line,
 And Sonnet — the sonata of the form
 Of Poetry! See if the present storm
 That lifts my blood in waves is not a sign
 Of flood, confusion, and the instant time
 When you must fail! Long have you sung of love
 Without a peer — but She is come: a dove
 To roll back earth, and show men the divine!
 So let the poets strain no more for rime,
 Nor think that verse is any tool for praise,
 Till they remember Eve in paradise,
 And fall again for the supreme design.

Then may they see what God at last reveals:
 The woman whose eyes can melt the seven seals!

A TRANSLATION

r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r

who

a)s w(e loo)k
upnowgath

PPEGORHRASS

eringint(o-

aThe):1

eA

!p:

S

a

(r

rIvInG

.gRrEaPsPhOs)

to

rea (be)rran(com)gi(e)ngly
,grasshopper;

e.e. cummings

e-e-r-e-h-k-s-e-u-j-e

wer

a(ls wi(r zusehaue)n
zusammenjetztzieh

ECKHREHEUSC

enine(i-

nTer): sp
rIn

!g:

T

a

(n

kOmMeNd

.hEcKuCsEhRe)

zu

vera(we)nderde(rde)rw(n)eise
,heusehreeke;

translated by
Jay McPherson Cheesman

Bill Marquess

THE SINGER

It swept across the morning stones, the wind;
 It beat upon cathedral walls that grew into
 Great well-washed spires falling short of Heaven.
 I remember that it swept.

— * —

A tenor in the choir loft is singing all alone;
 The rest are merely tapestry.
 The priests are weaving fantasy
 Among complacent pews.
 Sole singer in a ruined choir,
 Sing.

Sing the beauty of her eyes,
 The curve of ripened skin.
 Sing the softness of a laugh,
 A sigh, the healing of a fever in the mind.

An only organ note is dancing
 In the stillness of the empty vault.
 The dream has caught the singer's tongue.

— * —

I remember that it swept
 Around my hollow cheeks in the night
 As I left without the singer's robe.

HUNT

At seventy, Eloise Harris, four years widowed, quit the pursuit of comfort and began to chase bondage. Her own. It was a silent hunt, mapped privately, mulled constantly. And so skillfully executed, it was months before the neighbors noticed a change. By that time, Eloise was entering the final stages of pursuit.

She set tea for Hattie Turner. Cream and sugar, a pot of tea, a hot coffee cake, and butter on her kitchen table.

"Mmm, that cake smells good, Lulu, good. We sure have missed your baking in Bible class."

"Missed it? I haven't skipped but one of my turns."

"Two."

"Two nothing. I only have one turn a month."

"This month you had two. Ellen Wilkers was sick one Tuesday, couldn't bake, and so your turn came up again one time sooner. It was a scene, too, Lulu. Bettie didn't hear about Ellen being sick until an hour before class, and you should have seen her running around fussing, yelling 'Ellen Wilkers is sick and there's no cake and where's Lu Harris? She should have known about this. It's her place to fill in.' She was a sight, Lulu. Running around, her hair falling out of that silly bun. Looks like a donut the baker couldn't sell. She finally got the rectory janitor to drive her to a bakery and came back half an hour after class should have started with a plain pound cake and some cookies that were stale. Cheap, she is. And later I heard her say that she thought your name should be removed from the roster because you hadn't come for so long."

"Well, I haven't. And I think I'll just let Bettie remove me from the roster if she wants."

"Why Lulu!" Hattie blew out her breath. She made her eyes round and cut herself a big piece of cake, her second, the first being not quite finished. "I'm so surprised at you. You always said that Bible class was your salvation after Jack died."

"Don't need it any more."

"Don't say that now. It's not right to say that. You're probably just a little more tired these days. After all, you have that big grandson to look after now."

"I'm not tired. I'm up at seven every morning. I sweep and clean this whole house before nine and make breakfast for Donnie before then too. Afterwards I have a nice, slow breakfast and read the paper, just like Jack used to after he retired. If it's good weather, I eat on the porch, like we did. And after that I'm in good shape to bake, and shop, and sew, to cook Donnie two more meals and some snacks too, usually, to call the Dodge showroom a couple of times and sometimes walk over there, and to do whatever else needs to be done. Now you know, Hattie, that a person who can do all that isn't anything like tired."

"Crazy, maybe. You ought to take it easy, be with your friends more."

"No I ought not. Have some more cake."

Hattie did.

"Your cooking is just a passion with me, Lulu, a real passion."

Lulu had not wasted Hattie's flesh.

"But listen here. Your time can be better spent than in cooking for and fussing over that grandson. He's so big as it is. You ought to feed him less. The ceilings in this house can't afford to have him grow any taller."

"I think I know how to take care of my boy, Hattie. Now you stop fussing over me. Be a friend. Make my excuses to all the Bible class ladies. I don't think I'll come any more."

"It's frightening, Lulu. It's just not like you."

"It's as like me as I'll ever get. You just tell those ladies."

"I'll tell them."

When Hattie left, Eloise pressed her to take the rest of the cake, plus two jars of home-made preserves—"Because you like them so much; I can always make more"—and fulfilled a request to lend her some pie apples—"Take all you want." Which Hattie did.

Four o'clock then. Quiet in the house. An hour and a half before Donnie would be home, wanting dinner. Eloise sat in Hattie's warmed-up chair. The warmth drew the fatigue of her spine and pelvis out to her skin. Old in spite of herself. A grandmother's body. Eloise often wondered if she were still a wife and a mother now that her husband was dead and her children were gone. She kept faith in herself as wife and mother, but her body was insidious. Thick and slow now, it undermined her devotion.

Tall, solid grandson. Donnie's body towered in the chair where Hattie's had jellied and slumped. Eloise didn't have to bend over as she stood beside the chair to hug him. Receiving the hug, his eye fell on the plane behind her ear. Some white hair tufted out under her brown wig.

"How was work today, my big boy!" The sound of pleasure Eloise made was a vigorous grunt. She ran her hand over Donnie's cheek for delight.

"Okay, Grandma." He placed her hand on the table.

Eloise giggled. "So you're too big to be hugged!"

"Feels that way." Donnie was eighteen years old & six feet four inches tall. He had been too big for a long time, and was just learning from the men at the

Dodge showroom, in spite of their teasing, how to get some pride out of his size. He draped his lone forearms on the table and sat hunched over, polite, deferring to the smallness of the furniture. He watched Eloise as she set the table. Although she was plump, the brittle ends of her bones still showed, at her elbows, shoulders, knees, and Donnie never knew how afraid he should be of accidentally breaking her.

"I talked to Harry this morning. He says you're doing just fine. Says you'll make a real salesman. I'm so proud of you."

"Hey, you don't have to ask Harry how I'm doing any more, Gram. I've been there six weeks. I can tell you how I'm doing."

"I just want to be sure Harry appreciates you as much as he should. He better know you're special. You're my grandson."

"I'm not your only grandson."

"You're the only one I ever asked to come live with me." She helped Donnie's plate to meat, vegetables, biscuits, before setting each dish on the table. "Isn't that something special?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't mumble into your food. I don't know what's the matter with you. Such a fine boy. Why're you so sulky? I brought you here because you're too good for that miserable father of yours. You know it. Miserable man. Drinking and tearing things up all the time."

"I know all about him, Gram. He does drink a lot, but he never tore anything up. Just sits drunk. Mostly makes Mama cry."

"Don't you try to tell me about Furman Harris's problems. I know all about them. I know how no good he is."

"He's your son, Gram."

"I know. I know. Worst one of the lot and the only one who never moved out of town. That's funny. And why're you so soft on your Dad all of a sudden? I thought you'd had enough of his drinking, Donnie. I thought my place looked pretty good to you when you came here."

"Yes'm. It did."

"Then perk up." Eloise was eating her dinner in spurts, moving around the kitchen in between to fetch things for Donnie. More potatoes. Another napkin. Salt. Honey and jam, in addition to the butter already on the table, for his bread.

"For God's sake, sit down, Gram."

Eloise laughed and hugged his neck. "All right. I'm too fussy. I know." She did sit still through the rest of the meal.

"We got the first catalogs of the new models in today, Gram. You should see some of those cars. Harry says Dodge has to compete with the Europeans that are making the rotary engines. Dodge doesn't have a model with a rotary engine yet, but some of the equipment they've started to put on their cars is unbelievable. I can't wait to drive one."

"I'm sure you'll be able to sell them, with all that enthusiasm. I just hope it doesn't frizzle when you see that the new cars don't drive as good as your car."

"Oh, mine's all right, Gram, but it's already five years old. Parts are starting to wear out. Some for the second or third time."

"Little parts, yes, but it's solid."

"It's big, Gram, but it's not so solid as you think."

Eloise chuckled. "When you're a real experienced salesman like Harry, you'll know the difference between a good car and a fancy-looking one."

"Know now. Good dinner, Gram. I'm going out for a while." He patted her shoulder and left.

—Donnie. Not like your grandfather at all. Not like Jack, no sir. God help us if you should turn out like your father. Furman. To think that Jack named him. Only one of five he did name. I think he saved that name up from his own childhood, to give it to his son. After he gave it, he was content. Didn't name another....Aaah, Donnie'll get some sense as he gets older. Please, boy, get the sense of a good home, a good place to be.

"You're indulging him, Lulu. It'll do him no good. He's running you down and he doesn't love you a bit more for it."



"You can't say that, Hattie. You don't know him. He's not your boy."

"Doesn't make any difference. People are all the same. None of them ever thanked you for being a slave to them. And you're fooling yourself trying to keep up with him. You haven't got the strength. You're too old. You're an old woman just like me."

"You be old your way and leave me to mine."

"Don't be stubborn, Lulu. Just look at what you've done for him. Most of it doesn't even make sense. Like why'd you buy him a second-hand car and then get him a job working around brand new ones? You know how boys are. It shouldn't surprise you that he's getting tired of his car."

"Harry picked that car out. It's good. It's better than anything that make new. Harry knows. He was Jack's partner for nearly forty years. Jack said Harry had the better eye for cars."

"If Jack had willed you his half of the partnership instead of selling it to Harry, you'd have been able to buy Donnie a brand new car."

"Hattie, you're overstepping."

Hattie and Eloise bided a little time quietly, eating and sipping, waiting to see if they would talk to each other any more this afternoon. They would not. Hattie said she'd go now and Eloise bundled up some leftover cookies for her.

"I'm going to be busy tomorrow afternoon, so I can't have you to tea."

Hattie nodded. "See you some other time, Lulu."

"I'll call you."

Hattie nodded. She counted on it.

Trueulent bones. Eloise pushed the bones in her forearms, her femurs, and shinbones, as stiffly as she pushed the broom handle. The cool, blue morning recalled the vigorous days of her motherhood. Five children in the house. She sang to herself for the pride of her former strength. Hobbled, she chased her young self through the house joyfully.

—With a sweater, I can sit on the porch for breakfast this morning. Read the paper. Relax.

Eloise was not a reader. Until her husband's death, she had not sat still for the purpose of reading since she had sat with her young children over their first primers. Jack had been a serious reader, of the newspaper, and of histories, mostly local histories. Since his death, Eloise had carefully read the newspaper every morning, just as he read it: business section first, then farm and weather reporters, the front page, and the advice columns. She formed each word deliberately in her mind, sometimes with her lips, not because the act was difficult, but because it was intensely pleasurable. She retained no sense of what she had read.

It was premature to sit on the porch this morning. Bright, beautiful, but still too cool, sweater or no. The chill broke Eloise's concentration. She refused to get a coat or to move inside and tried to make the cold against her skin into a form of pleasure, as she had done as a girl. No success. Irritability. No pleasure, just half-pleasure. Eloise put down the paper and watched the passing traffic. Thus, when Furman parked his car in front of her house, she had already had her eye on him for several minutes.

He walked to the steps and looked up at her. "Good morning, Ma."

"What're you doing here?"

"Came for a visit. Are you busy?"

"Maybe." She had not seen Furman for several months. The resemblance between him and Donnie shocked her. Father and son without a doubt, just as Jack and Furman had looked like father and son. Yet something had changed in the passage from Jack to Donnie. The mark of her husband's well-remembered face was on her grandson, but it flickered before her eyes. Cruelty. Only the sight of Furman could bring the connection among the three men into focus. Furman. Recalcitrant son. Oldest. Recipient of Jack's negligent favors. Wasted now. Aged beyond his forty-two years. He was racing her into old age. He had carried his alcoholism to the steps of her front porch. His failure, a limp mouse caught between his thin cat lips. She was enraged.

"I came to check on Donnie."

"He's working."

"I know. I know. I figured he wouldn't want to see me. I thought I'd just ask you about him. It's been almost two months since I've seen him."

"Why'd it take you so long to get concerned?"

Furman paused, swallowed. He leaned toward the porch but did not take a step. "I think I ought to thank you for taking him in. He always needed . . ."

"Don't you try to tell me what he needs. You have no idea."

Furman paused again, gathering patience vainly. Eloise knew the limits of his patience well. She studied him now, noticed how clean and thin and worn smooth he looked. Blue eyes set neatly in brown tugged skin. Worn to the bare fact of being her son.

"Well, I suppose you do know best. You're giving him a good home, and I'm grateful."

Silence.

"I know you're not rich, and neither am I, but I thought I could help out a little. The boy eats a lot. I brought some money." He held out three bills, arranged fan-like, two tens and a five.

"Where'd that come from? Are they starting to refuse your money at the package store?"

"No, m'am. I saved this for my son."

"Well, you can just save it some more. Don't you even let it touch this house. Put it back in your pockets. Take it away. Go on." She pushed his hand away at the wrist.

"I have a right to give this for my son."

"You have no rights around here. You wore them all out a long time ago. Now get away from my porch."

"Then I'll give it to him personally. Maybe he can have a good time with it."

"He won't even speak to you. That's why you came here."

"I came because I thought you could be reasonable, but I see that I was wrong."

As Furman turned to go, his jacket sleeve caught the wire stand of a flower pot, one he remembered as having been on the porch railing since his childhood.

The pot rocked dangerously on the railing for a moment. Furman waited. When it had settled, he grinned at his mother. Tidy urine-colored teeth framed by brown skin. He got in his ear, slamming the door after him, and left.

"Your father was here today."

Donnie had just sat down to wait for his dinner. Eloise was still working at the stove.

"He wanted to know how you were. Funny thing for him to be asking. Didn't seem to care much how you were when you lived with him. I got the feeling he was checking up on me, like he thought I didn't know how to take care of you. Well I told him where to go. It'll be a while before he bothers us again."

Donnie tried to trace the flowered pattern of the tablecloth with his finger. Clumsy.

"What do you think of that, Donnie?"

"I know he was here. He came to the showroom."

"You talked to him?"

"Yes'm."

"What for?"

"Because he came to visit me."

"Well you sure are a peculiar boy. If I was as unhappy living with somebody as you were with him, I'd never speak to that person ever."

"But he's my father, and he came to visit me."

"He's no good as a father."

"Doesn't make much difference to me."

"Oh it doesn't!"

"No m'am. He's the only father I've got. I've still got to be loyal to him even if I don't like him too much."

Eloise put down a spoon and turned away from the stove, towards her grandson. Her voice rose. It had lost resonance with age. She could no longer shout. Her voice climbed toward a shout, then cracked and fell away. "You're a foolish boy. You can't give your loyalty to some people, even if they're family. Some people don't deserve it. You give your loyalty to the folks that earn it."

"I give mine to some that earn it and some that don't."

Eloise crossed the room and slapped Donnie loudly. He sat still. The redness of his slapped cheek blended gradually with a deep blush that formed under the skin of his whole neck and face. Eloise stood over him, shaking, for a moment.

"Get some sense, Donnie. I don't want to hear any more talk like that. I won't let you turn out like Furman." She laughed. "He wanted to leave some money for you. Thought he could fix up his mistakes."

"I know, Gram."

"Well he's learning now that he can't fix his mistakes. I taught him that today. Did he try to give that money to you?"

Amazement. Donnie looked sharply at his grandmother. "Don't you know, Gram? I took it from him."

Silence.

"I thought you would have figured that out. I didn't mean to hurt you."

Silence.

"Do you want some of it, Gram" I can give you some of it. All of it."

"No."

Eloise set dinner on the table and left Donnie alone to eat it. Which he did.

"Where's Donnie lately? I haven't seen him in the last day or two." After a week, Hattie had been readmitted to tea.

"Harry took him to Detroit for an advance showing of the new cars."

"Bet he was excited."

"Sure was."

Hattie cleared her throat. "Coming back to Bible class, Lulu?"

"No."

Hattie was charitable. Uncharacteristically silent. Tea was dull. Eloise had been cut loose. She refused to drift towards the old woman across the table from her. Drifting, after all, did not have to mean a change of place. The paper, the porch, the kitchen, would all still be there.

"Donnie will be back in a few days?"

"Yes. In three days."

"Do you think he'll stay?"

Eloise's whole body felt light. Now she was moving toward something. Fear churned in her stomach. Motion sickness.

"No."

She saw that Hattie's cup was empty, but made no move to fill it. All her actions had become gratuitous. The drifting of her body had become defined. She was rising. To where? She smiled. An absurd vision of herself. She was sitting calmly in the upper air of the kitchen. Like a queen.

John Stevenson

FOUR POEMS

ON REACHING TWENTY YEARS

Some see the succession of years
As drops from a faulty faucet.
They form at the edge, fall one
After the other, and end, consummate.

Each one begins as a glimmer against
Dull iron, takes shape and plummets,
Poised in the face of disintegration,
For it knows another already glimmers above it.

The watch of the water-years is an easy
Fascination. Repetition renders a halycon
Hypnosis, until (and unless) something jolts,
Then bolts the awake watcher to a new vision.

The vision is fleeting, but so pressing
That, in the end, the worth of the hunt
Overbalances a still-phantom answer for those
Who cannot return to the sound of drops, resonant

THE HONESTY OF A WARM WINTER DAY: DEPRESSION OUT OF SEASON

Ignorance comes easily most winter days.
The world huddles under a cloud-coverlet,
Safe and snug, knowing nothing except
The comfort of that softly substantial blanket.

Other days, the world-womb opens, but, then, often
The deep day-blue sky reflects the iceberg-earth
And the wind rips thoughts out of heads
As we sink into ourselves, awaiting new birth.

Sometimes, though, spirits buoy with a rising red
Mercury. Then we can look, and, perhaps, are
Shook by a view of the world that winter's
Wiles kept hid obscurely as a dead star.

The vision is all in brown and black.
Sluggish capillary branches reach for the unknown,
The dead sod affords no solace—the dull
Core of existence is revealed, alone.

SNOW—NIGHT

Diffusing its light through manifold snow-motes,
The street-lamp abuses my notions of expansiveness.
The world, this room, myself shrink as nature
Tightens a curtaining womb, regardless
Of postures of potency. The ice-arras
Cloaks petty ego, self-glory is rendered remote.
Before this display of omnipotent element,
Life seems white, windblown, irrelevant.

THE END OF MAN IS KNOWLEDGE

"It was like the second when you come home late at night and see the yellow envelope of the telegram sticking out from under your door and you lean and pick it up, but don't open it yet, not for a second...but you open the envelope, you have to open the envelope, for the end of man is to know."

All the King's Men

A taut bow-string pulling the temples,
Heated quick-silver rising behind the eyes,
A sudden famine in the stomach--
The envelope spells my name and I hope it lies.

Hope, but know it is the truth, bitter
Know that child-hallowed dream of innocence,
Winking, cheats, and unveils a worse pain:
The unholy pain of willing ignorance.

Spirit sleeps, but the mind must seek more
And more, until it knows and is satisfied.
Satisfied, in ways, like waiting for
The totter to turn to a crash, undignified.

The cocoon demands opening, and, once done
Always done, awakes the dormant script there,
Which spreads and flies to that all-seeking
Element, but just brushes the spirit in its lair.

Contact surprises like a sudden shout--
The spirit for its depth lacks insulation,
And it shrinks and sinks with speedful fear
Into the endless round of reerimination.

Suzanne Austnit

Close the door
 if it helps you
 it is so hard to love
 Stephan once you see it
 it wears off and fades
 an art needs practice unfailing
 and love, love is a hard task
 i had too much apple pie today
 to chastise my insufficient self
 into greater abasement

i follow your shadow
 listening to myself speak to myself
 it was about acting i believe
 i after e except after e
 exception rhymes with deception
 which regardless brings conception
 that hurts like pebbles digging into your feet.
 most people don't stop at the stop signs.
 acting is making other people
 believe what you are not and yet
 paradoxically what you are in
 your most concealed thoughts sometimes

i saw a cat
 yellow-eyed grey black
 i am indifferent to cats
 in fact i rather like to pinch them unawares
 but to break this twisted indifference
 i bent down to caress furr
 we both were alone this cat and i
 and people say that cats are not
 possessive-independent creatures
 feeding on their selves
 but i want to know every thought
 you feel and think and share all mine
 with you and i need that you
 reassure me with your love which
 i sometimes doubt- i talk
 to you without saying anything
 just letters thrown into words and

words into reasonable sentences
and i look at you

i do not know
you better than that stranger
closing the door
ah it would be so easy to love
physically like the animals do
you see if we make love we do
not have to think
the physical reassurance i want
because you fail to give me the
essence which would make
your smile enough

i do not mean to be possessive
a door slams
someone has entered a house
and has turned on the light
other loves await us Yeats says
like those turkish pashas with their harems
ah cat, passing by cat
i am lost in the sleekness of grey furr
your shadow mingling with mine
shall we interchange them
the shadow of a girl attached to a cat
the shadow of a cat glued to a girl
until the lease is paid
until you bit me at the wrist
too possessive for you was i?
goodnight sweet cat
and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest

old woman leave me alone
shut up
slam the door
if you need to
the neighbors will hear
you don't want the neighbors
to see me out at night alone
on the porch writing- they'll
think i'm a little funny
so?

J.B.**PUERILE PRUFROCK**

Too stupid to ask, "Do I dare?"
Trousers gloriously unfurled,
Having eaten only cold cereal,
I joined you on the beach
And we talked, each to each.

You had no fins (none apparent, anyway),
And stood on dry ground.
Your hair was adequately combed,
Face wreathed only with sleep-lines,
But what perplexity were your designs.

Peach-innocent, I followed
Thinking that I led, talked
Till your talking silenced me,
Turned my life around.
I lingered in the chambers of your voice;
Followed willessly, without choice,
But my own words woke me, and I drowned.



Pat McNellis

SELF-PORTRAIT

Young Chagall turned his face full soft
 toward the page and sketched a slender nose,
 etched curves for eyes...without eyes,
 fine lined holes (all black ink on milky white) – there,
 to see inside where the color grows.
 His small taut lips, almost ruler drawn,
 smile a passing thought
 to a brother animal, on his head,
 a living hat that holds secure
 a frenzied curl of imagination.
 All black ink on milky white
 and not a line is cancelled.

The animal hat turns to his right,
 tongue out of laughing mouth,
 tasting the bit of youth
 he carries on his back.

The two are laughing still
 that such bold youth should want to play with old Chagall.

Tim Westmoreland

THE PEAR TREE IN AUGUST

While I half-slept in the shade
my grandmother hung white shirts, sweet-smelling,
on a wire
in the sun.
Under the tree
from the small end of a pear
was a thick brown syrup
which the bees drifted to.

L.M.

A NIGHT IN THE FARMHOUSE

Sleeping above me
is a copperhaired man.
The rafters speak when
he turns in his bed.
A restless bird calls the hours.
Listening to the nights voice
I fall into a flood of grey badgers
and sleep.

Alfred Starr Hamilton

PINEAPPLES

Reasons howsoever
One is for a muscular angel
For counting thine diamonds
That added the surrounding wilderness

Reasons howsoever
One is for a clarion
Against our thorny breasts
That sounded the silver horn

Reasons whatsoever
One is for a sweeter parrot
That is clawing our golden stupor
Wherever we are anchored here

Reasons howsoever
One amongst many is for
One of our staring cross angels
Being chary across the blue skies

Reasons whatsoever
One is for our golden riverside
One is for our golden chariot
For startling our jungle stars

Reasons whatsoever
One is for a louder angel
One is for a pink golden lion
On top of a high jungle rose

Reasons howsoever
One is for a wondrous pin cushion
One is louder for the gold of the day
One is for the call of the jungle
For more golden stars

James Dunbar

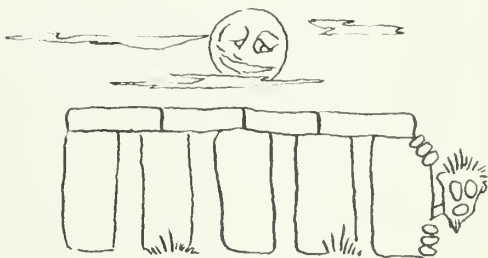
WHERE?

Where are the men who built the rings of stone,
 who lived in hives of unmortared stone
 on a rock in the midst of the sea;
 singing thanks and praise
 to God for their short, hard lives?

Where are the earven knights,
 the warriors raised on cold slabs,
 who lived in anonymous industry
 making beautiful things:
 the transient — which remain to us,
 the spiritual — which have passed into the furrows
 that support turnips and little children
 who do not know. . .

Where is Man
 who used stone for a pillow,
 counting barren moor and soiless coast
 a blessing for that it was firm
 and not the open sea?

Where is the small race,
 the moon-hunted men, hardy as brown rabbits—
 the men of fitted stone?



Susan Tifft

LONDON, 1971

There's a rain on the house.
And within a spire's peal,
a ring of blackened trees,
slicked black by the wash,
their slick green leaves
wet and beaded with heavy pearls.

There's a rain on the house.
Telltale drops that pock the sky,
and clean the window-welded cobwebs
loose in silent destruction
(sending the bomb and the tears
all at once).

There's a rain in the house.
Sense it swelling,
welling up the backdams,
creaking at the seampoints,
trickling over my foreign domain,
seeking its release.

Sheila Rebecca Adams

Spring hit hard
 In March of '72.
 Yellow Bells rang out warnings.
 Violets grouped for battle
 In moist and mossy enclaves.
 Crocuses advanced from hiding.
 Daffodils thrust forth in legions strong.
 The sun beat down relentlessly,
 Liquidating the forces of Winter.
 People of the Winter
 Fought to survive.

Mother was a Winter woman
 In March of '72.
 April dawned without her.

TWO POEMS

Today I met a man
 Who had only one arm.
 He opened a door for me.

I

The building had been reduced to rubble and cinders—not so much billowing smoke and slow consumption as a drumbeat, a heart beat, and total annihilation. Police lines had been set up, but even with the sawhorses in the busy tenement street the debris extended for hundreds of feet, almost a full city block. The sirens were silent and the fire engines were going, being practically useless in the situation. Bill Friedman, commander of the bomb detection unit, had finished inspecting what was left of the four-story false front row house, and was waddling in full gear towards the mobile bomb unit's van. Phil walked quickly towards the van, and I followed. Friedman motioned to his patrol to go ahead and search the rubble; his cursory inspection had turned up no undetonated explosives. It was like that scene in *Slaughterhouse Five* after the fire bombing at Dresden—nothing left at all.

"Some o' your revolutionaries there, Phil," Friedman noted sardonically as he saw Phil and I cross the police lines. Phil got away with a lot being the son of a former detective, now a precinct chief. Known to every cop in a fifteen precinct area, he was the kid who grew up the son of a cop who always wanted to be a detective—but when he grew his hair long and fell deep into the clutches of the evil hippie movement, he conveniently became something else: the icon of all potential good-turned-bad because of the lousy liberals and their dope-addled consciousnesses. Phil got busted because all the cops knew him also. Since then, the old friends in blue who had taken him to see the Dodgers (and later the Mets) suddenly saw him in a slightly more brutal light, like the one on the table in the third-degree tank. Still, that was two years ago, just after Woodstock; and time was healing that particular blow to the sensibilities of Phil's old friends.

"Found traces of quite a few explosives, eh Lt. Friedman?," Phil tossed back. I don't know how he could tell these things, I guess he could pick it out of the air from the general stench. He never wasted a question.

"Yeh, your plain gunpowder, a lot of dynamite, traces of plastic explosives, some nitro from God knows where, your gelignite, gasoline jelly, traces of military hardware, the whole schmeer." Lt. Friedman talked a bit like Archie Bunker when he was relaxed or confident.

"Do you think the search will turn up anything?" I could see in his eyes that Phil already knew the answer to that one.

"Nah, not a goddam thing left—couldn't be after that blast." The only problem with the authenticity of TV is that you know Archie Bunker would cuss his buns off if he could. I noticed the bumper sticker on the mobile unit van said "Archie Bunker in '72." Next to that, on the left side of the bumper, one said "Demolition Derby!! This Weekend March 3 & 4!! Long Island

Dragaway!!!” I guess graveyard humor was addictive in this line of work; two of the bomb squad men had been killed and one was paralyzed just two weeks before in that incident in Queens.

“How many people got their minds blown, Ossifer Friedman?,” I interjected in my inimitable waggish manner (none dare say obnoxious).

“Well, we have reports that nine people lived in the house off and on.” Friedman hated communes. His sixteen-year-old daughter split for one somewhere in Jersey. “We’ve found pieces of eight different ones so far.” (One of his men had waddled up to him as we talked to report the grisly find).

I got on my best Long John Silver voice: “Aye, matey, oll these yars I been searchin’ for them pieces of eight.” Like I said, graveyard humor was addictive in the business.

He looked as though he would have liked to single-handedly oversee the cold turkey I would have from the rather advanced stage of my peculiar addiction before he continued. “Just thank God the house next door was condemned. Looks like the lady in the next house back will lose her sight.” I later found out her retinas fell; she had some condition like cataracts and had had a delicate operation.

“Wow, that’s a stone bummer.” I’m an eye-person. Oh, yeah: I’m well into hip lingo—it’s o.k., as long as you know you’re using it.

“Yessir, that’s how it is, Al: join the revolution and get your mind blown; that’s it alright...” Christ, that sententious Jewish morality. I mean he sounded just like my mother; that slow, ironic, underhanded philosophical tone. Ossifer Friedman often lapsed into speculations of a Jewish mother level. He had known me since I started hanging around with Phil, since we were friends together in junior high. We’d grown close in senior high, Phil and I. Speaking of Phil, the lynx-eyed seer (metaphor from Poe) had spotted something as it happened.

“One of your men is spotting something, Lieutenant.” Phil had seen a metallic object dully glinting in the ash, and one of the surreal bomb squad men approaching it. As Friedman and I turned, we saw the figure bent over examining the object. He then motioned to a fellow, and the two men, their enthusiasm evident beneath the thick protective padding, stumbled across the awful carnage which was an ordered relic of civilization a scant two hours before. Nice sentence, huh? Make me want to write one of those good British addresses: 8 Squinsell Row, Ludgate Towers, Whitesmear, Blackburn Lancashire, 76. At any rate, the cops finally got to us. In their hands was a scarred but reasonably intact nineteenth century miniature steel safe.

II

Well, now that I have your attention, let me do the classic section 2 digression thing. Ho hum. Please feel free to skip this section. Its just that the first part came to me spontaneously, of a piece, the day after the mess happened; it only took fifteen hours from front to back anyway—and I was still pretty moved by the intensity of those first minutes. Have you ever seen a part of a human body detached, or just how crushed and fragile-looking the broken frame that once loved appears? One girl, apparently Near Eastern, was partially decapitated. She

was beautiful. I spare you all detail, it is not your karma to see, you didn't have to be there. Confronting the memories is a quiet, cold, solitary trip. Not even you nice humans can help.

Ah, well, now that its been a while, and all can be seen in the cool light of insanity, I've got to tackle some hard work and color in the background. Anyway, Digress is our Most Important Product. First, let me be totally out front with you out there in readerland (writing is a freaky thing y'know; a lot of responsibility—that's why I'm trying my hand in it at a forum of such local interest—I mean, imagine people contributing 1/10 of their brains to a line of print I wrote: strange). First of all, you probably guessed by now that I'm a Leo. My name is Allen Louis Jameson, and despite the Bel-Air-Hotel-for-WASPS quality about the name, you already know I'm half Jewish. I was raised as both: Jewish and Catholic, that is. I was gonna play it cute with the pertinent data at first: "Our scene is a large eastern metropolis, which shall hereinafter be called 'New York' or 'The Big Apple'." Hmm. Well, still and all I've got to be *extremely* cool about name dropping. Although you-who-read this are sympathetic and under 30 and all that bullshit, you just might take the magazine back home to Joisy City and somebody'll see it who will let it out into circles where ripples return to senders etc. etc. What I'm trying to say is, don't let mummy and daddy see what belongs to Just Us Kids, o.k.?

This isn't for my sake, but for Phil's; for if the truth behind the events which befall upon that fateful day in 19-- (hereinafter to be known as '71)—oh, never mind. This is hard for me to say: but I love the dude. His very name means "love" in Greek, and I have a heavy Platonic thing for him. I really do. It would embarrass the pee out of me if he read this, too. I dunno. He's just an incredible, beautiful and fine human being. A genius. He's a quadruple Scorpio—sun conjunct Mercury in his first house in the sign and moon laying right on top of his ascendant goddern exactly 15° in Scorpio. I used to kid him about Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*, but like Queen Victoria I think it was, he are not amused. Also, for pure mental power, Mars conjunct Saturn in Virgo in his eleventh house. Means a lot of people don't like him. He used to tell me, "A Scorpio walks through a room of ten people and makes five enemies." I've seen Phil go ten for ten.

Born, like me, in the days of old the days of gold the days of '49, Phil grew up the kid of a big city cop. Unlike me, he read every Hardy Boys book three times (I was a science-fiction freak), and by the age of 10 had committed to memory Poe's Auguste Dupin stories. By the age of 15, the set of the complete volumes of Arthur Conan Doyle his poppa coppa owned had been well thumbed; he still rereads select portions regularly. Once, with great suprise and enthusiasm, he read to me from Sri Aurobindo about how mystery-detective novels had steadily progressed in quality from the days of Sherlock Holmes. I attributed the increase in convolution to the Age of Aquarius, where great mental power will reshape the structure of what we call plot. But he just drew back in himself the way he does and said that the truly remarkable thing about Holmes is that he really lived and solved cases in a very like manner to the way Sir Arthur described it in the stories. I filed this back somewhere with Marlowe being Shakespeare, but since have had recourse to draw his prophetic statement back

into the light. This is to say, I remembered what he said when the truth of it was proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt. But that's for another written exercise at some later date.

Phil's room, at any rate, was a recycling center for all those wierded-out mystery books you see in those third-hand bookstores down tenth avenue ("I gotta make a phone call"—Here, take a page from my novel"). You know the trip: ripped covers revealing faded 1952 semi-clad cuties lying there with guys standing ominously in the background shadows with a knife, or with black gloves on and hats pulled down over their eyes; ripped covers leaving only "angler" for "Strangler" and "se he ar-sighted ph" for *The Case of the Near-sighted Nymph*. Perry Mason, Hercules Poirot, Mike Hammer, he knew them all, their techniques and personalities; the Saint, the Rex Stout series, Mrs. Marple, thirty people I'd never even *heard* of. Every method of murder and manner of solving the crime was locked in his razor-sharp mind, lightning intellect. When we first got together, I figured going down to the Bijou Saturday afternoon to see *Destination: Moon* and *Red Planet Mars* was a farout time (still do); for him, it was off to the Biograph for *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Big Sleep*. He had wanted to be a detective on the NYPD ever since he could remember. Ever since I've known him personally he's been unreal at solving shit, from any kind of puzzle to that time in junior high when he stumbled on the body of that kidnapped girl and picked out the clue that fingered the pathetic creep who did it. You gotta know that made him a local hero, especially in the precinct houses.

Then '67 and '68, the love Haight of the psychedelicatessan for breakfast the early idealism of those cheery bleary Leary days of bummer, and Phil's head, like everybody's, was turned around pretty quick. You really couldn't read the changes at first, he being as secretive as he was. But after that freshman year at Columbia, it was completed. He certainly possessed what Poe marked as the primary quality a detective must have, the analytic mind; that's what got him in the school in the first place. But he was sensitive, too, and possessed intuition and poetic insight; these virtues, with the full light of iconoclasm cast on the American flag led to The Fall so many fell. And for both of us it was a mighty Fall; the sea of the city, adrift, the intellectual supreme, the justification of untamed vision, the nights, some cosmic ache. Then, the decadence, the well of Warhol (another Leo), the abyss. Then the big bust. It pains me to think; Phil tipped me off, I split out the fire escape at a run, something told me to stop and spy through the window. He just sat there and waited, not trying to flush anything (there was a little too much anyway), as the two dope squadders melodramatically broke the door down—two dope squadders and his old man right behind. And the two just stared, eye to eye; God, what a painful and endless moment. When I unroll the skein of my own existence in the afterdeath state, I'm gonna remember to get up and go to the bathroom when that segment comes on. Wow.

Decisions were forced on a lot of people between Woodstock and Altamont. I didn't see a lot of Phil for a while. His father got him off with a strict two year probation; I still hung around with some of our dope smoking friends. He quit

using dope immediately, with him a phase was finished. It still took some months for the law of diminishing returns to imprint itself so plainly in my consciousness that this habit of being could be broken. I finally quit because the point had long been passed wherein the instrument of progression had become the obstructor. Phil just says he quit for spiritual reasons. He told me once in that period, "Al—there are three levels of the sign Scorpio: the Scorpion, the Lizard, and the Eagle. The era of confusion I have finished with is the last time I will ever allow myself to sink to the Lizard state again." I had to believe the man.

Which brings up a point. Phil has forgotten more about the transcendental than I ever knew. No matter what I got into, he had been there first. He's been into occult shit I think he just had to invent himself, it's so damn obscure. I don't know *where* he digs up some of those books he has. Under the heading "Religious Preference" he writes "Metaphysical Eclectic." So it was a tough decision for him. He just couldn't become another hippie piglet like Captain Pater wanted, it was the season after *Mod Squad* premiered, as if to add insult to injury. But he searched his spirit and decided to follow his karmic predetermination: he agreed to dive into the increasingly decadent hip community, attracting more maniacs and opportunists everyday, and pull out solutions for murders and other strictly non-hip acts. So after milling and pooting my life away for a space, I got it back together with him. We share an apartment near where they filmed *Barefoot in the Park* (avenue in Greenwich, where you are guaranteed a Mean Time) and we both go part-time at N.Y.U.

Thank you who stuck it out through section II. I've always admired the great writers who can give all that background jive painlessly, so you may immediately plug me as no great writer. A trial to read, and no great thrill to write, either. Oh yeah, one more thing. On re-reading this section it must seem I have given this guy some James Bond hype. No, it's not like that at all. But just think, y'all on down there, for a minute or two about the very best friend you have in the world. I said friend, not lover. You really don't think about it much because so very much is a given in friendship, simply understood. Maybe if you sat down and really wrote about the very best friend you've got, it wouldn't sound so very different from this. A friend is a beautiful gift; and some have gotten a chance to find out how much he or she can mean. My people, grapple them unto you with hoops of steel; the man spoke Truth. I guess I'd be embarrassed if he read this, sure; so would he. Ah, but that comes of being men and American. Women and men of other countries aren't so neurotic about love and affection. Hmm. If I don't end this section soon, you could use this page to wash dishes with. So. End.

III

Lt. Friedman took the safe and us back with him to the precinct house. Traffic was a bitch. Captain Jenkins greeted his son with the cool and wary cop's eye based on latter day experiences, tinged with a faded affection. The air at the station reeked of paper and stale people.

"Hello, Philip. I see you found your way to the remains of Omega House, Lieutenant. Keeping out of trouble, Al?"

"Hi, Dad."

"Lo, Cap'n."

"How about it, Mr. Jenkins?" I just couldn't bring myself to call a friend's father "Captain," especially one who looks like a serious fifty-year-old version of Soupy Sales.

"Well? What have you got so far?"

"Eight bodies, four male, three female for sure, the eighth probably female." Often in explosion cases absolute i.d. is nearly impossible without resorting to dental work, etc.; of necessity the first reports are sketchy. "Miscellaneous military hardware, traces of every type of explosive except A-bombs, and this." He pointed at the safe we had lugged in.

"I see. Have you got it open yet?" As soon as men get into any position of authority, they start expecting obviously impossible things from their subordinates. That way you start feeling rotten whenever you can't get done what the boss wants, so it reinforces his superiority.

"Uh, no...should I take it downstairs?"

"No. There's somebody over there who knows the combination."

As we turned, the door of an interrogation room swung open, and we were treated to a glimpse of a black woman of maybe twenty, raging eyes and composure obviously shredded by grief. Sgt. Rogers closed the door behind him and walked towards the group who stared at him. A child of the fifties, he was lodged in that peculiar generation between my parents and I; like the other members of that silent and faceless era, he confronted the questions of life with wry, almost bitter, humor and an abiding cynicism that ran as deep as you could cut. Nevertheless, I am easily won over by dry wit, and have always gotten along well with Cancers—though once I got myself in a situation with Rogers which reinforced my observation that when you scrape a Cancer down to the very rind, beyond all vestiges of human games and beyond the outer limits of interpersonal comfort, there is a vision of the black void of Nothingness beyond the most frightening nightmares of the insecure child—or perhaps exactly like those. Witness Hermann Hesse, also a Cancer; remember *Steppenwolfe*? For him too, only humor stood between his existence and annihilation on the block of mediocrity that was Bourgeois society.

"Ah, the ninth member of the commune," Phil observed. "Has she given you her name yet?"

"Yeh, 'Fuck you, Pig,' sound familiar?"

"I recognize the surname, but I'm not too sure about that that Christian name." My humor is peculiarly unappreciated at times like this.

"Her name is Janet Johnson. She won't know the combination, but let me talk to her anyway."

"Be my guest." Rogers, like the rest of us, was only vaguely surprised by the scope of Phil's familiarity. His sphere of influence rivalled even mine, and I know (at a conservative estimate) three thousand people by name. This case was

different, however; Phil had had a black lady as a love for a while. He was one of those lucky few who was automatically accepted by the Black community without distrust. Scorpio rising. Also an intense and appealing strength that was quiet and unpretentious. Even when a brother learned who his old man was, it was cool somehow. Generally from Blacks I get one of those "Man, this Dude is *Crazy*." I was depressed in seeing Rogers so down. "I hope you have better luck than I did," he finished.

Phil walked over to the door and opened it. "Hello, J.J.," he said.

"Aw, hey Phil." She really lit up for a second. It was nice to see. Then she spied us staring dumbly at her, and then her mood changed in a nanosecond: "Oh, I get it—you're workin' for *them* now." I was going to yell out that I wasn't any one of *them*; but then again, what the hell: I'm just another dummy, a human spirit, we're all in this together.

"I know Bill was in that house, J.J. I just want to know who killed him." I figured Bill must have been that black sleeping on the second story of the house. He was crushed and burned like most of the others, but his left leg was fairly intact, so you could see he was black. I found out later J.J. was his sister. This was the first inkling that Phil suspected some conscious foul intent instead of the open-and-shut munitions accident rapped out by Ossifer Friedman on the way back to the station. "You've got to help me find out." We saw her break into sobs and bite her hand as the door slowly closed on the scene, the choked and muffled cries of mourning becoming more distant and hushed as the massive soundproof room closed itself off from us.

We still stood there immobily, as we had done for the half minute since Phil had left our group. Lt. Friedman snapped us out of it: "O.K., so should I take it downstairs?" We all looked around, stunned but relieved at having the spell broken. I guess Rogers, the Captain, and I all shared that dizzying sensation of having been witness to an intensely archetypal moment.

"Well, alright," Capt. Jenkins said in his deliberate manner. "While you boys take this on downstairs, I'll brief you on what we have so far." He waited expectantly.

"Awright, Sergeant, give us a hand." I was one of "us." It took Friedman eighteen years to make sergeant's rank; he got promoted up to lieutenant a couple of years ago when that killer held up a liquor store in Queens and shot four men. Friedman managed to gun down the character even though he took two slugs himself: he got a letter from the commissioner and a form sheet from the president, and a promotion. So he liked to throw his weight around to someone like Rogers, who got his rank after a couple of years studying "Police Science" (P.S. I Love You).

Downstairs housed the old Security Division. Remember *To Catch A Thief*, the flick or the T.V. show? We had a situation something like that, a guy who'd been busted for his lock and safe work, and agreed to work for the city in return for a light sentence. He *thought* he was Alexander Mundi, but he *looked* like Willie "Fingers" Bailey, who, by some odd coincidence, he was. But he also was a stitch to watch. I mean to say, he was a true artist at his chosen trade, approaching the door of a safe as if he were about to unroll the Torah—a first

edition. So while I looked forward right off to Willie sliding into his act, that safe was a heavy bastard, and I wasn't into listening to Jenkin's lugubrious monotone while developing a hernia. The whole way down I couldn't help thinking that this hunk of metal designed to surround money was built during that Pluto-in-Taurus late Victorian and early Edwardian period at the century's turn, when being a millionaire was like being a god, and things were judged good according to their weight, dependability, and practical application. Women wore



bustles and had huge bosoms to match this description; is it any wonder that Woman's Liberation pressed forward most fervently then? I could imagine a generation of safe installers with hernias. It was the age of the truss, too, wasn't it?

Captain Jenkins, meanwhile, droned on: "Well, there was only that old lady on the house in the back who we've been able to question. She's still in shock, but one of my men got a few details. There was an initial explosion of tremendous force, then a series of detonations, culminating in a burst of flame. Now this appears to indicate that one of the eight was setting the mechanism of a bomb involving a delicate detonator, perhaps the electric fuse of a plastic explosive, which fired, starting a chain reaction. How does that sound to you, Lieutenant."

"Yeh, unh-huh, at's how I figure it. Hmph." He was on the down side of the safe as we went downstairs, so he wasn't in a particularly conversive mood. He was strong as an ox. Which reminded me (as I thought that) of Blake's line "One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression;" and since it was the law that *he* had to carry this tonnage, *I* had every right to feel oppressed doing the same thing.

"So as of yet, we haven't been able to round up any other witnesses: but you can't really expect anybody out at that hour of the morning in that neighborhood to be particularly cooperative. And while I would agree our assessment is accurate, Nick, Mrs. Ferguson told us one more thing which just doesn't seem to tie in with the rest of the theory. Just before the first explosion, she heard an uncanny and frightening scream that lasted at least a full five seconds or more."

"That figures," said jolly old Lt. Nick. "It seemed like some of those people had been alerted somehow. Maybe those in the basement or on the first story." We were just turning into the Safe and Lock room as he said this; he had obviously gotten used to the weight by now. Meanwhile Rogers and I on the other end were about done in.

As we finally set the thing on the counter, Rogers groaned and straightened out his spinal cord. It sounded like somebody playing a washboard, or I was having ear-hallucinations from the strain. "Just what the hell was the old lady doing up at five in the morning anyhow?" He was ragged for sure today.

"Well," began the Captain in his schoolteacherly tone, "she was kept up some nights suffering from her eye operation. The doctors do seem fairly optimistic that she can recover her vision. What do you think Al?" I was thinking that if he started one more sentence with "well" I'd dance out of there like Daffy Duck. I'd long ago given up saying "that's a deep subject" when I noticed I had used it three times before the same day. It's enough to drive you crazy, but you can't just walk up to him like he had B.O. or enough dandruff to be Kilimanjaro and say, "I understand how difficult it must be to discuss your painful personal problem—starting every damned sentence with "well"—but have you heard about "Wellaway"?" So instead I said: "What do I think? I think I got out of a cool bed at 5:30 this morning to grovel through the scene of the gruesome death of eight people so I could carry a four hundred pound safe through a precinct house, just because *your* son is an acquaintance of mine. I also think that if I can

never dance again I'll sue the city for a bundle."

Just then Phil popped in: "Come on, Al, you couldn't be safer in your own bed." I hate puns, unless I make them. In this case, it was kicking a man while he was down. "Sure, Al, you can play safety;" Willie bounded over to the table. It was Rogers who added insult to injury: "except in your case, Al, it's the fail-safe." "Will no one save me from this," I muttered.

The good Captain obliged. "Another challenge in your professional career, 'Fingers'." He took Dick Tracy seriously.

Willie was genuinely insulted. You call *this* a challenge? Gimme five minutes, one of them silent, and it'll be opened." As he went about preparing for his moment on stage, Phil and his father talked.

"What do you have on the people in the house, Dad?"

"Well, Phillip, we know nine men and women lived there on a fairly permanent basis. We had the place under surveillance purely because it was frequented by known drug users. Two of the men were linked with militant organizations, and one had a criminal record."

"Jerry Schmidt."

"Right. Well, I see that she talked after all."

"What do you have on him?"

"Two counts of attempting to incite riots, and we suspected him of distributing Molotov Cocktails during that Columbia business." His wince betrayed that the mention of the school touched a sore spot between the two.

"Didn't you still suspect him of working with explosives? There must have been other known revolutionaries going in and out. How else could the transfer of weaponry on that large a scale occur?"

"Now, hold on a second there, Philip." The Captain was very sensitive to charges of incompetency levelled at his men, even if only implied. "I had two of my best men on the case. No one went in or out of that house with any munitions, or anything other than grocery bags, except when this Schmidt scored hash, which he did maybe twice a week."

"You know who the dealer was."

"Sure, some Egyptian citizen going to school here. One of our undercover men purchased hash from him. He dealt very locally and very little, and since he was protected by diplomatic immunity, we let him alone. I'll give you the address." Those Bozos in the Vice Squad Narcotics Division who dressed like heepies and went around busting people were too much. *Their* trip was a *Mod Squad* thing ("These kids can get into places WE CAN'T"), and they dressed to suit the bill. They're pathetically easy to spot. I never figured out whether it was the red polka-dotted v-neck shirts with buttons bearing a hand marked the peace sign or those wigs. They'd come on with "Hey, man, let's smoke some *Dope*." They were the only figures allowed legally by society to get stoned, and they acted like it. The abuses of their power are legend in underground circles. So I was immediately suspicious.

So was Phil, and our eyes met for a second. "You mean to say," he continued, "that you never searched their cars or got reports of any recurring visitors?"

"No, not that at all. We had the car searched at night maybe three times. They only had one communal car, a maroon 1959 Oldsmobile. One character came by maybe once a week, and that was one of those Krishna people asking for money. Every time somebody with a charity gimmick came by, they'd give money. But this Krishna character apparently figured them for an easy mark and kept coming on back. Other than that, they led a quiet and straight kind of life. So we had no reason to suspect anything other than a bunch of pot parties and free love went on inside."

The generation gap became painfully obvious at times like that. Fortunately, Willie was ready for his minute of silence, in memoriam for a late, great, uncracked safe. He's too much. Sandpaper on the fingers, stethoscope, the whole bit. He glowered at Friedman, who was shuffling his feet, then leaned into the work. True to his word, one minute later we were staring at the contents of the safe: two bowls for hookahs, of an obviously high quality, to coin a phrase; assorted blasting caps and detonators each carefully wrapped and sealed off; and then, and mostly these, were an odd assortment of huge bohunks of hash: it was like a Whitman's Sampler for hash heads. Phil walked over to get a closer look.

"May I?" he inquired in that abstract tone which meant his mind was somewhere whizzing past Betelgeuse III.

"Don't touch those caps or those two funnels, we'll need them for prints." I could see the free association in the Captain's mind between any drug use and where it would eventually lead. But fortunately, unlike Friedman in his moral sense, he was incapable of connecting the find with the phrase "getting one's mind blown."

"No, I just want to examine the hash. You ever see anything like these round chunks, Al?"

"Y'know, I remember seeing some old silent film taken in Turkey a couple of years ago. These dudes were sitting in some tent around a huge hookah with water running through it and four or five hoses; it must have been seven feet tall. And there was a hunk of hash the size of a baseball sitting up on top with smoke pouring out like a steam engine. You ever see anything like that?" Gads, I was stoned at the time, watching some late night newsreel trip. This was like a half-pound of hash at a throw, too.

"Umm. These thin bricks are Number One grade Afghani hash; the rolled balls appear to be Lebanese, I'm not sure."

"What does the 'Number One' refer to, Philip?" Captain Jenkins was learning to become a little less uneasy when Phil displayed his erudition.

"There are seven grades of hash in Afghanistan, stamped according to quality and priced accordingly. This is Number One, the very best. Usually the best that gets out of the country to America is maybe Four or Five; to get this would require money or contacts."

"You mean like a Palestinian guerilla-type organization, they feed his habit if he performs terrorist acts in the U.S.?" Brilliant exercise in logical reasoning, I thought.

"I dunno. Maybe." That means "you are a sounding board for my genius, and your idea was considered and rejected two minutes ago."

"What do we do with the girl, Philip, this J.J.?"

"You have to let her go, there's no charge against her. Have her tailed. She'll probably go to this Egyptian dealer's house. Also, let me have a radio car for today and let me take a few samples of this hash."

"That's a lot of contraband to carry around. Well, alright; you have until tonight at eight, then you have to check back in." Captain Jenkins had learned to trust implicitly his son's requests in the past eighteen or so months; Phil had more than proved himself. Still, it was a mighty pill to swallow to allow his son the very stuff which alienated the two from each other; I flashed back for a painful moment to the bust...

"I'm for coffee and doughnuts. How does that sound?" Ah, Ossifer Friedman came through again.

"I'm all over you, lewd-tenant." Everyone echoed my sentiments, and began to file out of the room. Phil got some baggies for the hash, and I went ahead and followed the group out. Just as I got to the outer door, he called me back. I went back, slightly peeved: the idea of something as down to earth as coffee and doughnuts, of all plastic things, was super appealing after the death-filled early morning I'd just spent.

"Here, Al. Take a close look at this hashball. See anything odd?" It was uniformly brown, burnette-colored, pungent, probably hand-rolled while still malleable. Nothing odd. "Now look at this one, and this one, too. What is the difference between these two and the first one?"

"Wow, that *is* odd. There seems to be a line, like an equator between the two hemispheres. Coarser surface, finger indentations, lack of uniform color. And if I start seeing continents and seas, I'll know just how susceptible I am to a contact high. You coming?"

"No, you go ahead. I'll come up in a second."

As I left him and walked out into the hall, I suddenly felt just how spaced out I really was. I'm just too sensitive for this kind of work, it really takes its toll. As I trudged upstairs to the lounge, I happened to glance at the clock. Shit man, it was only 8:41 in the morning. It had already been a long day; I felt achey all over and kind of hollow, that weary general agony, what the commercial called the blahs. It had been one of the strangest days I had ever spent; and as I turned the corner to begin the last flight of stairs before the second floor, I looked up the staircase to the pale green door half-propped open by one of those old weird rubber things that serves only one purpose which is propping open doors; and I instantly realized that the insane strangeness of this day had just barely, barely, barely begun.

Editor's note: This is part one of a two-part story. The conclusion will appear in the spring Archive.

Ezra Stiles

NOW WE ARE (TWENTY-) SIX: AUGUST 6 , 1971

when tree-toed toads told three-toed sloths seven silky tales,
 we thought our way through parallels not thoroughly pointless.
 it wasn't then, though, that we wallowed,
 wasn't then that we followed
 warning with warring:

french-fried foreigners screaming sans friendly firefighters
 in hole-hollowed homes across the sea--
 déjà s'est passé?

no, not then the execrable excuses, oozing and soothing, weary and worn.
 that was theirs until thereafter
 ours was farther, refracted.
 no: when tree-toed toads told three-toed sloths seven silky tales,
 we sat, smiling, and listened.

H.K.

A YOUNG BALLET

The dancer appeared.
 But whether or not he was prepared,
 It was time,
 His partner was there, unwaiting
 On the set stage
 For unrehearsed steps.--

Which

In movement put a terrible confusion
 To mute faces held
 In the moods of dance.

*

But while the spun partner
 Smiled, or lowered her eyes,
 And he leapt, or lowered his head,
 Whether swung close or apart,
 The lights kept on;
 And they were the dancers.

Mary must have felt the strangeness,
 Her life had intertwined with his
 From the first night's annunciation.
 In all the years since then
 There had been much to wonder at,
 Though at times she could almost
 Forget the miracles. Now she knew
 Her son was not just her son
 Hanging at the meeting point
 Between reality and the noncreation.

Dark, formless, grey plains.
 Not the void before the stars were lit;
 A deeper darkness, which only he
 Had seen, always a part of him
 Where he was alone with death.
 He would reject this place
 Breaking its power and terror;
 Already light edged in, anxiously
 Peering through the gloom behind him
 Awaiting an Easter's dawn.

Andy Hicks

ON DALI'S CRUCIFIXION

Donna Landry

TWO WEEKS AFTER FELLINI

The wind is an ostrich boa
against pale skin.

I stride through trees
in my jacket (of the padded shoulders)
noticing leaves
dry as
laxative applause.
from every bad poetry reading I've ever heard (and
even two of the good ones).

I step over a tree root and find a man.
Under the left of my hobnailed feet I see a man.
I raise my foot and free a professor. An interloper.
An interloping professor.

The bored orgy
around my neck
and no taste to my lips,
I slip past,
my throat closing
and jacketless
but ready to confess.

Tom House

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE DECADE

have all Controls collapsed?
 Demons strap me to the Wall
 and force me to admire them.
 they paint my Face on Mirrors.
 they stroke my Body as i struggle.
 this, they tell me, is Love.

the Women call upon me
 and expect my best Behavior,
 anticipating my Habits
 to be civilized, at least.
 i fool them.

Pauline swallows her Fingers;
 likewise, i swallow mine.
 snaggle-toothed and arc-eyed,
 their Passports in their Laps,
 the Women lean to Privilege.

modestly,
 i cross one Leg over the Other.

2.

no.
 i am no more Fluid now than then.
 my Thoughts become solid
 Chunks in my Mouth.
 i am too heavily into Parentheses
 and the Perfume of the Capsules.
 i am Drunk, Day and Night.
 i no longer consider the Jewels
 cosmetic.

Pauline could explain it.
 she knew Everything about me.
 she was with me on the Wall.
 she was with me under the Micro-
 scope.
 she was even with me
 on the last Night of the Decade
 when i slit the protective
 Casing (with a madman's, vague
 Apologies)

and split my Eyes onto the
 Floor
 with a cold and empty Laughter.

METAPHOR

Bill Marquess

I am not a seed, a leaf,
 or strand of grass,
 And you are not a star.
 Tonight I read an old romance;
 I pictured you as her.

And I know more and more
 that poems are a lonely pass
 And she is very far
 From here
 And she is ever far;

And yet I pictured you as her
 and you in fleeting moments were
 And yet were not a star;
 And I am not a strand of grass
 And she is very far.

N.P. Gilliland

WONDERS

Conceptions of Debra cruise through my mind
 Like so many elk in a stream,
 Their eyes and their antlers all clearly defined,
 But their substance as vague as a dream.

And I constantly wonder what time will reveal--
 How the deer will emerge from the deep--
 Will they vanish in sunlight like something unreal,
 Or come graze on the grass where I sleep?

BookReviews

Tyler, Anne The Clock Winder. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972. 312 pp.

People who need people are not always the luckiest people in the world: people who need people to need them may be worse off yet. Such are the separate but equally important themes which Anne Tyler (Duke, 1960) explores in her latest novel, *The Clock Winder*. This novel examines the effect a young college student has on the wealthy but stagnating Emerson family with whom she spends a year. In doing so, it poses the question of what our real motives are when we reach out to help someone. Are those people who make it a point to be there when you need them—who offer counseling and cookies when you're down—really doing this out of concern or out of their need to see themselves in a certain light? Tyler has no ready answers — does anyone? — but her ways of posing the question are both original and provocative.

Elizabeth Abbott comes to work for the Emerson family in the fall of 1960, when she is twenty years old. Hardly a *femme fatale*, she is described as being lanky and flat chested with her good points being her "calmness and silence and the neat twists of her hands as she fixes chairs." Elizabeth has been hired as a handyman (handyperson?) and she refuses to do housework out of fears she will become just a maid. Elizabeth fixes chairs and faucets: for a time it seems that she can fix lives as well. Mrs. Emerson, the aging matriarch, finds her indispensable while two of the sons, Matthew and Timothy, compete for her attention, aid, and—eventually—love. Only when tragedy strikes in the form of Timothy's suicide does Elizabeth, if not the rest of the family, come to realize the presumptuousness of anyone trying to be an emotional handyman as well.

Despite the seeming somberness of the topic, the novel combines comic details with tragedy in a fashion reminiscent of Welty. At Timothy's funeral, for example, Tyler describes the chief mood of as being one of irritation. "All over Matthew's pew," Tyler writes, "exasperated jerks traveled like ripples. Margaret tore triangles out off the pages of her hymnbook until Melissa slammed it shut. Matthew shoved his glasses higher for the dozenth time and received another jab in the side." Even the minister, at this irreverent and quiet believable funeral, is bored.

Tyler's talent for creating memorable and quite lively scenes becomes evident throughout the book. One vivid instance is Elizabeth's wedding where Elizabeth does what most of us have dreamed of seeing, if not doing: she says "no" at the altar. Escaping from the church with one of the Emerson daughters, she says, "Well, shoot, Margaret, it's the weddings you cry at, not the escapes from them."

Tyler's ability to avoid sloppy sentiment is commendable. She pulls off sticky scenes—Mrs. Emerson having a stroke while one of her daughters, unknowing, quarrels with her over the telephone—so sternly that your heart strings remain

firmly in place. Perhaps Tyler is a little too cool, for, in the end, you find that while you're interested you don't really care very much about what happens to her perturbed and, with the exception of Elizabeth, plaintive characters who don't quite seem to make contact with each other.

Still, *The Clock Winder* remains an interesting and unified work. It seems to be one of the more skillful of recent novels in examining why, when we reach out for each other with the best of intentions, we mess each other up so badly.

Eve Silberman

Chappell, Fred *The Gaudy Place*. New York: Harcourt-Brace Jovanovich, 1973. 191 pp.

The American novelist is renowned for his excesses. Whether or not the aspirants point to the left field bleachers and publicly announce, à la Norman Mailer, that they intend to hit the long ball, most try. The consistent result is big, formless and predictably pretentious. American writers have, as Walker Percy said, "a kind of metaphysical omnivorousness. American novels tend to be about everything."

A novel, then, that is well-written, tight and perceptive is refreshing. It speaks clearly and more successfully to us than those peers that wallow in their own profundities. *The Gaudy Place* by Fred Chappell (Duke 1957) is an example.

A short book (less than 200 pages) *The Gaudy Place* develops its story through five points of view. Five shifting perspectives that alternate between intimate and tangential relationships.

Arkie, a 14-year-old waif and accomplished con; Clemmie, at 19 three years a whore; and Oxie, a Greek pimp with ambitions beyond his station, present the "gaudy place." Linn Harper, a high school senior, reads science fiction, Steinbeck and "Camoos." He and his father provide the occasion of the interaction between the comfortable southern town and its underside.

Gimlet Street is the place, a honky tonk and juke section of Bracboro, N.C. Its character emerges with the individuals and those it touches as Gimlet spills into respectable Bracboro.

This is the South and Chappell is a Southerner but the book is light-free from the convolutions and ponderous burdens that have apparently been the southern writer's heritage from the last generation. The prose is clean, terse at times, and precisely compatible with a plot that must wind delicately through a structure built around characterization.

Chappel captures the flavor and sense of place that is in the finest tradition of the Southern novel without conceding the artifical and obvious debt to style. *The Gaudy Place* is deftly constructed, the characters work, and there is only a hint of the academican. This is not the "Great American Novel" and was not intended to be. It is however, an attendant lord of the first order.

Austin Triggs

the department of english

and the archive

are pleased to announce the appearance of

JOHN KNOWLES

author of 'a separate peace'

at duke

november 26 — 30

Mr. Knowles will meet with individuals and small groups during the week to discuss student writing. He will also give a lecture open to the entire university community.



Notes on Contributors

SHEILA REBECCA ADAMS is a native Durhamite.

T. L. ANONYMOUS is anonymous.

SAM ATLEE, a 1973 Duke graduate, is now serving with the Peace Corps in Tunisia. "Just the Whites of His Eyes" won first place in last year's Anne Flexner contest.

SUZANNE AUSTNIT is a freshperson from New York City who says, "Yeats and Eliot are all there is."

J.B. is a semi-loser from the Deep South.

JANE BERLIN, an Art major, is studying under Vernon Pratt this year.

PETER BURIAN is a professor of classical studies at Duke.

JAY McPHERSON CHEESMAN lives in Babama, N.C. and is a graduate student in German.

JULIAN CHESTNY is an escapee.

JANICE DUFF served as art editor of the Archive in 1961-62.

JAMES DUNBAR, a graduate of Colgate University, is studying for his masters degree in English at Duke.

MIKE ELLSWORTH is a 1973 graduate now living in Durham. "Nostalgia Land" won second place in the 1973 Academy of American Poets competition.

FARLEY GIBSON loves yogurt and biking.

N.P. GILLILAND's poetry appeared in last year's Archives.

ALFRED STARR HAMILTON, a 58-year-old poet living in Montclair, New Jersey, has published in previous Archives. He is the author of **The Poems of Alfred Starr Hamilton**, published in 1970 by the Jargon Society.

ANDY HICKS, from West Virginia, writes poetry and music.

WINNIE HINSON is an artist and doodler from Florida.

TOM HOUSE has been published in previous Archives.

ALLEN JAMISON sent this story from his home, New York City. He is reputed to have played a role in the violence at Columbia University in 1968.

H. K. remains hidden.

DONNA LANDRY is a sophomore English major studying creative writing under James Applewhite.

LEE LOURDEAUX, a senior English major from San Francisco, has been published in west coast reviews.

L. M. is unknown to all but one.

D. H. MADSEN, a member of the Duke community since 1966, has been published in previous Archives. He is a graduate student in French.

BILL MARQUESS, junior, is "still imitating" but getting better all the time.

PAT McNELLIS is a sophomore and poetry editor of the *Archive* studying creative writing under James Applewhite.

STEVE MILLER is a 1973 graduate living in Durham.

JAMES R. B. NASHHOLD is studying creative writing under Reynolds Price.

STEPHEN SELBY is a senior English major studying creative writing under Gerald Monsman.

HELEN SMITH, a native of Durham, is a senior Art major.

JOHN STEVENSON is a history major studying creative writing under Gerald Monsman. "Four Poems" won first place in the 1973 Academy of American Poets competition.

EZRA STILES incognito.

SUSAN TIFFT is a 1973 graduate who is currently editor of the Institute of Policy Sciences and Public Affairs newsletter.

PETER TRIAS, a member of Reynolds Price's creative writing class, is a student at U.N.C.

COREY WALKER comes from Manbasset, New York, and is a senior Art major.

WIMPY is a lost soul.

TIM WESTMORELAND, a sophomore from Blowing Rock, N.C., is a merry prankster.

The uncredited print appearing on page one of the Spring, 1973 Archive was done by Melinda Cowen.



QUADRANGLE PICTURES

Nov. 10, 11 6 & 9 pm	"FIDDLER ON THE ROOF"
Nov. 17, 18 7 & 9:15 pm	"SLEUTH"
Nov. 25 7 & 9 pm	"SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY"
Dec. 1, 2 7 & 9:30 pm	"CABARET"
Dec. 8, 9 7 & 9:30 pm	"MAN OF LA MANCHA"
Dec. 15, 16 7 & 9:15 pm	"FELLINI'S ROMA"
Dec. 17 7 & 9 pm	"HOSPITAL"
Dec. 18 7 & 9 pm	"LAST SUMMER"
Dec. 19 7 & 9:30 pm	"AVANTI"
Sun., Jan 13 7 & 9:30 pm	"HITLER' THE LAST TEN DAYS"

Duke University Stores

• Duke University Store

• East Campus Store

• Duke University Bookstore



• Duke University Vending Service

YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR PATRONAGE

DAVID
FOWLER

Duke
University
Barbershop

BOOKS

Thousands of hardcovers,
quality paperbacks,
and foreign magazines.



LITTLE PROFESSOR BOOK CENTER

University Square
143 WEST FRANKLIN ST
DOWNTOWN CHAPEL HILL
open every day



The Blue and White Room

*A great variety of
foods for every
meal*



The Oak Room

*Waitress service
A la Carte Menu
Many other fine foods*

The University Room

Special meals



The Cambridge Inn

*....to serve you
at all times*



SPECIAL FUNCTION AND CATERING SERVICE

Duke University Dining Halls

Alfred Starr Hamilton
41 South Willow St.
Montclair, N. J.

Oct. 16, 1973

Dear Editors;

That I am free. That I
am immune. That I am immune from all
Church beliefs. That I am immune from
all forms of criminology. That I am
immune everywhere else too. That I am free.

Sincerely,

Alfred Hamilton



DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

MAY 2 1974

v.86,no.2,1974 bound separately because of format

Archives
27v.756
T833G

Le ordinaire.

Editor, John Allen Stevenson
Poetry Editor, Donald Slowik
Prose Editor, Austin Triggs
Art Editor, Holly Brubach
Layout Editor, Georgann Eubanks

Editorial Assistants
Jeff Haring Donna Landry
Tim Westmoreland

Art Assistant, Sally Donnell

Poetry Committee
Susan Allison Florrie Funk
Ed Harrison Lee Lourdeaux
Tom Noland

Prose Committee
Janice Farrell Jim McIntosh
Helen Moffett Bill Pauley
Ira Sandron Eve Silberman

The Archive

VOLUME EIGHTY-SIX
NUMBER TWO ~~TWO~~ THREE
SPRING 1974

A magazine of the literary and visual arts published by the students of Duke, University, Durham, North Carolina. All material copyright, 1974, by The Archive.

Contents

FICTION

Robyn Underdahl, <i>Gains and Losses</i>	8
David Mangum, <i>The Gypsy and the Rake</i>	16
Eve Silberman, <i>Tennis</i>	26
Stephen Rojac, <i>The Stalls</i>	45
Allen Jameson, <i>Case Number Four (Conclusion)</i>	59

POETRY

Denise Levertov, <i>Knowing the Unknown</i>	5
Herman Salinger, <i>Mabler Tentb</i>	6
Lee Lourdeaux, <i>My Rose</i>	7
Florrie Funk, <i>Three Poems</i>	12
Donald Slowik, <i>He Wishes His Beloved Were A Radio</i>	22
Jeffrey David Talmadge, <i>Autumn in South Texas, 1963</i>	23
Jim Krailler, <i>Campfire at Blackwater Falls</i>	24
James Applewhite, <i>William Blackburn, Riding Westward</i>	32
Julie Ross, <i>Laughing Woman is Gone for Good</i>	34
Donna Landry, <i>Six Poems</i>	36
Peter Klappert, <i>Two Poems</i>	41
C. X. Kee, <i>Les 105 Canons</i>	42
Louis Auld, <i>Laus Horizontalitatis</i>	43
Mark Wings, <i>Beginnings</i>	44
Tom House, <i>the sons of attis and i</i>	54
Georgann Eubanks, <i>A Portrait of Poverty: Mea Culpa?</i>	56
Rick Stansberger, <i>Boy Presumed Drowned in Lake Superior</i>	70
Alfred Starr Hamilton, <i>Violet</i>	71
Claudia March Wischner, <i>Two Poems</i>	72
Tim Westmoreland, <i>Two Poems</i>	73

Charles J. Mathews, <i>Tom Kale</i>	74
John Stevenson, <i>Ariel's Lie: The Fading</i>	75
Jay Dunbar, <i>Abbots Ford (home of Sir Walter Scott)</i>	76
Brooke Davis <i>Hamada Bowl</i>	77
Dallas Newsom, <i>God Give Us Men</i>	78

GRAPHIC ART

Betsy Elkins, <i>Nude</i>	4
Buzz Fong, <i>Pencil Sharpener</i>	11
Helen Smith, <i>Charcoal Study</i>	31
Steve Miller, <i>Swirls</i>	35
Buzz Fong, <i>pen and ink</i>	58
Sally Donnell, <i>cbarcoal</i>	69
Valerie Trofatter, <i>Etching</i>	79

REVIEWS	80
-------------------	----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	84
---------------------------------	----





Denise Levertov

Knowing The Unknown

Our trouble
is only the trouble anyone,
all of us, thrust from the ancient
holding-patterns, down towards
runways newbuilt,
knows; the strain
of flying wing by wing, not knowing
ever if both of us will land: the planet
under the clouds—
does it want us? Shall we be welcome,
we of air, of metallic
bitter rainbows,
of aching wings? Can we dissolve
like coins of hail,
touching down,
 down to the dense, preoccupied,
skeptical green world, that does not know us?

Herman

Salinger

Mahler Tenth

Hangs the thin thread
the most immortal
spiderweb hangs and spins
on prongs of pain.
While the pain comes
comes the refrain
and what is dead
can nevermore be dead
but will hang dying.
Forever death comes
flying, flying
on muted kettle drums.

My Rose

Beaded in sweat my rose
survives the burning sun
by drooping slowly lower
 stroking the ground
with each heat wind of blows.

The petal tips obey
the unseen air, brushing
earth in scarlet stains
 of sweat trickling
to subterranean bays:

thickening pools of red
cool in lightless eaverns
and melt with walls of carbon;
 rock veins then draw
the liquid to loam overhead.

So the roses are drained
in soil white dry from sun-beat;
blood color pulses from blooms
 then white-ash pure
they rise to the sun in flames.

Lee Lourdeaux

Gains and Losses

Karl McKenna had been born on Christmas Day and he was God's gift to the world. An only child, his parents should have counted themselves lucky that he was still living with them at twenty-four. Who would take out the garbage if he weren't there? Or more importantly, who would fill the house with the voices of the young and healthy in the evenings? Who would drive out the thin silence draped over the rooms by the old?

His mother complained of beer cans and ashes. "This isn't a fraternity house in Denver, Karl. You've been home for two years now and you're still trying to live like a college student."

"I don't consider myself over the hill quite yet, Mom."

"Well, you're heading straight downhill. You talk about Harve Murphy being a drunkard—take a look at yourself, Karl. It just isn't the best way to start out in life, that's all."

"Look, Mom, I'm assistant manager of the Winona branch. What more could you hope for in two years?"

At this point her full lips would be drawn into a tight grim line and she would be glaring at his sulking face. He would look out the window and breathe thickly. The kitchen was always stuffy when she was in it.

Fortunately his father left him alone except for occasional disappointed comments.

"Why don't you dress decently, Karl? A tie wouldn't strangle you. I'd never hire a guy like you. You always dress like a slob."

He had considered leaving home. But his pittance of a salary would never support a car and room and board all at once. And he couldn't be without wheels—that was out of the question. No, the elegant ranch-style house by the golf course would have to do for now, even if it were cohabited by his parents.

But tonight they ate in silence. No one ventured an argument. They had told him about Uncle Lloyd when he got home and asked him not to decide immediately. Think about it, they said. Karl forced himself to eat two pork chops. Mrs. McKenna strove to keep up the pleasant-table-atmosphere she so often lectured about to her husband and son.

"Gracious, what a blizzard! They'll surely have to call off elementary school tomorrow."

"Umm."

"I hate to compliment myself, but these chops are delicious! Have another one, Karl."

It was mid-January, about zero degrees. Since three o'clock the river valley from Lake City to La Crosse had been trapped under thick, white snow clouds, pouring themselves out over the frozen river and its towns. From the picture window the McKennas could not see the row of blue spruces in the front yard, let alone the seventh tee, or the sunset. But by now it was dark and Mrs. McKenna had finished chewing her last bite. Karl excused himself and put on his shearling coat.

"When Mike calls, tell him I've gone."

"Well, where shall I tell him?"

"Don't tell him anywhere." Karl wound a woolen muffler around his neck and stuffed his gloves and stocking into his pockets.

The snow swept across his face, soothing and cool. He slide into his beloved 240-Z and felt for the lights. The knob was out. Shit. Battery dead. Damn blizzard—he could never remember to turn the lights off in the daytime.

Karl slammed shut his car door. "Dad!" He stomped toward the house and halted a few steps short. Ask his father for the car? Pulling on his gloves, he was glad for the privacy the blizzard afforded—it had muffled his shouting. He didn't want to ask his father. It was pleasant out here. How stupid of him to have left his lights on. Yet perhaps a walk would clear his thoughts.

The snow devoured the golf course. Karl half walked, half slid down the hill. When the ground leveled off he knew he was on the fairway of six. Already the snow was more than a foot deep. Lifting his feet high for every step he moved down the fairway, a small figure lost in the whirling snow.

"Your Uncle Lloyd is very sick, Karl. You have his blood-type."

If a man will sue thee at the law and take away the kidney, let him have thy heart also. And thy liver and thy brain and guts.

"You mean he wants it? ...my kidney?"

The dark curls of his hair were filled with snow. Hit the basket—hit the rim—Come on Karl—drop it in! Karl McKenna: Athlete of the Year, and not even a senior. In college too, he had played basketball and hockey. An indispensable member of the team, Coach Kenny had said. He didn't even flinch that year when the coach threatened to "clean out" the team. Kick off all the useless members. The year before he had dreamed of being cast into the outer darkness where unprofitable members wept and gnashed their teeth. And Jesus was standing over him with his whistle, throwing basketballs at his face.

Karl chuckled silently into the wind. He had been so shy then. Even afraid to ask Vicki Kowalcek to Prom. Later he wasn't so hesitant. Any girl would go, he knew. And he dated them all.

"You need a girlfriend, Karl."

"Cut the crap, Mother. When I want to get married I will."

"Well who are those girls that come over with your friends?"

"Oh just different girls."

"Why don't you start dating one of them?"

"I'm not interested, Mom."

"Why are they here, then? Where do you meet them?"

"They're just girls we meet at Four Queens and bring home for some fun."

"I guess all the nice girls your age are already engaged. Why don't you call up Janice?"

"Lay off, Mom."

Karl dragged himself up the steep hill to the tee. From here he could normally see the club house, most of the course, and a number of the surrounding houses, his own included. Tonight he saw only snow, suprisingly white in the darkness.

"Karl, you certainly don't have to give him one. Everyone would understand."

Cut it out, Mom. Please don't make me. I need my kidneys. I want both. Uncle Lloyd. A fat man with no ability in business. Karl said nothing. Christ before Pilate. How could he defend his feelings? What are you, chicken? Makes me sick! Weak and absurd like Christ before Pilate. He bumped into something with his foot.

Karl headed down to where he knew the bridge to be. It was an advantage to know the course so well, whether playing golf, walking with some chick, or wandering in a snowstorm. If only he could walk on snow without sinking down with each step. Hey, Jesus, what was your trick on the water? Karl snickered at the thought of some guy sliding all over the water on pontoon shoes. His feet sank still more deeply with each step. Heavily, achingly his legs carried him, leaving the house-by-the-golf-course further and further behind.

Once he had had his appendix removed. If the appendix offend thee, pluck it out. The hospital was very white and cold and he had screamed in pain. Mrs. Bareel, the Sunday school teacher had come. "God bless you," she said. A Byzantine Christ with paint peeling off his face stared a two fingered blessing at him from the card.

His ears were numb. Taking the wool cap from his pocket he shook the clots of snow from his hair and pulled it down over his ears. Crossing the ninth green he climbed up to the road. The snow was slacking off. For ten or fifteen feet ahead he could see the road, distinguishable only as a path between rows of trees. Two feet of drifted snow erased all signs of pavement.

Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Clara sometimes had Thanksgiving at their house. Swimming in gravy and smothered under cranberry sauce, Uncle Lloyd would eat two or three servings of turkey. No wonder his kidneys gave out! Karl laughed. The tightness in his abdomen remained. A clean silver knife would slice a fine straight line across his lower back. Right or left? Whichever you prefer. If a man smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. Forget it. If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and...Better luck next time, God.

An edge of the full moon peered through an opening in the clouds. Exhausted and empty, the clouds were floating rapidly south. Karl inhaled the crisp January air. The road waited for him, visible now until swallowed by a curve. A long, white bed of snow where no feet had gone before. If he followed it he would come to the house in which his parents lived. They would be waiting for him.

"Have you decided, Karl?" She would try to smile. Have you decided to give my brother your kidney? Or shall he die?

The arrangements would be already made. The nurses would be ready with needles and towels. The doctors would salute him, knives in hand. A clean-sheeted hospital bed would be waiting for him. Perhaps the room next to Uncle Lloyd.

Karl shook as the cold penetrated his legs. He turned from the moon, now fully in sight, to go the other way. His own shadow preceeded him, tall and foreboding. The sky was clear and the air grew colder by the minute—probably 15 below now.

Surveying the stars he turned round. Behind him, Orion hung low in the sky over the moonlit road. Karl remembered how once on a lonely road across a desolate plain a tall lean man walked with sad eyes turned upward. A great city lay in the distance, and beyond the city walls, a hill. Won't you let this cup pass from me?

Karl's footfalls made no sound as he followed the road home. Behind him came his shadow and, he was almost certain, one whose shoes he was not worthy to unlace.



Pencil Sharpener

Florrie Funk

Three poems

Ballad

Woman-child, woman-child, why did you go
From the table your mama had spread?
And violet-eyed woman-child, where have you gone
Leaving yet smooth your own quilted bed?

I went for a walk out beyond the blue streetlamps
To think of my future alone;
And I passed by the churchyard and stood by the river,
Where the mist is so still on the quick-moving river,
And I thought of my future alone.

But woman-child, woman-child, why did you stay
From the table your mama had spread?
And violet-eyed woman-child, where do you sleep
Now you never come home to your bed?

Well, while I stood thinking beyond the blue streetlamps,
 And feeling quite cold and alone,
 I heard in the moonlight a warm, warm voice,
 Where the mist lay so still on the quick-moving river.
 It asked me could I be alone.

And I was alone and so cold in the moonlight,
 So I answered it, yes, I'm alone.
 And the voice was a man's and he said, walk with me
 Where the mist is so still on the quick-moving river,
 If you would not walk here alone.

So we walked in the night out beyond the blue streetlamps
 And thought of no future alone;
 For his voice seemed as warm as my own mama's table.
 Though we walked where the mist lay so chill on the river,
 We spoke of no futures alone.

When the sunlight awoke and blinked out the blue streetlamps,
 I lay in the churchyard alone.
 Though his voice was so warm, yet his hands, they were cold,
 And he touched me like mist on the quick-moving river,
 Then vanished and left me alone.

So, woman-child, woman-child, there you will stay
 From the table your mama had spread,
 And violet-eyed woman-child, there you will sleep
 And will never come home to your bed.

November morning in your shadow-cluttered room
And outside, the wind is scattering the leaves
Of a still warm morning lying in the leaves,
Still breathing deeply scattering the leaves
With her cooling, drowsing breath.
And you and I in your sleep-rumpled bed
Have touched like the leaves
Blown together through the doorsill
By the heavy-breathed lady still resting from the summer,
The hot-bodied summer, who is now moved on.
I pull the blanket up across my breast
And the wind stirs again the leaves against the pane,
So I kiss your shoulder and you touch my hair
And the touch speaks nothing of the hot-bodied summer.
Against the window the breath stirred leaves
Scatter their shadows across your room,
And our lips touch like the shadows.

In the warm dark corners of the winter months,
In the silence-secret places where no one looked,
No one knew, something grew,
And unfurled its tender leaves
In the full moonlight
And spread its fragile roots
Through the long silver nights
And a little patch of certainty was woven in the soil
Of the long-eroded wasteland of the heart.

In spring, on sweet liquid evenings and opal dawns,
Beside open windows and clear water,
Flowers formed, sapid, warmed
By rays of common ken.
And the roots took hold
Through the timid floors and arches
Of an underground soul.
But subtly as the seasons change and silent as the soil,
A hollowness replaced the pith, the sense.

So now beneath the sweat of summer rain
And under drought of loveless passion's breath,
The petals fall, the new leaves all
Are folded on the stem,
Dried by the empty stain
And fallen to the mould
Of gentle melancholy pain.
But deeper than this emptiness, untouched by drought or storm
The roots will hold, a strength of soul made sure.

David Mangum

The Gypsy and the Rake

The day of Betty and Bill's first wedding anniversary was a Saturday and Bill had to work until noon, which left Betty just enough time to straighten the house, finish her gown, and get sandwiches on the table before Bill blew in, redfaced—from what, he wouldn't say, though Betty knew that he must have had another row with his boss and she sympathized, SHE SYMPATHIZED!—but it was disgusting that it had to come today of all days when she had so hoped that they could just forget all that and just go out like they used to, she in her new gown on which she had worked in secret now for a whole month and he in his suit for which they had scrimped and saved, the first really big, not totally necessary thing for which they had laid out any money since the wedding; to the play, then to dinner at Snooks on the roof with wine, the first wine, too, since the wedding, for Betty had been a teetotaler until she met Bill, and she remembered that first sharp-sweet fruity sip and the warm, frothy wildness of it inside her, the sharp, alive focus that it gave him the first night on the little hill above the college when she first realized he might be the one and that was the first time she'd tasted wine, that after she'd gotten over the mad violinist who, no matter how much poetry he knew, was no man and had no intention of ever fulfilling any manly obligations of supporting her or bringing her any children and about whom her feeling had been only infatuation with that first experience of dionysian undiscipline by the beloved but overprotected daughter of a Methodist minister; that sharp, alive focus and the excitement of becoming fully a woman that had set her mind spinning like a pinwheel in a hurricane of fast, exciting maybes on that night on the hill over the college, that had swelled and surged, grown delicate and borne her through that voyage of lambence through courtship and wedding preparations and the wedding itself, over the pain of that velvet night of gate opening and that she felt, with a new life already growing within her, cresting, now beneath her, losing momentum as though she had forced the current beyond its peak, protected it too long from morning sickness and the smell of too much bugspray in their once roach-ridden kitchen, and the strain—WITH WHICH SHE SYMPATHIZED! The strain on both of them—on Bill of too long hours too many days a week with an overbearing boss and the responsibility of a coming child, protected it and nursed it and put it off for this day when she thought that together, alone and in peace, they would rejuvenate it and sip the wine, peaking and dying and falling here beneath her feet, just short of rejuvenation on the very day for which she had so long waited, praying

that it be rejuvenated, and the man who was more a man than anyone she had ever seen—SHE SWORE IT!—sitting haggard, redfaced in a rumpled suit with his tie undone—She hated to see a man with his tie undone; if he would just take it off that would be all right, but to just sit there with the thing wrinkled and half-knotted was repulsive—muttering under his breath and taking the pickles out of his sandwich, sitting at the kitchen table, watching her beneath the recent furrows on his forehead; “Goddammit!” he exploded at last and slammed the table with his fist.

Betty had to bite her tongue. She hated profanity, especially that word and one of the hardest things to which she had had to adjust was the fact that men, most men, just simply used it and that it wasn’t the mark of sin and illbreeding that she had been brought to believe it to be. But still she had to bite her tongue, keeping her silence until the recoil subsided. Then she leaned across and kissed him. “Now it’s all right. It’s all right. You’re home, now. Here, if you’re not hungry just yet why don’t you have a beer and let’s just go turn on the air-conditioner and sit down and let you relax.”

He grinned, blushed a little and leaned across and kissed her, but she could tell it wasn’t over, that he just wanted her to ask him about it and coax it out of him. She bet that awful word had just been a cue, that he had just been trying to prompt her to hurry up and start, and she felt a hot little flush at the thought. She had been working all morning herself and it wasn’t easy keeping house when you were four months pregnant and he hadn’t said a word about that. “Come on, get up, let’s go.” She took a beer out of the icebox and opened it and she hated the smell of beer, but he came, sheepishly shrugging, took the beer and patted her behind. They sat on the living room sofa and she turned on the air-conditioner and closed the door and sat beside him and she took his hand. Still he wouldn’t speak, but she wouldn’t either. At last she got up and turned on the television. It was a pregame rundown of the baseball games but she gave it her undivided attention. He reached for her hand but she made no move to comply or resist, and she could feel his palm sweating.

Then he said it again: “Goddammit;” she jerked her hand away; “Bett, that man makes me so mad I just wanna kick his face in.”

“Well, do you have to use those awful words? It seems to me that when you talk like that you’re just putting yourself on his level.”

“Oh, I dunno. I’m sorry, I guess, but sometimes that’s the only way I can talk about it that sounds the way I feel.”

“Well, I’m sorry. I understand the way you feel, and if you want to talk about it, it’s perfectly all right, but I can understand it without your using those words, and I just don’t see the point in it. It just upsets me more than it does good.”

“Oh, all right.”

“Well, what did he do this time?”

“Aw, I said something about if we could get people the cars without leatherette when they wanted them and not give them radios when they didn’t want them and not try and decide ourselves what kind of accessories other

people need on the basis of what we happen to have in stock at the present second that we might do the community a lot better service and sell a few more cars besides."

"Well, I think that's true. I think that's a very good suggestion."

"Well, By da--ang, he didn't."

"What did he say?"

"Aw, he went into some kind of a long tirade about how I couldn't think about that, that I had to think Company, Company all the time, how I wasn't ever gonna make any kind of a salesman if I didn't have the right attitude. My job wasn't to worry about that end of it, but my job was to get those people's signatures on the line, I had to think Company and close the deal, I had to get it in my head and believe without any kind of crap that that company was right and important."

"Dammit, Bett, that company doesn't mean a thing to me except a way to feed you an that kid, and I'll do the guy a day's work for a day's pay, but, I swear, he can't believe that there's anything else in the world that's of any importance besides his Sheverlays."

"I know, Baby. He used to go to Daddy's church, and Daddy used to say the same thing, but he sunk his whole life in that old car lot, and probably, to him, there isn't anything else."

"Well it looks to me like after this long he would have learned that everybody else in the world isn't going to share that opinion."

"Well, you're home now, and it's all right now." She leaned over and kissed his hot cheek.

But he just took a long pull of beer and said, "Hell."

Then Betty sat for a long minute, her breath quivering, staring at nothing, hearing only, "And for the Yankees, we'll have starting Whitey Ford, a real veteran left hander out there on the mound today. Red Grange, what do you think about those speed merchants on the Boston ball club?—do you think they're going to be trying to steal many bases off Ford today?" "Well, there's no doubt about it, Allen Lundy, this Whitey Ford has got just about the best move to first base, the sneakiest move, of anybody in baseball today. It's just almost a balk move," the chairarms polished just this morning in their subdued glow beneath the murmur of the air-conditioner, the cool air finally diffuse throughout the room, the only light a blue cast from the picture tube. "Fell better now?" she tried to smile.

"Aw, I dunno." He tried to smile back but it faded quickly and she said:

"Well, just relax, and then tonight we'll get a good shower and go to the play and to Snooks, and you can forget all about it until Monday morning."

But he just said, "Hell, I don't feel like doing anything."

And then she got up. She wanted to cry right there, but she didn't. She stood in the middle of the room staring at him, then turned and ran out, slamming the door behind and threw herself into the bed.

Bill soaked his lip and stared beyond the can rim through the first two innings, learned that Mantle's average still wasn't over two fifty six, goddam Yankees sure gone to pot, 'member when they usta have th' pennant sewed up

by the last of August, usta wonder allatime if Mantle'd break Ruth's record, struck out once already, swinging for the boards, can't do anything if you're allatime swinging for the boards, dam boring game, guess I'll wait'll he comes up one more time an see what he does, getting old and swingin for the boards juslike ole Woodson an his shevverlays, got old and foundout God don't ride in a shevverlay and he can't stand the thought so he goes and gets paranoid about it, dudn want me thinking nothing but Company, Company all the time, got old and started swingin for the boards "Here's Mantle—Batting twofifty after that first inning strikeout—McMahon set to deliver and there's a curve that Mantle takes for a strike on the inside corner—Mantle steps out, rubs a little dirt on the bat handle—Now he's back in there, McMahon winds, fires and theresalongflyballtoleftcenter Thisonemaygo, folks, Piersall back upagainsthfence, leaps and he's got it! A great catch in there by little Jimmy Piersa—" Bill finished the beer in three long swallows and walked back into the kitchen. He stood for a minute in the hall, listening, heard nothing, then tossed the can in the garbage and strode out to the storage room where, dustcovered and ragdraped, stood the sixfiftycubiccentimeterdualoverheadcam-shaftTriumph Tr-5 that he had refused to sell with the rest of the possessions of his college days, goddam shame to just let a piece of machinery like that sit in the storage room and gather dust, probably shoulda sold it with the rest but hell, just too damn fine a motorcycle ta jus sell for money we'd grind up with all the rest, money I worked too goddam hard for; five hundred meant a hellavalot more when I's a freshman, run through damn near twice that, now, every month, usta work my young ass off trying ta get money for that motorcycle b'fore I went to college and it was something, meanest thing on two wheels, usta theorize all the time about engines, volumetric efficiency, static torque, OHC verses pushrods, reading *Cycle World* and saving money till it all came together in Josephine, here. Some shock to get to college and find out its looks are the most interesting part of it. Get to talkin with a woman about my cycle and come to find out they'd just as soon go riding on a damn Harley Hog. Ugly Bastards. That's all right, though, they came around because I had faith in old Josephine. Knew the machine, knew what she'd do an I could just sit on her, just knowing it, and the way I sat on her was what brought them around. Wonder if the old gal still runs. Check the oil before I try to crank it. Oil's okay. Better push it on out here in the back first. Oh God damn, she's a beauty. She's a Beauty! Can't see for the life of me how I got by this long without takin her out for a spin.

By that afternoon Bill had developed the first traces of a paunch. He left his coat and tie hanging on a peg in the storage room and pushed the cycle into the driveway, cursing, goddam gettin fat already. Betty's cookin must agree with me, damn fine cook, too bad she doesn't like motoreycles TecHee, that's something, spend all that time workin to buy the thing, then go marry somebody doesn't even like 'em. Can't stand'em. Oh well, here goes nothing. He kicked the starter, twice and brash roar exploded from the pipes. That's something. Been sittin up here more than a year, and it cranks the second kick. Lessee, neutral, first and—woops, come uncrunk. He kicked it back to life and remounted, drove, cautiously at first, into the street and up the block, down and through the

subdivision to the coastal highway, feeling the unabashed bouncing in his loins and the fresh slap of eyewatering wind in his face, and he bet ole Woodson's Shevverlays and their jetsmooth ride never made anybody feel so good, faster now, downshifting just to listen to it wind, wild banshee wail out over the bridge, just him and the cycle suspended above the blue water, flying; and on along the cutoff, downshifting, outsliding through the curves, clear down to second on the steepest hills, not bad riding for somebody hadn't touched one in over a year, then down the last grade before the beach, pipes snorting on the overrun, the beach and bluegreen ocean with the people swimming, boys in trunks playing football and washing cars beneath the palms and the girls in binkinis outstretched, reading, listening to transistor radios, turning golden brown in the sun, so many golden bodies, he slowed, looking, flicked it into first and revved the engine. Two or three looked up and he hurried away to another stretch where he slowed again, and a blonde and a brunette playing with a beachball looked up and waved, and he wondered if they could sense the way that he had handled the curves back there in the hills, sifted into neutral and extended his legs parallel to the ground and the front wheel until it coasted to a stop, tossed his head, felt the wind in his hair, the sun on his chin, wondered if his chin were ruddy, not looking at the blondeandbrunette, feeling them not looking at him.

Then he grinned, tossed his head again, caught first gear at maximum torque and burned away into the hills.

Purple and gold, but mostly purple melancholia in thick-flowing tides to a Hungarian rhapsody, listlessly, remember me my-soon-to-be-withered rose, when the dewglobe dries, its spark will still be lambent in me, she lifted herself cried out, peacefully sad, the bedspread's moist imprint across her cheek, and walked in sadness to the sofa, now released she couched herself in memory, but at my back I always hear, he always heard, times winged chariot and a listless Hungarian rhapsody hurrying near. She bit her lip and dared in an instant's bitter flash, a hundred to adore each breast: hers unadored, now swollen, bevine, distended so that all the nice things she had, that she had always had, no longer fit, a half a million to the rest, but at my back I always hear, he always heard, times winged chariot and a listless Hungarian rhapsody hurrying near. She bit her lip and dared in an instant's bitter flash, a hundred to adore each breast: hers unadored, now swollen, bevine, distended so that all the nice things she had, that she had always had, no longer fit, a half a million to the rest, but at my back I always hear times winged wagon drawn by gypsy oxen, on its deck a passionate and fire-eye violinist and his rose and raven woman at hairlength in the sunset rhapsody.

Listless, welling in dark red melancholy, furtively she dared the thought, the memory, the flame, yet lambent in him rekindled in her—letters, poems, bars and snatches of plantitive violins on nights of sacrileg, simple, ideal sin in a nether age when sin was simply and only sin and its wage of death apparent only in the sadness of the violins. She crept to the cabinet, removed the box and the record, set the box carefully on the sofa, and slipped to the stereo. She levered the record onto the turntable and stood, rapt, abstracted, till the violins awakened

her and she sat and took the box, trembling, took the letters in florid script—MY BITTER ROSE, THE LIFE YOU LEAD DISTRESSES ME. . . . THAT YOU, WHO ARE CAPABLE OF SO MUCH BEAUTIFUL EMOTION SHOULD WASTE LOVE, XX—always the spark, the spark in her, growing, welling in the beauty of the violins, and the picture, the tramp and herself with his violin and her hair past her waist. She placed the picture beside the letter, reread it, glancing at her raven hair as the record ended. She lifted her head, exhausted and elated, then became aware of the stereo shutting itself off. She jumped quickly to her feet and stowed the letter, box, and record far back in the cabinet, then hurried to her room and shut the door. Inside, she showered, hot and fast, washing all traces of the crying from her face, then combed her raven hair, still raven, brushed it long behind her shoulders and dressed in darkish red, then stood before the mirror, almost in the door, thinking: rose, rose, rose.

Bill cut the motorcycle engine halfway up the block and coasted clear around to the storage room door where he jumped off and replaced the machine with as little noise as possible. But still he stood in the backyard in the sun and wind and tossed his head. Then he grinned. Before he went inside, he tossed his head again, and in the kitchen he stood for a full minute before he called quietly: "Bett."

There was a stir and murmur down the hall, and he hurried into the front half-bath to comb his hair. He had to jerk at the snarls and it made him giggle. Then he felt a presence outside in the hall. "Well, Rake, what kind of devilishness have you been up to?" The voice was low and heavy, and it caught something in his still trembling thighs. He paused without turning. "You look like Satan incarnate." The smirk jelled on his face and he ventured a slight glance. She was leaning, black hair long and straight along her bare, milky shoulders, against the doorfacing staring downward. He felt the muscles, the sure strength of his hands that had guided the motorcycle. He ran his knuckles along her neck and her eyes flashed across his face. Then she turned with a start. "Get ready," she said, and hurried to another room.

He showered, hot and fast, and put on his suit and found her on the sofa twirling a new rose in her fingers. He went to touch her, and her eyes flashed. She stayed just out of reach. She tossed her head and she leaned far back, her breasts pulsing visibly.

She said, "Let's go."

He Wishes His Beloved Were A Radio

Milbre, play
away with me.
Life would be like
a '52 green Chevy

stuck in mud
on top of the Catskills –
midnight, radio
playing in the rainstorm.

Life is a green Chevy
anyway, Milbre.
Get your raincoat.

Donald Slowik

Autumn In South Texas, 1963

I wake early and dress alone.
Cold hardwood floor on bare feet,
in grey half-light I leave my room.
In silence by the back porch screen, he waits.

The silhouette against the door
seems strong and calm against the dawn.
His eyes are far away but clear:
he feels intrusion in the room and turns.

Saturday morning at six o'clock we
stand face to face in silence, my
father and I. The backdoor opens
west and Thornhill's tin barn shines like
fire, reflecting sunrise through the woods.

Jeff Talmadge

Campfire At Blackwater Falls

As I stare in-
to the mountain fire
she sleeps in the tent,
tired of the cold, tired
of the nights I spend
watching fire — fire
that transforms tents to
brush, transforms flashlights to
curious animal eyes. There are
no roads, not even
a path.

I blaze these hills
pulling a packhorse that
rips leaves off trees
as I mark them.

I can
hear the water
hum as it falls
onto water. It calls
too soft for the horse
to hear — it whispers
the way, "south to the valley,
east up the stream."

We trudge
through the brush, and the call
starts to rumble — louder each time
a tree is marked, louder as we
follow it, louder
till we see it — water
shooting off the cliff,
(a few drops suspended
for a second till they
join and fall) crashing
into the pool.

The foamy water
 laughs — asks if I will be
 a branch, if I will float
 under the falls and let them
 bounce me on their lap.

I drop
 the horse's reins and bend to

collect dry wood from the shore.
 I place it in a careful pile.

At night, a spark
 rises from the twigs, grabs
 my eye and rises
 as fire to the branches, rises
 to the log, until it can
 grow no more. It begs
 for other logs, reaches out
 for them, pleads
 for them,
 begging for growth.

Fire, you will
 have them. They do not come but I
 will carry them, lay them
 in your lap, one by one until
 there is nothing left to feed you
 but myself.

Then I'll
 crawl into you, lay down —
 smell my hair as it sparks
 and pops
 and is gone. I'll watch my skin
 darken and begin to
 glow as your heat
 flows over me in ripples,
 as you grow.

Jim Krailler

Eve Silberman

Tennis

Tennis. No one in the group ever played but every evening they went to the park to watch the games. They sat together on a large blanket, and they stayed until long after the court lights had been turned on, falling asleep one by one until only Brendan was left, awake and alone. Brendan had just started to spend his evenings away from home, and things seemed too strange for him to fall asleep. So he watched the activities of the park in the evening; the baseball games, yoga classes, the dog watchers and the lemonade venders—and above all, he watched the tennis games. When all else subsided, the figures in white continued to leap across the courts gaily, gracefully like ballet dancers. After midnight when the courts finally closed, Brendan woke the others, and Pittman—the only one in the group who had a driver's license—would drive them to their homes, safe and sound.

There were several other spectators at the tennis courts that summer, some of whom came as regularly as the group. Among the regular visitors was a slender, pretty woman with long auburn hair who always smiled when she saw Brendan. She sat on the green bleachers next to the group, and she kept waving to people out on the courts and jumping up to catch the occasional tennis balls that soared over the net and towards her. She always sat next to a girl around Brendan's age who spent all her time reading and who never looked at the tennis courts at all. One day Brendan asked Pittman if he knew who the woman was, and Pittman told him her name was Mrs. Fuller and that she had won a city tennis match last year. "I saw that match, man," Pittman said, nodding his head so vigorously that his eyes half opened. "Some neat match, people really got excited about it. They yelled and everything." Pittman added something to this, but Brendan didn't hear him. He was saying Mrs. Fuller's name aloud, and saying it made it seem almost as if he knew her.

Shortly afterwards, he did meet Mrs. Fuller. She came over to the group one evening before anyone was asleep, and she asked if they wanted to play tennis.

"I have an extra racket," she said, "and my husband and son would be glad to play with you any time. Would any of you want to play?"

The members of the group looked from her to each other to the ground. Brendan traced a picture in the group with a stick, a picture of a tennis racket.

Mrs. Fuller repeated the question.

"Well, thanks," Pittman said finally. "But I don't think so. We're not too interested in sports around here."

"But I don't see you do anything else," Mrs. Fuller said, more firmly than before. "And tennis is a very complete sport. You should learn it when you have the chance."

"Well, yeah," Pittman said. "But none of us here is much into the sports thing. We like to watch, you know."

Mrs. Fuller looked at them a minute more and sighed.

"If any of you change your mind," she said, "tell me and I'll get my racket," and, turning, she went slowly back to the bleachers.

"What do you think of that?" Brendan said to Pittman.

"Pretty far out, that scene," Pittman said.

"She's not bad looking," Brendan said. "She's—she's beautiful."

"She's dying," Pittman said.

"Say that again," Brendan said, sitting up quickly.

"She's dying, man," Pittman said. "Didn't I tell you? She's an English teacher, you know. My cousin had her at Ferndale until she had to quit last spring when she became sick. She's got cancer. I can't remember what type it is but it's the kind you can't do anything about; you can retard it, you know, but you can't stop it. So she can't play tennis anymore, not ever again."

Brendan watched Mrs. Fuller sit back down. "She looks healthy," he said, "except that she's so thin. Maybe they've found something since your cousin had her, some cure."

"No, they haven't," Pittman said, shaking his hair in front of his eyes. "I read an article in my dentist's office last week and it said that there hadn't been any new developments and wouldn't be any for years. It's really bad news. She was my cousin's favorite teacher, too. They say it's a tragedy."

Brendan turned to look at the tennis courts. It was early in the evening, the most popular time to play, and people were standing around the courts, rackets in hand, and waiting for others to leave. "Dying," Brendan said. "It sears me to think about it."

The next evening Brendan went over to where Mrs. Fuller sat. He stood still for several moments before she saw him. "Sit down," Mrs. Fuller said, looking pleased and surprised. She patted the seat next to her, and he sat down. Looking at her carefully, Brendan saw that she was thinner than he had thought and not so young looking, but she did not look as if she was dying.

"I don't have my racket here," Mrs. Fuller said, "but we can watch the game together, and tomorrow I'll bring it to you."

"No, thanks," Brendan said. "I don't want to play. I just thought I'd come see you since you came by yesterday. My name is Brendan."

"I'm Irene Fuller," Mrs. Fuller said, "and this is Melanie, my daughter, who's a sophomore at Ferndale." She put her arms around the girl who sat at her other side. "Melanie doesn't play tennis," she said. "I wish she would."

Melanie was a small girl, pale, with limp brown hair that was tied back with a piece of string; she didn't look at all like her mother. She stared at Brendan without smiling. "What grade are you in?" she asked, "and what's your best subject?"

"Tenth grade," Brendan said. "I don't have a best subject. I don't like school much anymore."

"My best subject is English," Melanie said, "and I'm going to do an independent study in poetry this fall for honors, concentrating on Robert Frost. Who's your favorite poet?"

Brendan stared at the book on Melanie's lap. He tried to think of poets he knew. "My friend Pittman likes poetry," he said. "He has all the books Rod McKuen ever wrote."

"Oh, Rod McKuen," Melanie said.

"Now, Melanie," Mrs. Fuller said, "not everyone loves to read. There are things I like to do just as much, even though I'm an English teacher. Things with people."

"Like tennis?" Brendan asked.

"Yes, tennis," Mrs. Fuller said, "and skating and swimming—but mostly tennis. I wish I could tell you how much I like tennis. I guess you don't understand if you don't play."

"It's still not the same as reading a good book," Melanie said, almost irritably.

Mrs. Fuller laughed. "It's better," she said.

Brendan began visiting Mrs. Fuller every evening. He sat next to her and Melanie on the bleachers, and they watched tennis together. Mrs. Fuller always seemed glad to see Brendan. She pointed out her husband and son to him, and told him what a good player her son was becoming. She talked about her teaching. She urged him to talk about himself. Brendan liked listening to her, but he wished she wouldn't ask him so many questions—it made him uncomfortable, to have someone ask him questions. Mrs. Fuller was always asking him what he and his friends did with their time; she was puzzled by what he told her. "You just go to the shopping center during the day and you come here at night?" she asked him repeatedly. "You just sit around in the shopping centers?"

"Well, yeah," Brendan said. "We sit at the benches at Northland and we just talk, you know. Sometimes we feed the birds peanuts."

Mrs. Fuller shook her head. "It just seems too bad," she said. Then she added, "I'm sorry. I should stop telling you this."

"That's all right," Brendan said.

"Mother, Melanie said impatiently, "Can't you and Brendan talk more quietly? I'm having troubles arriving at Frost's *ultimate* meaning in this poem."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mrs. Fuller said, and smiled at Brendan. Then she stood up to see if she could catch a ball that had just come over the fence but the ball dropped to the ground and she sat down, disappointed.

A few nights after this, Brendan came to find Melanie sitting alone on the bleachers. "Where is she?" he asked at once. "Where is she?"

"My mother is in the hospital," Melanie said, not looking up from her book.

"When will she come out," Brendan asked.

"Next week," Melanie said, still not looking up. After a moment, she added, "She's just there for tests, but sometimes they keep her longer than they say they will. I don't trust them."

She's not really dying, is she?" Brendan asked, surprising himself.

Melanie shut her book and jumped up. "You son of a bitch," she said, and sprang to the ground. Going over to a large oak tree in front of the courts, she sat down and went on reading. Brendan returned to the group and when Melanie passed him later, with her father and brother, he pretended to be asleep.

Mrs. Fuller returned to the tennis courts the next week just as Melanie had said. She seemed changed, suddenly pale and fragile. She seldom smiled anymore, and she would stare at the tennis courts for hours with something dull in her expression. When the tennis balls came over the fence, she no longer tried to catch them. A few weeks after she returned from the hospital, she appeared wearing a yellow scarf around her head. Brendan wondered why, and then he noticed that some of her hair was gone—it looked as though it had fallen off in uneven patches. She told Brendan she was wearing the scarf because it was getting colder these nights and he nodded, not really caring, for she looked different but she was still Mrs. Fuller. Melanie looked up from her book for the first time that evening to listen to this, but she said nothing.

One evening in late August, Brendan came to find Mrs. Fuller sitting with a tennis racket on her lap. As he sat down, he saw that the racket had a blue ribbon dangling from its handle, with the words "first prize" printed on the ribbon in gold letters. Mrs. Fuller just nodded as Brendan greeted her. She sat quite still, her hands gripping the racket, watching the tennis players, and for the first time Brendan realized she was going to die. The knowledge made him dizzy for a moment, and when the dizziness subsided he said the most appropriate thing he could think of. He said, "I want to play tennis."

Mrs. Fuller turned to him then, and for the first time in a long while, she smiled. "You do?" she asked. "you do?"

"Yeah," he said. "I'm gonna learn."

"That's good," Mrs. Fuller said. She picked up her racket and looked at it almost curiously. "Maybe I could show you how to play," she said.

Melanie shut her book, and looked at her mother. Both she and Brendan waited.

"I would just play for a few minutes," Mrs. Fuller said. "A few minutes wouldn't be hard on me. I could do that."

She looked at the tennis courts then; so did Brendan; so did Melanie. There had never been so many people out as there were now, even though it was a very windy day and the balls kept blowing in every direction. People wore sweaters and light white jackets, but the breeze didn't really bother them; the windier it became, the faster everyone seemed to run, and sometimes it seemed as if people were playing tag instead of tennis.

"I can't play anymore," said Mrs. Fuller.

Shortly afterwards, she died. She had returned to the hospital and she died there; Pittman called one morning to tell Brendan the news. "I saw it in the

morning obituaries," Pittman said, "like I told you, they can retard it but not stop it." Pittman refused to drive Brendan to the funeral, explaining that funerals gave him unhealthy vibrations. There was no one else Brendan could ask to take him, so he ended up not going. The day after the funeral, however, he dressed in his best suit, bought flowers, and went over to the Fuller home.

Melanie opened the door for him. She looked different, older, in a dark dress and with her hair pinned up. Brendan was relieved that her voice sounded the same when she said, "I've been waiting for you."

"Have you?" Brendan asked.

"Oh, yes," Melanie said. "I thought you'd be here sooner. Well, come on in."

Brendan followed Melanie into the living room. Although there were bouquets of flowers everywhere the room was empty. "Where are your father and brother?" he asked.

"At my aunt's," Melanie said. "They'll be back soon. I'm glad you bought roses; they were her favorite flower. Did she tell you that?"

"No," Brendan said, "I thought she'd like them, though."

"Well, put them on the table, in front of the others," Melanie said, and just sit down."

They sat on the sofa together, saying nothing at all for several minutes. Finally, Brendan said, "You sure have a lot of books here. There aren't many in my house—my parents never read."

"Oh, we have a lot," Melanie said. "Some of these are mine, in fact. But she thought I read too much. She said I needed to be with people more, that I needed to do things with people. But I always just wanted to read. And to be with her."

She stood up then. "Excuse me, please," she said, and left the room. When she returned, she was carrying her mother's tennis racket.

"I thought maybe I should give it to you," she said. "I don't know. Maybe I should use it myself. Only my father said he didn't want to see it again, that he never wanted to play tennis again. What do you think?"

She turned the racket about in her hands as she spoke.

"I don't know," Brendan said. "I guess what you want to do. Maybe she would have wanted you to keep it since you're her daughter and all."

"No," Melanie said. "I've decided to get my own," and she handed the racket over to him. "I'll learn to play," she said, "and this summer—next summer, I mean—I'll be out on the courts with everyone else, and maybe I'll win a ribbon too."

"You'll have to practice a lot," Brendan said, "before you win a ribbon."

"Oh, I've got the time," Melanie said. "There's lots of time now. And you—maybe you'll play also," and something in the way she said this reminded him of her mother. Instead of answering, he stood back and raised the racket as he had watched the players do all summer; then he dropped it to his side, clutching the blue ribbon that dangled from the handle tightly, as though to keep it from falling off.



James Applewhite

William Blackburn, Riding Westward

Here in this mild, Septembral December, you died.
 Leaves from the black oaks litter our campus walks,
 Where students move, or stand and talk, not knowing
 Your wisdom's stature, illiterate in the book of your face.

So often we walked along the old stone wall at night,
 Looked up at your window, where lamplight cleft your brow,
 And knew you were suffering for us the thornier passages,
 Transfixed by *Lear*, or staring ahead to the heart
 Of Conrad's Africa. Sometimes we ventured inside,
 To be welcomed by an excellent whiskey, Mozart's *Requiem*.
 This clarity of music and ice revealed once in air
 A poem as you read it: as Vaughan created "The World,"
 Eternity's ring shining "calm as it was bright."

On a wall was the picture of you riding on a donkey,
 Caught in mid-pilgrimage, to a holy land I do not remember.
 But your missionary parents had born you in Persia,
 And after we'd learned that we saw you as explorer;
 From hometowns scattered on an American map marked
Terra incognita for the heart, you led tracks
 Into our inward countries, and still seem discovering before,
 Through straits to "the Pacific Sea," or the "Eastern riches."

Left on these New World shores — so thoroughly possessed,
 So waiting to be known — on all sides round we see
 Great trees felled and lying, their bodies disjointed,
 Or standing in all weather, broken, invaded by decay.

The worn landscape of your features, the shadows
 Days had cast under eyes, were part of the night
 That steadily enroaches on the eastward globe, as it rotates
 In sunlight. Out of your age shone a gleam of youth,
 Which seems with cedars' searing to sing in the forest
 In wolf's ears of green flame.

Still, you are dead.
 Your system is subject to entropy. Cells' change
 Reduced your monarchical features to a kingship of chaos.
 "With faltering speech, and visage inexpressive,"
 You said good night, between pangs of the withering hunger
 Which filled your dying dreams with apples and cheeses.

In spite of the revolt of your closest ally, your body,
 You died with the nobility you'd taught, and teaching, learned.
 And now you roam my brain, King Lear after death.
 The broken girl in your arms is only your spirit,
 A poor fool hanged by Cordelia, by the straits of fever.

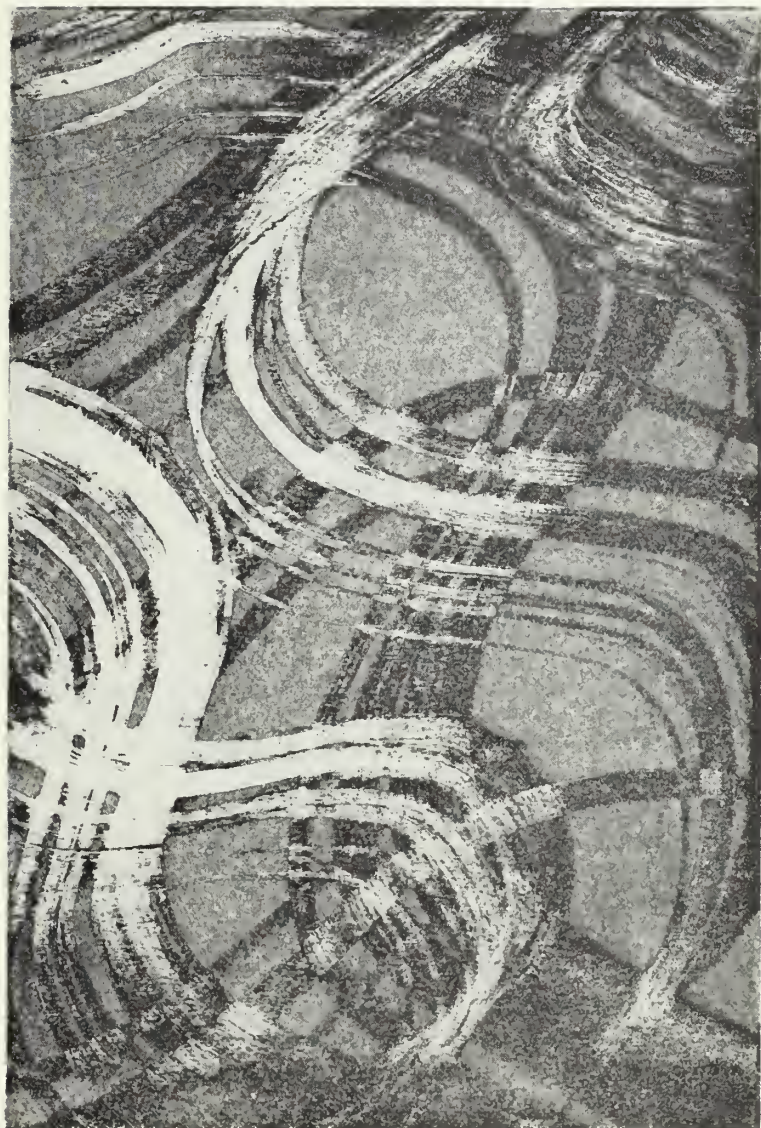
We visit your old office on campus in grief.
 Outside, trees lift winterward branches toward
 A sky in chaos. The patterning which spins the stars
 Exists outside this weather we live under.

We see only branches against those clouds' inclemency.

Julie Ross

Laughing Woman Is Gone For Good

Across the bare crystal morning
 you can hear the murmuring pines whisper
 the shell-echoes of the Gloucester sea
 tethered to the strand,
 reminding you of her amber fire skin
 Glistening in the twilight resinous
 sands of evening.
 Gentle her midnight breathing
 in the mantled stillness
 of veiled shadows drifting
 You can almost hear her singing
 as she winds her hair round her
 in dusky coils of cedar chest secrets
 alabaster winter-veils tinging
 incense lifting musky spirals
 sifting through the milktruck earliness
 and the coffee grounds in the sink.
 The smooth flat sheets
 the emptied spaces
 the lithograph-hauntings of forgotten faces
 meet the morning shadows
 and the pain in you screams
 upon the silence —
 there was no sound quite as important
 as that coalescence
 of barren pain and shaming stillness
 shattering the Gloucester calm
 to her rain forest words
 her gentle breakfast clattering
 and there was no answer
 none this naked day dawning
 quite as still.



Donna Landry

Six poems

The Bridlepath

They have given me the red mare for today.
There is wind in the pines in late afternoon:
their tops are clicking in imitation of death.

The red mare walks cautiously
over the forest floor where dead pine needles
lie with dust—red-brown on red.

I wonder about her.
Mare, have there been foals torn from your flanks,
or have you yet to find a chestnut stallion
running in the wood?

The mare's ears twitch forward and back,
she sighs through her lips. I listen
for the click of pine tops, but there is silence.

Bedroom with Moon at the Window

Heavy with blood screened through silk,
 she is sitting in the dark
 feeling the tidal pull
 And squeezing her waist
 to see if she can meet the test
 of a two-hand span (allowing
 a little extra for the reach of a man).

A desirable waist will allow his fingers
 to not merely meet but lap each other
 as they do in a dog-eared paperback
 where women wear chantilly in the South, before.

The body throbs dispassionately
 while long-nerved fingers
 do not touch each other
 but bury themselves on either side
 of her belly
 and she is an old maid
 with the moon looking over her shoulder and into her bed.

For Mary and Sylvia Plath

After Ward

They say you are mad—
 they have ushered you in
 with a hundred others
 for distillation and analysis
 of what has happened behind your tightened mouth.
 I know better than they what probing
 with a silver instrument can yield—
 for
 mortal
 I have felt you delicately
 crouching on my shoulders
 like the bird of immortality,
 earthbound for an instant
 and resting your wings.

Walking a Poet Before His Reading

White wine night—
and in long dresses
she and I flank a poet,
cross the grass.
Our bard has roving eyes;
his voice is wind on the water.
We find
Jupiter
along the gaze of his arm
and new order in a surfeit
of marble columns.
There is power
in the dome of the sky,
in the bard's protective stance,
as we stand three together
in frozen masque,
while the heavens reel over our heads
like the mobile made entirely
of moebus bands
he hung in our imaginations
by conceiving us
as no less
than pre-Raphaelite.

Seen as if by Beardsley

They say
it's been a long time since
she's lost anything at all,
much less her lover.

Under the flowering cherry tree
she is biting your hand
vicious teeth
biting off chunks of your
quivering nervous sensibility.
You smile
sheepish/delighted
the cat
drops
out of the tree
and you run the iron
palms of your hands down
her spine chilling to the waist
preparatory to
running through the goat dancing crowds of pine:
it is spring.

No one would ever believe
that she wants to be dead.
No one sees
the knives you and she
are carrying before you as you run.

(St)Harlot's Song

I was the girl at the end of the Greek chorus line
who stepped forward behind her mask
and spoke a few words in solitude.

So you saw me.

Accosted after dress rehearsal, I made cat's eyes
at your quizzical brows, stroked my
whiskers and wisked out—
vulnerable.

On opening night I saw a small crack in the intricacy
of my speaking tube and ran—
frantic to your wisdom, wanting amplification
for my lines.

Prompter-in-residence, Cut-master.

It was so much easier as a chorus girl—
paying the leading ladies in blood.

Peter Klappert

The Cat Lover

I loved you
 with the teeth behind my eyes,
 but we were just about equal
 at mousing, and you never
 had to be taught how to land
 on your feet, or anyone else's.
 We probably should have been cats.

Two poems

Dormouse

Mrs. Hutzpah like
 Love in its furs at the Ritz
 revolves in and out and
 up with her bundles of Christmas
 filagree

While I the doorman
 with no door to open
 pent in my great coat
 call her a cab with
 my mouth it's a whistle she blows
 me a tip but my tails are
 still jammed in a spinning
 non-sequitur
 "Thank You" it should have been "Please"

C.X. Kee**Les 105 Canons**

Mon parapluie déchire mordait lentement dans le ciel . . .
La bête vide cloche et ne vaut rien.
Les pendus baillants relâchent lentement: chez moi
Le cochon qui sait la vérité pénètre sans regarder.

Le Fauteuil a la fois tendre, mais lourd
Fait une promenade avec un grand sérieux.
Le témoignage essentiel a chevauché la rue.
Le soldat affreux me remplit de joie maintenant.

Dans le sillon d'où est tombée la bourgeoise
La peur fatiguée n'est pas. Le buveur
De loup et de chien boit quelque chose de soigneusement fait.
Un squelette gigantesque doit manger le Néant.

Laus Horizontalitatis

Beckett's immobile bodies I understand.

Horace never sang this one;
 Hopsi- sure,
 To- of course,
 Men- God, yes!
 But he, every new poem nestling
 Nine years on its shelf,
 He contradicts the plain.

We jostled oysters, we bed down
 In single, double, twin,
 King, queen, knave if you like—
 Circular piebeds for spidery bipeds,
 Asleep-on-the-deep waterbeds,
 Executive wall-to-wall thinkbeds.

Post we, lascivious Gertrude-like,
 To sheets of shame,
 We who gladly eagle-spread flat out,
 One bedroom community coast to coast?

No sexual drive this, sensual,
 Modern bundling, not for warmth
 But neurovisceral.

One stud, asked had he slept with a girl,
 Said no, he always got up and left, afterwards.
 Didn't understand.
 Back is beautiful,
 Supine fine,
 Side sinuous, sensuous—

Bedridden flower-children,
 Our deeds bedwritten.

Louis Auld

Mark Winges

Beginnings

They're fucking in the street
 I saw them
 standing out on my fireescape
 late at night
 looking out over the sidewalk
 I saw them
 fucking in the street
 I saw a man almost trip over a couple
 as he crossed the street
 I saw them fucking
 in the street
 wild-eyed, starry, determined
 orgasmic
 they were fucking in the street

Why don't they get the hell out of the way?
 I have a right to the street
 Everytime I want to take a walk
 I look outside
 They are always in the way
 with their damn fucking

At night
 I look out
 and see them
 the little ones
 fucking in the street
 in my street

Stephen Rojac

The Stalls

I

There is the yellow wall, a yellow wall not two feet from his face as he stands, a yellow wall grayed with pencilled invitations to the last stall. Always the last stall. — What does one do when the last stall is in use I wonder. What if three show up at once? — He reads them, old dates and times, cocking his head at unlikely adjectives, standing still even though his purpose exhausts itself.

There is a rustle of paper and he quickly jerks around. Too quickly. He turns back to the wall and then turns again a moment later.

The room is long with pink stoney stalls — Glazed. No writing on these, no sir — stretched against the yellow, sinks and mirrors opposite the stalls, stalls pointing to the mirrors. The light over the first mirror is out. He washes his hands under the lightless mirror.

There are no towels at that sink; none at the next.. He moves down to the last one.

There are towels here, yes, but as he dries his hands he glances in the mirror and starts. From there the rustle. A boy sitting, smiling, stall door open. The last stall. Smiling. He stuffs the used towel in the springed trash can, smiles quickly — not uncordial, I mean really — and walks very quickly to the exit. It pneumatically eases closed behind him and he walks away and wonders about the boy — man, I guess — sitting, smiling into the lighted mirror from the last stall.

2

He sat quite still, alternately reading his book and the writing on the stall door, the door proving more interesting: The glazed pink stone of the stall itself refused to hold ink legibly, so the painted wood of the door had acquired a good deal of comment, obscene, questioning and sometimes enigmatic. He read attentively, comparing the requests and offerings described with those listed on the wall, the yellow wall he had read before. These seemed more detailed, more involved; there were more pictures, a better prose style, rather than only dates and statistics. Simple enough: the wall had announcements, the stall was the place for invitations. Stalls had more privacy (anonymity except for feet), more time for contemplation, for wording and artwork, and some occupants made good use of these advantages.

The main door opened and, hearing footsteps, he involuntarily tensed and jerked his eyes back to the book. Then he remembered: in the stall, unknown and unrecognizable, even old black shoes. He relaxed a little and squinted to the slit between the stall and its door, trying to catch sight of the intruder as he passed. But too small a space, too fast a stride and the new one was only a shadow between him and the mirror light. He eased and resumed reading the door.

But he quickly tensed again. The stranger entered the next stall and its door latch clicked shut. Clinking of belt buckle, buzz of zipper, cloth crumpling and then quiet. Quiet again, but there was someone in the next stall now. He was a little uneasy reading the door. He nervously, very loudly flipped a page in his book and calculated how soon it might be polite to leave.

And then there it was. His mind shook, raced. — A foot. God a foot there's a foot on this side of the stall.

He trembled.

—David Ruben was right. A foot, feet under the partition.

He stared at it, at the — he didn't know what. No, he knew what, he knew too many things what. A suggestion. A mistake perhaps, a slip.

No. It stayed there, stayed in place — ankle under the stone divider, foot almost completely in his stall. He stared at it as it stayed, motionless, a little imperative. A black tennis shoe, somewhat worn, white sides, the white a little dirty. The laces were graying, as if stepped on frequently: white laces flopping as the foot walked, flopping under it and being stepped on. The end of one lace was frayed, the plastic tip missing, unravelling and frayed from being stepped on. He watched; it did not move, it was stuck, glued, rooted to the floor. He listened to it; it was silent: no squeak on the floor, no movement of interior toes.

Then he touched it. With his foot, not a hard touch, bare contact as he carefully shifted his own foot close and parallel to the outside one so that his leather lightly brushed the canvas. At first there was no response. Leather and canvas touched and there was warm skin under each and he could almost feel the other's blood pump as well as he could feel and hear his own, but there was no response to his move.

Again he began to think of a mistake, of pulling his foot back, pants up and hurriedly leaving, but not yet. He kept his foot still and waited. Then there was the counter-move: the other's foot began an invisible pressure to his own, a motionless, steady push, deliberate as felt and otherwise imperceptable. Not a mistake, a conscious force. He responded with firmness and there was no movement, but a completed signal.

The foot withdrew without hurry and, from the other stall, there came the sounds of calm departure: the cloth uncrumpled and was straightened, the zipper burred, the belt buckle rang quietly and then the stall door clicked open. After footsteps came the sound of rushing water from the sink.

He listened for a moment, then he stood and his stomach tightened. Pants up and fastened, he reached for the latch of the stall door, the last silent door, the reading door, and when he touched it he was frightened. Out there, washing his hands would be a policeman, would be a monster truck driver who would beat him as queer, would be a child to whose delinquency he had begun to contribute. He couldn't go out, not to meet them with their knowing grins. He would be lost. But he obviously couldn't stay. It was over. He unlatched the door.

—Bending over the sink was, well, none of the people I was afraid it might be. He was bending way over into the sink, washing his face, and all I could see was a little of his back and his hips. He was wearing jeans, old ones that were fading blue to white, and they were kind of tight, pulled over his hips. His hips were small, rounded under the cloth. I just stood at the door, looking, and wondered. I wondered what he would look like when he finished washing his face, when he'd be standing there and I could see all of him, wondered what he'd do when he looked up and saw me, what he'd think, where we'd go.

He lifted his head from the water and felt around for the towels. There weren't any at that sink. He swore quietly and fumbled his way to the next one and got some there. It I'd thought about it I would've handed him a couple instead of letting him flounder around blindly like that, but I was just watching him and I never even thought of it. He dried his face and looked at me and smiled. His skin was reddish from being rubbed with the rough paper and that red only made him look more cheerful than he already did. I don't know why, I mean his face looked like he enjoyed everything a lot, like Puck or Pan, someone who smiled a lot, I guess. His hair was black and tightly curly and it just kind of balanced on top of his head in a pile. His eyebrows arched when he smiled. He looked like he hadn't shaved in a few days with the black beginnings of a beard on his face. When he smiled there were wrinkles around his eyes and mouth.

And that's what he did; that's all. He smiled, nodded his head sharply once and walked toward the exit. He opened the door and disappeared as it drifted closed.

I was confused. Scared and confused. *His* foot under the partition, I was sure, but he had just nodded and gone. I looked in the mirror and then left, the door swinging easily.

I walked down the hall, wondering again, this time about what had happened.

He was interesting and I wondered where he'd gone, what I'd done wrong. And there he was beside me, looking at a poster, and then walking with me, right beside me, strides the same. I was too nervous to look, but he spoke first, spoke softly, not cowed softly, but only as if he knew perfectly well that I could hear him and he had no reason to speak any louder.

—Do you have someplace where we can go?

The question was without urgency or emotion; a question of fact. I was surprised at the calm.

I answered with a shake of my head. No, I couldn't take him home. We could play cards there, but neighbors or family would know of any more; they would probably know if we played cards.

He was undisturbed and continued.

—Neither do I. How about a car?

I said yes.

He smiled again, pleased with himself or me.

—Let's go then. I know someplace where we can go.

I nodded and he kept smiling and walked a little faster. We walked silently, not looking at each other. In fact, I walked looking at the ground, watching my old black shoes on the sidewalk, trying to remember when I had polished them last, wondering if he had noticed the white scuffs on them.

We got to the car and he directed me down the road, out of town. We drove for miles and said nothing, just watching the road, looking at the side. There were farms along the highway, farms with big fields and livestock. I watched the animals and the fields: the grain was bending, blown by the wind, and the animals turned their heads from the breeze, but then it would stop and they'd look back and begin to graze and the fields would straighten up and stand. Then the wind again.

—Go slowly. It's up here somewhere.

He put his hand on my leg as he spoke and when I started he just smiled and took it back, but God the hand had been there and my thigh burned. The hand touched, with fingers and warm, but so easy. My whole leg was heavy and stiff, like wood, and my thigh burned.

—Up there, the little dirt road on the left.

I turned and we drove from the fields into a forest, a pine forest with tall trees, branchless until the top, on either side of the road. The air through the car windows was hot from the pine cover and filled with the thick, sticky smell of resin. And the floor of the forest was strangely bare: no smaller trees or shrubs or even undergrowth; the needles on the ground kept any new seeds from ever reaching the soil and even if one could root, the branches overhead blocked out the sun and left only a kind of dusky brown light down below. So there were just the straight tree trunks, without branches, spaced all across the land, like columns supporting the forty-foot ceiling of this room we were driving through.

—Over there. That's a good place to stop.

I looked. — In the middle of the woods? We're right on the edge of the road.

—Well, just park the car and we'll walk farther back.

I stopped the car, but I was doubtful. With the clear ground of the forest you could see a long way from the road and a suspicious farmer or game warden could easily find us. But I parked and we got out.

Jumped out, I should say, at least for him. He sprang out of the car and ran into the woods, skipping and whirling around tree trunks, bark chips flying. He called to me.

—You're it, I'll hide. Count to ten.

I smiled, not comfortably — a little unnerved — but a playful smile from a long time ago. I closed my eyes and began to count. When I got to ten I began to run, yelling, whistling, looking behind trees. I'd run a little away from the road when I heard him laughing from behind and I turned to see him running after me. He ran to me and caught my hand and we began to run into the woods, singing wildly, parting bread-and-butter at tree trunks, yelling and laughing, running until we couldn't speak, until we breathed quickly with open mouths, until, finally, blind with running, I tripped and fell rolling, pulling him down with me onto the pine needle floor.

We just lay there gasping and laughing. Air came slowly back among the humor as we lay staring at the tree tops and the little bit of sky we could see among them.

And then he rolled over and, his mouth open, he kissed me. Hard, his tongue moving along my lips, waiting for them to open. And with his arm he pulled me to him, never breaking his kiss. His arms went around me, holding to my back and hips and I held him, too, tightly, warm on the pine carpet.

He stopped his kiss, pulled slowly away and sat still. Then he stood, unbuttoning his shirt. I fumbled for my own and cursed my seared fingers; he just smiled.

—You're really nervous.

I nodded.

—Just relax. What's the problem?

—I'm not sure. I've never done this.

—Good line. I've heard it before.

I protested. I swore my innocence anxiously.

—OK, but just relax, just enjoy it.

He resumed unbuttoning his shirt. His chest was smooth, a little black hair in the middle; his waist narrow. His skin was dark, tanned, with a white band around the hips where trunks had been. He was wiry and thin, with muscles in his legs, like a runner's legs, and between, his cock hung thick from wiry black curls, almost ringlets. And as he lay down beside me it stiffened and arched forward.

I pulled him to me and kissed him, our tongues meeting and hands sliding down each other's bodies: smoothing, rubbing the warmth as we held the kiss, pulling to and feeling for the skin, the pressure of the skin, of the push of the other. I felt for his body, for his presence, for the movement which only almost followed mine, which did not quite move as I did and which was not part of me. We met as unsynchronized mirrors — faces together, arms enmeshed and cocks struggling at each other — even as we pushed together closer and into the other body.

He ended the kiss and moved lower, opening my legs and kissing the inside of the thighs, his tongue lighting the smooth skin, tickling, as he moved upward. Then he lifted his head and paused and as I lay back, he slowly, very slowly, lowered his kiss, his tongue, his whole warm mouth onto me and I whispered,

—Warm, so warm,

and felt him circle me and touch me with his tongue. His neck curved and he rocked his head gradually, to me and away.

I rolled to my side and reached for him, pulling his hips toward me. I touched my lips to him, rubbing my fingers through the thick black hair, kissing, drawing on the hardness. I ran my tongue to the tip, around, feeling him start at my movement. He drew closer, our hands wandering quickly to caress new places, to please by surprising touch, but never breaking the kiss, though moving, flailing, rubbing with all and then the smoothness, the warmth of him on me, the soft wet of his warmth on me began to pull at me, to pull from deep, to pull me out, inside out, into him and I began to tighten, to feel my hips move in his grasp, to feel myself whirling and flying, I felt myself sliding in him, I began to begin, I began to come out into

But he took away his mouth and laid his head on my hips, stroking my side as I kissed. I kissed harder, moving more quickly on him. I rubbed and massaged, stretching my hand to reach his chest and back. And then I felt him return the kiss, his tongue thrashing on me. And I began to sense his pull again and knew that I could not (writhing, I was writhing and he, too) stop at the spinning, at the whirling to the top of the — of the — whirling to the slippery top, the peak, as I was pulled and pulling, as I caressed and slid and finally shot, feeling the slick warmth around me and feeling the softness in me and the quick hot, the sudden sperm exchanged between us. I felt warm water, water in waves, wash all over me, over my body from in out. We ended the kiss and wrapped arms in embrace. And then we slept.

When I woke it was dusk and the light of the forest, which had been brown, was turning gray. He was asleep beside me, his hands across his stomach and his head resting on his piled clothes. There were pine needles in his hair and he smiled even in his sleep. I touched his shoulder and he woke.

—It's getting dark. We'd better go.

He looked around and nodded. We dressed and walked back to the car. We drove through the farms and back to town. At a stop light he opened the door and got out, sticking his head in the window to say,

—Well, goodbye. I'll see you sometime.

And then, as the light changed, he walked away, his jeans kind of tight, pulled over his hips.

3

The door closed soundlessly as I entered the room and stood quietly before the center mirror, looking not at myself, but at the row of glazed pink stalls along the wall behind me. I scanned their vacancy, doors hanging open, and found one closed with feet below the door, feet unmoving. Slowly I walked to the stall next to the feet and latched myself in. Sitting still, I pondered the other

next to me, wondering about him. About my new neighbor. But I thought of the time and began the move: my foot, new shoe recently polished, slid silently toward the partition, under the partition, to the feet I had seen. I stopped and waited, nervously ready to jerk back my message as a mistake, pardon me a mistake, yes. But wait a few seconds longer, a few seconds and there might be the answer of a pressure and the completed signal.

And it was. A light touch against my shoe, I could feel it shift to place and gently touch me. As it did I waited, cautiously waited to respond and even bent low, looking at the two feet together. I waited until I could be sure, until I was, and then began the push, the deliberate, certainly non-accidental commitment, and as I pushed, the other responded smoothly and in course: no movement, only interior pressures.

The dance was over and I began to leave, raising my pants, buckling the belt and clicking the latch. I listened for similar preparations from him, but there was no sound until I opened my door and then he opened his also, going to the sink. Fully dressed and yet there had been no sound; waiting. But I went to a sink, too, and we washed hands in a serious manner, staring absorbed at them. He reached for towels and there were none and only as he stepped nearer to me to find them did he look up. He looked up and nodded, unsmiling, and returned his concentration to drying his hands. He moved to the trash can and turned to go, looking back with a kind of surprised grin as he opened the door, looking back at me. He left and the door closed slowly behind him.

I was unsure. The light over the first mirror was out, but I had seen him well enough: a clean-cut, almost pretty face of middle age, whose skin was freshly shaven, whose dark eyes opened widely and large; his hair was black and combed nicely, combed carefully with niceness; his suit was well-cut and new and with a tightly knotted tie. He was not right, not in this room. He was out of place there and I was unsure of him and of what to do.

But I left and found him waiting in the hallway outside, standing very discreetly and with the calm of openly waiting for a business associate for an evening of executive discussion and policy. He looked to me and smiled genially as he extended his hand in greeting. I took it and he shook firmly. He motioned down the hall and as we walked he began to speak.

—Yes. Well, we can go to my apartment if you'd like. I share it with another man, but he'll get the idea soon enough and go off visiting friends or some such excuse. A bright boy; yes, he'll get the idea soon enough and leave.

He laughed a little and I nodded in agreement, wondering. We walked outside and he pointed to a car. Driving, we were both silent, watching the road in the headlights. I didn't know anything to say.

We finally stopped at a tall white building with hundreds of small balconies, all in the same shape with the same walls and everything, but with different chairs in one and strange plants or a windowbox in another so that each was different and the back of the building looked like a giant patchwork quilt, each patch lighted by its own yellow porch light. We got out and walked up the high stone steps to a long row of glass doors. Inside, we were in a lobby, an empty, gold-carpeted lobby with a huge white fireplace, carefully laid with perfect logs

which would never be burned. The fireplace was surrounded by brown leather couches and deep easy chairs while in the farther sides of the room there were other chairs by small tables with lamps. But there was no one there; a few of the lamps were on, but the logs would never be burned and the room was empty. We went through it and to the back, where he punched for the elevator and we stood waiting. A receptionist looked up from her desk and smiled at him, but the elevator came and he had not seen her. We rode for what seemed long, but eventually the doors slid open and we stepped out into a blue hall. He went to the second door and knocked, tried the lock and walked in, talking loudly.

—Hello. I'm home, and with a friend. Where are you now? I'm home.

I came in behind him and walked nervously around the living room: looking out the glass doors onto the balcony with its tiny white iron furniture, picking up little pieces of decorative clutter, reading the titles of books. The room was not large and its dark panelling made it seem even smaller. There was a green vinyl couch wedged against one wall, a low table in front of it; and, against the other, was a piano, a small upright one with music spread across it. The only light in the room came from a pair of crystal lamps on either end of the piano: Their prisms made rainbows on the walls which trembled when I moved. I sat down on the couch, glancing at the magazines on the table, thumbing through them blindly, listening for some sound of him or of them. I folded my hands and leaned back in the couch, trying to relax, waiting.

He came back in a moment, followed by a man in a white shirt and loose gray trousers; the man was introduced as George. His hair was thinning and he looked older than his friend. Scuffling in worn slippers, he walked to me and offered his hand, my presence apparently having been explained to him. I shook hands and then stood aimlessly, one hand rattling change in my pocket.

I was offered a drink, which I refused, and was told to sit down and be comfortable. I resumed my seat on the couch and George sat opposite. The other, the younger one came and sat beside me, turned to face me with his arm propped on the back of the couch.

In this way, I stared quite frequently and talked very little. George asked about the other's day and vice versa, each intricately describing this day's meals and company. They spoke of friends they had seen, or hadn't seen in a long while (Louise, for instance who had seemed to vanish). The bill for the rent had come and they argued amiably about who had paid the landlord last month and when he had done it, though they reached no conclusion. They tried to remember a telephone number, while I politely listened. They reminded each other of upcoming events and shows, of dinner engagements made last month and though they mentioned the neighbor down the hall, neither could remember his name. I wanted to go to the bathroom, but I couldn't ask or excuse myself while they debated, not in the middle and they overlapped too quickly. I shifted my position and stared out the balcony door while they talked, my mind wandering to the lights outside, my inattention unnoticed. When I returned to them they were talking about George's childhood in Chicago and how poor he had been and about how his parents, his father was a tailor, had sacrificed so that he could have piano lessons and how his mother had cried at his first recital. George looked at the piano.

—I haven't played in so long.

The other coaxed him. —Play now, George, go ahead.

—Oh, no, not now, not with your friend and I haven't practiced. Later.

—No, go ahead, George. Please, we'd like to hear you.

He looked to me and I nodded my head. George went to the piano and, finding the piece he was looking for, sat down, his gray pants spreading wide on the polished wood of the bench. He played slowly and his large fingers missed too many notes. Sitting closely on the couch, I put my hand on the younger man's leg, touching gently the inside of his thigh. He turned from the piano, his eyebrows lowered, and shook his head, motioning toward his friend. I withdrew my hand and sat still, listening to the formless sound of the small piano.

When George finished we applauded and the other demanded a second piece. George consented and sat down, playing another song much like the first. I remained quiet, a studious look on my face, for a while and then leaned toward my companion and asked about the bathroom. He directed me to it and as I left, he sat back again, listening to the piano and watching the player.

I found the bathroom: a clean, neat little room where I was almost ashamed of myself, of my awkwardness. The walls were pale green with green tiles lining them halfway up; the tub and sink, however, were a polished, scrubbed white. Over the sink was a small cabinet, a medicine chest, with a mirrored door and as I stared at myself in the mirror, I heard the fluorescent light hum and suddenly that was all: there was no mistuned piano. I washed my hands and dried them on the folded towels hanging by the sink, unfolding them in the process. Then I turned out the light and went back to the living room.

But the room was empty. The piano was vacant and the green couch, though the cushions were still indented from weight, held no one. I called George's name and opened the outer door, looking into the blue hall. I walked back to the bathroom, glancing in the rooms along the way, but still no sign of anyone in kitchen, bedroom or bath. I again went back to the living room and stood with hands on my hips, staring and wondering where or why they both might have gone, how they could have disappeared so quickly and noiselessly. Then I caught a motion from one side, from the balcony and I turned. Against the railing, arms around each other, mouths fixed together, each body still, close against the other. Their eyes closed, he and George could not see me and I opened the door and left. I rode the elevator to the first floor and walked to the lobby, smiling at the receptionist as I passed. Once there, I walked around, turning out the lamps that were on and then I sat in front of the fireplace.

4

He doesn't look at the yellow wall as he stands. He doesn't need to. He just stands until he can leave and then he goes to the sink. The fucking light over the first mirror is out.

Tom House

the sons of attis and i

and the candleabra sways to
the tinkle of fragile glass.
diamonds flash in their eyes.
the languid smoke curls around
the colored, pastel lights.

shifting her body to her own
advantage, she mingles with the
guests. nylons rustle across the
carpet.

and the orchestra plays. and
the orchestra rests. black men in
white face. and white men in drag.
nibble at your fingers. and spit
upon your feet.

they do not deny the frenzy.
or attempt to hide their passions.
the sons of attis dance beyond the
limits of our rationale. or judge-
ment. at the end of the mop.

young men, mad with fever, have
offered all they have. pride. a
silly guecture. they take what can
be found them. from the housewives
of the church. discarded tunics.
and tattered rags.

young men wake the morning.
their heads stuffed with cotton.
fit only for breaking and blessing
the wafers. and serving ceremonial
wine.

and you?

they would rather see you bleed.
draped like a window. in long and
gushing crimson.

adorned, adored, you sit and
stare, the satin binding your chest.
your belt pulled tight to halter.
and the braided cords gathered at
your waist.

we hear every breath. each sign.
your calm, yet sweat-streaked
face. your perfumed hair in pillows.
with jewels on your helpless hands.
and filigree pendants dangling
from your ears.

we do not claim to recognise
the woman inside the shell. this
is evolution. the morning can
always be predicted.

to this toast, you raise your
eyes.

the lacquer shimmers. you
allow it. our personalities are
only parodies. contented for the
second. within the chitin of your
gown.

and i?

i stand alone by the stairwell.
i am not fit to be cruel. but a
period has ended. white is no
longer pure. and the light, lace
slips conceal nothing.

drink up! drink up! the serving
boys in high-heels and mascara are
filling the glasses with a thick
cream sherry..

Georgann Eubanks

A Portrait of Poverty: Mea Culpa?

Squatting on the curbside.
 A city bus growls by, stirring up the street sediments
 and leaving behind its noxious flatulation.
 He's wearing the synthetic K-Mart blue cardigan
 that Mrs. Lindblom the welfare lady
 (who's in the hospital now with varicose veins so
 they've got a new young man with unsympathetic eyes, a clip
 board, and an old yellow Volkswagen to replace her)
 gave him 2 Christmases ago.
 It's too small—though he hasn't grown much—
 not warm enough for February.
 Button holes are frayed and grimy,
 There's a dark and sticky patch of this morning's
 surplus commodity cornsyrup on the left foresleeve.
 (The cuffs don't quite reach his wrists anymore.)
 His tan denim pants are new and tight, unwashed.
 Two little blacktop highways run down the
 front of each thigh to the knee where
 he's been rubbing his hands up and down contemplating.
 Rocking back and forth a bit, the cold curbstone
 is soaking through his pants.
 Staring at the letters on the rusted sewer cover next to him:
 "ATLANTA WATER WORKS"
 Restlessness.

Abruptly rising, he spins toward the sagging brick apartment building,
 and with a timorous glance around for possible observers,
 gives a couple of quick thumbflicks to his crotch.
 He crosses the gray dirt yard and two steps at a time,
 almost tripping once, he clatters up the tiled stairwell.
 He had, with a repugnant air, ignored Casey Noble's little sister
 who was teething on the railing on the first flight.
 An oppressively steam-hot rush of soured air presses against his face
 as he pushes aside the door to "D-4 Turner"
 The refrigerator rattles familiarly.
 There are ceramic plaques and photographs cluttering the walls—
 Jesus, bluebirds, praying hands, Louise in Santa's lap at Sears.
 The TV is on in Mama's (grandmother's) bedroom
 He sits.

What does a 9 year old want?
 a dog—he'd really like a dog (or maybe a bird).
 a helicopter ride.
 some french fries with lots of ketchup and a chocolate
 milk with ice in it.
 a guitar.

Modest hopes—the subtle sense of futility that descended
 on his father like a suffocating blanket at 24 is still unforeseen for him.
 It's raining now.
 Another hour before the YMCA van comes by for prospective swimmers.
 Mama is doing the wash in the bathtub;
 he can hear the water sloshing.



Allen Jameson

Case # 4

(Conclusion)

IV

The radio car we requested was one of those retired Fairlanes you see sometimes on *Dragnet*; we were heading away from the scene of the detonation into Brooklyn. Phil wanted to go to Henry St. to the Krishna Temple, so away we went—I always drove (ready to pull a *Bullitt* at any time). It was in this temple that the founder of Krishna Consciousness, A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, first brought his movement to the eastern seaboard in the summer of '66; Phil and I used to go down there for the free feasts and a little dancing and chanting. We were enthralled by it back then: perhaps we saw it differently that day, but I could feel us both react with a kind of instinctive nostalgia at a beautiful mode of life which was in fact outdated thousands of years ago. Or perhaps it was the tug of cosmic memory of a past lifetime with Vendantists—supposedly you don't chant Hare Krishna in a temple in this age unless you had found a devotion to Krishna in a previous incarnation.

The temple was nearly empty, the bulk of devotees apparently gone out on kirtan, or dancin', a-dancin' in the streets. Maya-das and Brahmas-mi-dar greeted us after we had taken off our shoes; we all had been around when Allen Ginsberg, who was then living on E. Tenth St. dropped over to talk to Prabhupad—(the devotees affectionate name for their master) and chant his Bengali version of the mantra which he'd picked up on his visit to India around '63. So we were old friends. Phil spoke first:

"Hare Krishna, Bramasi-dar, Maya-das. It's good to visit the temple again." He embraced Bramasi with unabashed joy, nodding to Maya-das because of the Vedic rules against touching a married woman. "Hari Hari Bol, Phil-prabhu!" they shot back with recitative manner of people who had found a new tongue better than the one they were born to. "I see you have brought the elephant!"

"Hare Krishna, you two," I answered wryly. It was the elephant—this was no

"Bramasi-dar, I have a very serious question to ask of you. Is it possible that there is a rogue devotee poisoning the elements of truth in your movement here in New York?" The mood of the room changed suddenly, swiftly. You can forget that one of the prime influences of Krishna's mission was his active annihilation of all manner of various degrees of demons who littered the countryside. They were legion, as in the time of Jesus, as now, and whether you see them as entities apart of as those elements of evil within our own corrupt and clouded hearts, they are very much alive to these Krishna people. A chill, that old, familiar cold black hand on the base of my spinal cord came over me. Oy vay, the karma I've had with that noise. Baby Krishna simply overtook their

plentiful powers with Infinite Power, and laughingly tossed them aside. And Jesus drove those pigs of egos over the cliff. Maya-das got up and gathered the dishes, then gracefully left the room. The sun momentarily dimmed behind a cloud, and Bramasi-dar's voice quieted to a strained whisper:

"At first we thought that he might have been that devotee who became a follower of Lord Shiva, the one from Washington; often they are led astray as to the proper way of devotion. We were led to think otherwise when we found that he not only took money in the name of Lord Krishna for his own pocket, but while on one-man "kirtan" would find other kindred spirits and invite them to a mysterious rite of worship." The simple logic which led Phil to the conclusion that the so-called Krishna devotee calling on our bomb factory commune was anything but flowed effortlessly into my head. "So we then deduced he was one of those misguided many only alive to the animal demands of his gross body, so much so that he worshipped them. We figured that those secret meanings were orgies of sense-gratification which have arisen in this black age of Kali-Yuga. Listen to this from the Mouth of Krishna." He grabbed a copy of Prabhupad's translation of the *Bhagavad-Gita*. "This is from 16:18-19: 'Bewildered by false ego, strength, pride, lust and anger, the demonic man becomes envious of the Supreme Personality of Godhead, situated in his own body and in the bodies of others, and he blasphemes against this real religion. Such persons, who are envious, low and mischievous, I cast back into the ocean of material existence, into various demonic species of life.' So Robbie-Prabhu, a frequent visitor to the temple here who had not then become a devotee and still resembled a householder, volunteered to go undercover and see for us to what extent this possessed miscreant was defiling the sweet divine One." Phil visibly shuddered, and hundreds of spinal anaesthetics were shot along my back. Bramasi-dar's tone intensified still three more levels. "When he came back to us, it was about four in the morning, as we performed morning arti. He fell to the floor among us; his eyes were wild, he was shaking and weeping, and he mumbled and cried terrible things. We gathered around him and chanted loudly, each one in his or her heart praying that the infinite mercy and shelter of Krishna and the glorious grace of Srila Prabhupada would relieve his torment. It was then we knew that there was in New York City an asura, a demon, posing (as they deviously do) as a devotee. Robbie soon could sleep, and awoke after some hours to the morning sun and some blissful prasada. Of all that has come of this, it is characteristic, as far as I have seen, of the mysterious and marvellous workings of Krishna that Bobbie should have been driven to become an initiate by this encounter." A thunderclap flash hit me: what the hell was I going to face this forsaken day? It came like a blow on the head. But of a sudden the sun broke through the clouds and the strains of *Govindam* from George Harrison's new album from the Radha-Krishna temple in London touched my ears, and the moment passed. But like all such moments, we try to rid ourselves of them as fast as we can, to ease the discomfort; we should savor their import and heed the warning from the unconscious they bring. I passed it off, but I wish in retrospect that I had listened to myself. Neither Phil nor I felt as though we needed any detail of what Robbie had undergone, and Bramasi-dar was not motivated to tell us. We all already knew, it was common karma we three shared, and knew it. Phil observed

that from the witch Putana to the great demon Kaliya Krishna dealt most effectively with these forces. Bramasi-dar concluded simply that they were now awaiting a deliverer through whom Krishna was going to destroy this menace. Phil turned away towards the window, and the look on his face fully revealed in the sun made the ancient animal within me, roaring and afraid, cringe.

V

We radioed in to verify whether J.J. had gone to the house of the Egyptian dealer. She had gone directly there, I guess there was little else for her to do. About this time—it was noon—there was little else for us to do also. Capt. Jenkins had checked with the nares for any further details about the m.o. employed by the people in the house in scoring. Apparently the resident expert, Jerry Schmidt, was also a confirmed hashish addict. He usually went with the girl of Asian descent, parking their car in a back-alley garage and walking around front. They stayed an hour or two, then left. The visits were always made late in the night, after two.

“Let’s duplicate that procedure,” Phil remarked. “They’ll be expecting a call from the police at some time this afternoon, but not us, and not from the back. We can look around that garage first.” I was getting a bit light-headed and spaced out, like you get after undergoing a lot of excitement on three hours sleep, so I acquiesced silently. I parked the clunker about a block away, and we nonchalantly sashayed down along the alleyway to the grey garage behind the Egyptian’s house. The structure was limp with disrepair, but tightly locked with a spiffy new padlock and chain. Phil pointed through the dirty glass pane: “Tell me everything you see that’s unusual.” He does that kind of thing sometimes, always good training for this line of work since it teaches one the virtue of scrupulous observation. It always reminds me of those little puzzles in *Our Weekly Reader* where there is a line drawing with screwdrivers for stickshifts and with birds hidden in the brambles when he pulls that, so I used to answer with “I see a robin, and a choo-choo-train, and a wombat, and a head of Belgian endive, and...” However, exhaustion has its way of muffling the clowns: Phil got along endlessly on a minimum of sleep, but I’m just no good without my nine hours. Of course I’m no good *with* my nine hours, but that’s another thing. So I stoop up on the long furrow of dirt where they had apparently dug a sewer line recently, and got a good look, as good as the dim light could afford. Inside were benches typical of garages, but in unusually good repair, especially considering the state of the outside. Sure an’ begor’ ’tis the state of the goodly man, wrack an’ ruin without, pure and strong benches within. In fact... “That’s strange;” I was getting a pattern: “It looks like the outer building was just kept as a shell, and a whole new inner structure with a workshop of some kind was built on the inside.” “Right,” said Phil. “The door is just a reinforced version of the original door. Now, what kind of a shop is it?” “Uh, let’s see...those latches, torches. Oh, metalworking.” “Right again. Now, where do they put all that equipment when a 1959 Oldsmobile, which is a relative gunboat, parks in there once or twice a week.” Wow. Stumped again. It always aggravated me no end, because I knew that Phil knew the answer which could be deduced by simple logic. I was probably standing on the relevant clue, which is what in fact happened. As I was

pondering the situation, we went around to the front of the house. I noticed the huge 1930's nobility of the edifice, and remarked how I was surprised that a foreign student could afford to rent the entire house. Phil answered: "Good point. He only pays rent to the landlord for the basement floor. However, the other three floors have gone mysteriously unrented for months indicating an anonymous payment for well over the actual rent. It has to be worth the realtor's while to juggle a few books. And look, when we knock on the door, come off like you want to score." The yard was ill-kept and sad, so I figured that he hadn't been talking to his crabgrass enough to keep it happy. Although it was midday, the side door to the basement was on the shady side of the gloomy dwelling; it was like twilight. We knocked.

"Who is there." The deep melancholy voice from within was obviously foreign. I got on my best tennybopper voice. "Heey, man. This is Al, a friend of Gremshaw's" (The name was always said with my hand across my mouth, hoping to make a sound that approximated the name of somebody everybody knows) "I was wondering if we could score some good hash." I wasn't very convincing, but the door opened anyway to the dimly lit room with a short, dark, balding, young, grief-stricken man filling what there was to see with an aura of morose resignation. He jerked his left hand back and said, "Enter my house." I stepped down and in, with Phil behind me, and was about to go into my "Nice pad, let's get stoned" routine when a whole lotta things happened at once. The door closed and it was very dark after having been outside; I heard Phil say "Hello, J.J." and as I whirled around to see, I heard her say "You better get you hands up, Phil; you, too." I started complying out of this old habit I have, but Phil turned to the Egyptian and said the Islamic greeting, "Salaam Allah-kom, Abu Muslim al-Khawlani" to which Abu Muslim said automatically "Allah-kom Salaam" in the manner of the lovers of Muhammad. I was wondering how the name of God Allah was spelled since they pronounced it like "alley" as I was trying to focus on the sight of J.J. standing before an altar of some sort placed at a window so she was in silhouette, as I was becoming increasingly more positive that she was wielding a Luger of all things and waving around like a conductor's baton. And I was getting more confused by the second. "I said hands up, Phil," she repeated. He continued to blow her off, much to my consternation, and proceeded as if nothing unusual were happening at all, still directing his attention to Abu Muslim: "Is this a proper way to be received by one who has the name of the Sufi uncle of the master Ibn al-'Arabi," Phil irreverently commented. I started to say "uh, hey" when J.J., sounding a little more frenetic, levelled the gun at my naval and said to Phil (but referring to me) "I'm going to have to put a bullet in your friend there, Phil, if you don't do what we say." This was all happening fast, *way, way* too fast for me. "Uh, hey, Phil there," I began, but he obstinately continued talking to Abu as if I had never been born: "The same uncle who would beat his legs when they were tired from standing in prayer, who protested to the Companions of Muhammad (the peace of God be upon them) that they should not have His companionship all to themselves but should be nudged aside by the devotion and desire of those who will come after; would he have greeted guests in this

manner?" Abu lowered his head thoughtfully as I was about to pull a Joe e. Brown yell to get everybody's attention, when simultaneously J.J. said something about how she was sorry, but we knew too much (I was trying to tell her I didn't know nothing'), Abu told her to stop, Phil lunged for the gun, and J. J. pulled the trigger.

It was only the third or fourth time I had ever stood at gunpoint, and I just can't handle it like James Bond yet. Ashamed though I am to admit it, I was shaking and desperate; I imagined the fan of flame and the bullet rippling into my body, and I fell back slightly. But Phil had the gun, and muttered that the safety was locked on it; Abu added that it wasn't loaded anyway, and my eyes and J.J.'s met for a second realizing what a foolish charade we had just played. It only lasted a second, because J.J. lit into Abu for letting us get the better of them when we're cops, etc, her anger being obviously tinged with mortification. Abu spoke to Phil for the first time, and I had the feeling that J.J. and I were as important to the proceedings as two growling dogs and that any second we'd be whipped with newspaper. "You are right, friend. I have opened my house to you, and what is mine is yours. Accept my sincere remorse, and let me know I have your pardon, and that of your friend's, too." I was just glad to have a belly button that was still connected to the rest of me; my head was too light to make any coherent reply anyway. While it was cool that Mareh, it wasn't so bad that there needed to be a fire in the fireplace at midday, but the small one behind me cast some light in this room too filled with objects of various cultures to be caught in a single glance. The flickering shadow I cast was matched by the silhouette of J.J. moving cautiously before the one window with the blinds drawn. I realized that this was an eastern window, thus the altar was placed before it. The light and shade of it, the chiaroscuro of motion had caught up my fancy: I hadn't connected J.J.'s movements with any foul play. Meanwhile the ritual rap went on:

"Of course you are pardoned, for in your grief at having lost your beloved one, many amenities are also lost. Is it not near the time to pray?"

"Yes, soon. My heart is heavy at the loss of Su-Shiu; she was my freedom and burden all at once. She was fiercely dedicated, like the hawk, and only rarely would she deem me worthy of a downward glance."

"Seek wisdom, even as far as China;" this Islamic proverb provoked a thoughtful smile on the face of Abu. An inkling of the big picture was coming to me, finally. God, I'm stupid...the Chinese girl was Abu's lover, not Jerry Schmidt's. "Oh, I get it," I broke in: "Their house was a commune of dedicated Weathermen, and *you*, Abu, run a station house for arms and munitions, your garage is a workshop where guns are reassembled from components, and whenever those two visited, they were being secretly loaded for bear with military hardware and the like, and the stuff was unloaded from *underneath* the car and transferred to Schmidt's underground bomb factory." I stopped for a breather.

"Well, my friend, that is not quite right. My presence here, this dealing of hash, is only a front for my brother and his friends who have been importing shipments of guns disguised as shipments of high-grade hashish in turn disguised

as computer components. That way many were thrown off the track. But I am indeed devoted to my studies, and have far more interest in the poetry of Islam than these petty political matters. But our father was killed by his involvement in Algeria, and his brother had before him been in Palestine after a rare flower among these warriors. While she and I spent those few hours a week together, her compatriot would go upstairs and gather the equipment for each shipment..." "Aha, hidden in those rooms upstairs," I broke in.

"Not exactly, Al," Phil corrected. "Through an intricate system of passageways in the walls themselves; the rooms had to be bare in case of searches. And the stuff was simply loaded and unloaded in the trunk of the car; none of these explosives were volatile until they had undergone more chemical transformations in the laboratory. Oh, and what about the sewer line?"

"Hm. Sewers were put in these houses in the 20's...made to look like a drainage ditch, its actually an underground walkway to a chamber beneath the garage. If Alexander Pople could do it, why not the guerillas?"

"Not exactly a passageway; just a crawl space, I'm afraid." That was the clue I was standing on. "Now it is time for me to offer up prayer."

"That'll have to wait for Sunday, now Abu!" Aw, shit; J.J.; I squeezed my eyes tight, knowing that when I opened them again that she would have found a loaded gun and would be pointing it at my proboscis. I wasn't disappointed. Freaked out, but not disappointed. "These *cops* know too much, and too much rides on this place not getting busted. They got to go—and you understand that, Phil, you once believed in this movement."

"I still believe in the outcome, but revolutions come from within, within the state, the movement, the individual." When he talked like that he was generally stalling for time. I saw him non-chalantly slip one of those tennis-balls of hash that we'd recovered this morning from out of his pocket. "It can't get like Northern Ireland in this country, too. Too many children die at the same time. Over one hundred bombings in schools alone in this country last year—that should double in 1975." Gads, I was getting ready, but I couldn't figure his ace in the hole, unless he was going to start slinging hash. And when he started slinging hash, needless to say, I wasn't at all ready. He threw the hash ball in the fireplace, took a diving leap behind a sofa, and yelled out "Duck, Al!!" while I stood there with my finger in my nose. J.J. nearly dropped her gun in the confusion of the moment, then caught my eye for a full second as she hesitated on the brink of action. I took the dive as per instructions, and as I went down there was a flash of fire from the fireplace, a small detonation. Phil hopped up spryly, and when I raised up I saw Abu had not moved from his position the entire time. It was he who spoke first: "Allah's works are myriad and mysterious. I felt that if it were a bomb, there should be no better time to die. And yet now that I see it is not, I have a great sense of peace, as if something within me was to perish in that flame. It is as my small death compared to her great one now has given me freedom."

"And I am happy to have all my doubts erased completely," Phil added in that goddern enigmatic tone that always follows explosions and shit.

"Are you people *mad*?" That was J.J.; and I couldn't help adding a "yeah" of my own.

"J.J., listen to me. The people in that house didn't die by accident—they were murdered. Somebody sold Schmidt a hash ball filled with a new type of plastic explosive based on four derivatives of lead: its just appearing now in Nam. A guy finds a lighter, tries it once, and there is a tremendous explosion. Nitro explodes out at 8,000 feet per second, and this stuff tops 25, maybe 30,000 f.p.s. It was first used by the Weathermen in '69—but whoever sold it to Jerry Schmidt had his complete trust and confidence. The explosive was stolen from his own laboratory and hand pressed into balls of Lebanese hash and then sold back to him. The hash, sandy and malleable, accepted the gelatinous consistency of the explosive perfectly. Three of the five balls we found were ready to burst into flames a minute or two after they were ignited."

We could see J.J. wasn't listening after the first few lines of Phil's revelation. Phil had seen the mess all along; I just verbalized the final details. "Our rogue Krishna devotee-cum-demon; Lord, that *was* demonic. He..."

"That little creep killed my brother. I'll murder that little motherfucker, I'll get him, so help me God..." Phil grabbed her as she passed by, she buried her head into his shoulder. "Ah, Bill, Bill..." She wept like a grieving Indian woman. Abu began his afternoon prayer: "Al'hamdu Li'llah..." And it was a moment within a moment, a timeless time. There was an unfathomable calm spread across the face of the afternoon, and I also felt a measure of peace within. This was necessary, because I was again given an intimation of the coming events of the night, the inexorable predestined duty Phil and I would perform, and this spontaneous meditation as Abu prayed, J.J. silently wept, and Phil bowed with the music of the prayer filled me with strength and determination.

VI

"And all this business about the house being an easy mark for donations to splinter religious groups, that was a ploy too?"

Phil leaned back on the front seat and yawned. I could see him dredging up vital energy from within and suppressing the electrical-nervous energy most familiar to Scorpios. "It was a brilliant set-up, Al. The, uh, Panthers, for instance. They needed small arms, hand-guns, plastic explosive; dress a car like it belonged to the Jehovah's Witnesses and get the plumpest girl and thinnest guy you could find in the group. They would back the car up to the garage and go around front look naive and in need of money, carrying thirty copies of the *Watchtower*. Let them appear to be having a lot of success talking to these kids, say two guys and a girl, at the door; a lot of interaction..."

"...that the officers staked out would be busily noting while in the meantime the other members of the commune were loading their car with whatever had been ordered. That's incredible. And the *real* dealer, all the while, pulled not incense but hashish from his saffron satchel. He certainly knew his timing." It has been a cool night, so all the windows were down: that bottles up an explosion like a cherry bomb in a bottle. So in bomb drills, unlike fire drills, open every window there is. If the windows in that house had been down, J.J.'s brother on that upper story might have survived.

"Yes he did. It was a miracle that J.J. happened to be out walking." He didn't elaborate for me at all. As we pulled into the station house to check in with the car, I finally popped the key question in all of this kind of wierd senseless

murder. I asked Phil what the motive was. He looked me straight in the eye after we parked, with that look that Scorpios give when they're looking into your center spirit and said simply: "There wasn't any." That's all there was. Limply, I added: "I guess de devil make him do it." Oh, but that line fell so very flat. We went inside, checked in, filled in Capt. Jenkins with every detail. We had spent another couple of hours with Abu and J.J. in the house sitting and rapping. She decided to give herself over to the authorities; no charges were pressed and now she does drug work up in Harlem. Abu wanted to go back home. He recently sent us a prayer rug.

Yeah. Well, I've studiously avoided this last part of this day until the very end. First, let me polemicize so we all know where we stand. One of the most incredible people in my life was an elderly woman from Washington who had known the family of the boy who was demonically possessed in 1949 around my birthday. I understand they are writing a book based loosely on the incident, which will no doubt scintillate everybody's curiosity bone and make it a best-seller. Well, I've had the real karma with the diabolic: even as a young child I was carried by the Mediaeval worshippers of Satan in my nightmares, carried to the sacrificial table, my screams in vain. I have known two men in pacts with the devil. As a freshman, when one of them held his black masses in the dorms late at night. I would go and pray for those poor souls driven by their sensationalism to sit in. I spent a night with him locked in St. Patrick's—we both were tripping, and his friends visited with him the entire time. Please believe me when I say that it is sheerest ignorance of the kind which brings only absolute separation and suffering; worse than swine are they who court these things. It is not thrilling, potent, tempting, naughty, sensual, oh-so-exciting. It is more horrible than the blackest nightmare you ever wished yourself dead to escape from. I know this to be true from actual experience and you do not. Please please please believe me in this alone. They'll probably make a movie about this case of possession and it'll make millions and people's imaginations will be irreparably scarred by the images they will see. I wonder if they know how many men, how many days and long nights, how many putrid moments passed before this young man was freed. I wonder if that unmistakeable face of possession will be truly shown, the smells, the body being eaten alive, the fear like no fear can ever ever be, the astounding bravery of those priests who were just men and not saints standing before this grotesque bowel of creation protesting the name of Christ before the devil and his minions. No, its no game. So when Phil and I entered the apartment where the demon-devotee held his masses, and were told to strip and handed the cloaks, we took it as no mean act in our lives...to be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause. The voluptuous nude girl lounged on the altar, the black and red candles were lit, the signs and anagrams of the names of God were written all around, the silver knife cleft the Bible in two, lascivious looks, knowing glances passed around. It was crowded. As we had arranged, I would just keep looking down and repeating various mantras (like the one my grandmother taught me to use if I was ever caught in a situation like a senace or place where murders had occurred, where astral demons and disembodied spirits grovelled around: 'I clothe myself all around in Radiant White Light, Christ's immunity,' and see yourself surrounded by light). I said the mass, chanted the

Krishna mantra, said Islamic prayers, chanted Buddhist mantras, anything. I didn't listen, I put myself off. I prayed for the other souls around and about, I didn't look up. So for lush details of the occurrence I'm an unreliable narrator. I saw it begin, the doors locked, the familiar droning taken up by the initiates. Phil chanted loudly with them, loud enough to drown out my dissonant dissidence; his right hand he made in the shape of a blessing I'd once seen in a Byzantine painting, his thumb and Apollo (ring) finger touching. His left hand was interlocked with it in an unfamiliar gesture, obviously a mode of locking out evil entities. I heard him begin the drone: *ogdol azrazel gogralal* and on and on. I was shivering so hard my whispering voice quivered. This went on interminably, and then the host and chaplain of our mass, the devotee-demon raised his voice loudly in a cry for his attendant and apparent familiar in the underworld. Cedn. Much cajoling and crying and wailing of twisted words came before the swaying redlit worshippers were treated to a manifestation of the figure they'd been responsible for calling. I didn't look up from that time on. I'd seen the show already. Just wish I hadn't. After a little while longer, I realized a shift of wind in my lungs, the stifling odor of devil's dung and asafetida cleared, and Phil nudged me. I knew then that a "path" had been cleared to my spirit and that they were on to what I was doing. O.k., I thought. I'm going to finally face this fear and stand up to it. I was about to rise up and shout when Phil stepped forward for me, veritably rushing the altar, and crying out "In the name of God and all His Power I command the forces of darkness." Instantaneously, the candles were blown out and a great chorus of roaring and crying arose, Phil and the black forces struggling in a Zoroastrian primal conflict. I heard him demanding the name of Cedn from the demon's own mouth in order to gain control, and in the swirling rush of wind and chaos in the room, I thought I heard the men breaking down the door from the outside. Philip had asked for an hour in the apartment before his father's men should bust out anonymous rogue Krishna devotee for eight counts of first degree murder. That was important at the station a while back, but it was miniscule in importance to what was in fact happening. Phil must have achieved something, because the forces keeping the door gave way and the police broke through. Instantly, as they turned on all the lights, the wind and wailing stopped, as it of course logically must. Phil stood apart behind the altar naked, thin and strong, quivering with a recent triumph.

The other people around me looked like cattle, at least their eyes were round and staring. The cops were really speechless. One began, "What in hell went on in here," but was immediately answered by the leader of this horror show: "Exactly, officer. Now, if you step any closer, I will ignite this explosive." He had produced a butane lighter and one of those hash balls, and held the two dangerously close together. They looked at him as if he were crazy, which was justifiable, but they obviously had no idea of the power of that new explosive. What Phil had tossed in the fireplace had been a hash ball scooped out, and just the thinnest residue had caused a flash of fire. This much explosive could be volcanic. "Don't move, he's serious," Phil interposed, but I guess one patrolman didn't recognize him in his wild nakedness, and drew his pistol. There was a

guttural laugh from the priest, and I saw him hold the burning ball high. In the seconds as it burned through the has people gasped and tried to push away, Phil took a dive, a shot rang out and it suddenly happened. A ball of flame engulfed the center of the room, there was a rush of heat and the noise of burning, and a scream of ungodly origin sliced through the minds of everyone there. A piece of burning flesh knocked against my neck and my eyes and ears were choked. I fell down, and vomited.

There was chaos and smoke everywhere, and screams fell like darts in the room. Willing my mind into rational process, I went over my body to ascertain whether there was any real damage. I felt better after vomiting, and a cop had had the presence of mind to get a fire extinguisher. The flame had engulfed and departed, and I remembered back to the old lady who heard the long piercing scream before the detonation. There must have been fire in his lungs as he pulled smoke from that loaded ball of hash; the explosion must have come when the fire spread to a volatile chemical, in turn detonating with enough explosive force to immediately set everything else in that lab off at the same time. I pushed my way out of that room, tossed off the cloak and rummaged in the next room for my clothes. I was oblivious to the cries of pain of the people inside; it was self-protection. As it turned out only five people died, the ones close to the altar. The others got off with burns, some minor. Looking on the floor for my sock, I heard somebody come into the room. It was Phil, wrapped in a curtain, burned in spots but alive. I was in real deep shock, as you can guess, but I stood up, tried to catch hold of myself, and just sort of stared at him a while. He looked at me. And then he smiled a beautiful and warm grin, as if to thank me and tell me he loved me at once. I took it in, and went back after my sock.

VII

I spent the weekend with my parents. It was calm, even, banal, necessary for the healing of my mental wounds. As with the ever-increasing incidents of bombing in this country, only the house explosion got into the newspapers. Hundreds of bombings are kept out of the media by common consent, to prevent hysteria. Only the really big ones, which everybody sees, get national prominence. I took my sister to see *Fantasia* for the sixteenth time; I wish I could live in Beethoven's *Sixth Symphony*—Land with all the flying horses and centaurs and fauns. I visited an old, old, girl friend Saturday night. She is a Jewish-American princess, you know, but God what a sweet joy and relief it was to be with her, to talk to her. Nobody asked me what I did last Thursday and it was kept confidential. You are the first to know, actually. I rode the subways and I loved the faceless multitudes who passed me by, the ever-renewing sea of humanity, fresh and good. I spent a day with almost no fear, and I tried to live from then on like life was the most precious gift one ever gets, but a gift given by the cosmic Indian-giver, a gift ripped from your grasp when it is its most desired. I tried to let go gracefully; but it takes a smile in passing, and gives the sense of failure to any trials. Life is a jest, truly, but it is in understanding God's sense of humor the secret lies.



Boy Presumed Drowned In Lake Superior

the one whose eye is air
sees birches rise white fountains
shoot green leaves that fall to earth yellow

the one whose skin is space
feels layers of brown fields
through which a boulder slowly moves

the one whose mind is sea
drowns under ice or wakes under sun
but cannot suspect the strange thing
among deep snagging rocks
quickly losing its starlike shape

Rick Stansberger

Alfred Starr Hamilton

Violet

Wherever I wandered mostly
 Wherever I found a violet
 Wherever I tossed a violet by the seashore

Wherever I wanted to be mostly
 In and amongst the mountainous crags
 Wherever I found a violet by the seashore

And during the enraptured silence
 Against the night of the enraptured pin
 And in and amongst the sharpened crags

Wherever I counted the purple stars
 That fell off the lightened sunshine
 Purple as the night of the night watchman

Wherever I reached to have touched the sun's rays
 Wherever I pinned my enraptured hand mostly
 And touched the ocean spray

Wherever I wandered mostly
 Wherever I played with the sun and the enchanted winds
 And during the night of the purple watchman

Wherever I wanted to be mostly
 Light as a feather during the enchanted sunshine
 White as the might of the ocean main

Wherever I wandered mostly
 Wherever I found a violet
 Wherever I tossed a violet by the seashore

Two poems

The Light of the Hours

Stems on the wetting ground,
steeped in waiting
for the petal to flower.

As the light leaves,
the shadow remains within the bloom:
an ancestor feeding on light.

I lose you to the grasses.
They rotate their sounds.
What has lit your eyes darkens in mine.

The Sunflower Gatherers

In the length of another
my body falls away:
sunflowers leaning into one another.

Picked out of the silence
and rounded out of the hill,
We bring the black suns to our table.

We attend the flower
we have never know the memory of.

Claudia March Wischner

Tim Westmoreland

Two poems

Parkway Lake in Winter

The ice is smooth
 is white almost as the snow on the banks,
 but as I walk along the edges
 wanting toward the center
 into the center
 to the lake
 I see and hear (I force)
 whiter, cracking spears of lightning across the cover.

So I simply slide
 not far from shore,
 slowly and afraid of water.

I heard water sounds
 and saw a gap in far ice,
 lightning to the gap.
 Silver and spray flashed brightly
 into the cold air.

Beside the hole:
 fish flopping
 wet fish from under the ice
 then
 fish still

Double Room in the Hospital

In the corner of the pale green walls
 while my mother mourns my young father:
 the hiss of the shallow useless breaths
 of the old man whom I hear and hate.

Tom Kale

Born with his teeth in, died with them out.
Pie-eyed and musty with gin, no doubt
 dog-tired after a day's work:
the chopper caught him in the wheat field
and hurt him so much I put my fists in my ears to block the sound:
but only the quick touch of the blades came to me
 across the wheat.

Charles J.

Matthews

John Stevenson

Ariel's Lie: The Fading

Turning my collar to the cold, I return,
 Survey the scene.
 It all looks too small:
 Those trees, dependable pines dismayed now
 At the intermixed intrusion of fall's old
 Rotten rags of color,
 Are too few, too thin, too short.
 That nurse, wizened upon her bench,
 White dress stark against the drab autumn park,
 Can she so dominate that child
 Whose every movement waits on her approval?

A swing swings;
 I sit, so that it
 May swing still, not be still yet.
 The seat, too narrow, squeezes me,
 Tightening my memories, my poor mocked memories,
 All so small, so very small
 To me, a momentary rocker,
 Swinging amid a past
 The present is too poor to restore

James Dunbar

Abbotsford (Home Of Sir Walter Scott)

It is as he wished it, as he made it so ;
Forging from misfortune this firm defense
Against the effects of time
For the enjoyment of his latter days, which are come.
The smith's, the mason's, the joiner's hand his own,
That with a pen wrote out the lay of lawns,
The tale of rooms and halls, raised the walls
And decorated all from his antique eye
That curved in "leafy tracery"
With many a "freakish knot"
About, behind the years to grasp the quiet grace
Denied his race, but fought for and deserved.

Brooke Davis

Hamada Bowl

A slim song
Crystallized from the smooth curve of eternity
Breathing lightly
 quietly
In my hands.

Born of earth
Risen from water
Captured in fire
Resting in air
 The living memory of what remains
 When again this bowl is dust.

God Give Us Men

(Upon news of the Teapot Dome Scandal)

Ah, when I see a great majestic nation
Holding sway o'er all the powers of earth,
Shaped by gigantic men who nursed her birth,
While every race, with silent admiration
Looks unto her to save from desolation:—
When I look out and see her sons of worth,
Her chosen leaders go as traitors forth
And bring high honor unto desecration —
Majestic Ship of State far off her course
Astray amid the muck and slime and fen
When all her mighty steel with pride and force
Belongs unto the deep, with forward ken;
I look again upon her noble source
And cry, "God give us men! God give us men!"



Reviews

Helen Bevington, *Beautiful Lofty People*. New York: Harcourt Brace Javanovich, Inc., 1974. pp. xiv, 228. \$7.95.

Those who have suffered the slings and arrows of Mrs. Bevington's gentle criticism ("Are you *sure* you read the poem, dear?") will be gratified to learn they're not the only ones. In *Beautiful Lofty People* she exposes D. H. Lawrence as a prude, Lord Byron as an obese undergraduate, and Emily Dickinson as a hermit, with the same indulgence she bestows on the hapless sophomore who lauds Keats's "Isabella." For Mrs. Bevington, in class and in her new book, wounds only to heal, and the wounding is redeemed by generous praise if the offenders be "lofty in their search for something, or in their singular view of life."

The searchers range from chaste Dorothy to Bet Flint, a drunken harlot. In light, sometimes witty essays, the author offers engaging anecdotes or reveals personality quirks that do much to humanize both literary all-stars and everyday folk. Montaigne achieved a "scandalous serenity" despite constant pain from the stone; Madame de Seveigne, though adored by the French *litterati* of her time, spent her last twenty-five years writing anguished, unrequited love letters to her proud and aloof daughter. And Bet Flint's lusty memoirs got a critical reading from none other than Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Bevington knows and loves her beautiful lofty people, and portrays them as one would portray intimate friends. Not surprisingly she is best in writing of her wordly companions, those she has seen and known in life rather than in literature, and in writing about herself. Any attempt to render a person's individuality—a gossamer, living quality — is far more difficult if one must depend only on written sources (plus a thoughtful imagination). It is a tribute to her artistry that the "historical" sketches succeed as well as they do; when she has the added tool of personal contact her essays are often brilliant.

"Niki and the Four-Day Classical Tour" is particularly well done — a humorous/poignant tale of the author's alternately harrowing and uplifting bus tour through Greece. With compassion and lively intelligence Mrs. Bevington sketches the characters on the modern-day odyssey: the German professor with his "heavy-faced" wife; the honey-mooning French couple (sigh!); the descendant of Anne Bradstreet — all led by Niki, the tour guide who calls them "my children." The author's rapture in viewing the ancient Greek relics is intense without being sentimental, and her portrait of Niki — a vivacious teacher,

utterly devoted to her role as keeper of the past for thousands of tourists — falls gracefully between arid reportage and effusive panegyric.

This felicitous combination of love and witty insight is behind the best of *Beautiful Lofty People*. Often it occurs in the many light-verse poems that complement the essays, notably "The Man Montaigne" and "A Tourist to Byzantium." In the latter the author sets sail for Yeats's holy city in search of "the heaven of the mind," only to find, after trials and tribulations aboard an Italian Line steamship, "Nothing! Nothing but Turks in Istanbul. Nothing."

Yet, as Mrs. Bevington intimates throughout her book, it's the setting sail that matters. Attainment seems much less important to the beautiful lofty people she describes. Whether it be T.S. Eliot's effort to find Little Gidding ("It is here and nowhere," he wrote), or an undergraduate's struggle to understand Keats, there is nobility in the "search for something." Mrs. Bevington writes about it, with humor and compassion, as only a fellow-seeker can.

Tom Noland

Charles E. Johnson, *London Bridge in Arizona, A Novel*. Cambridge: published by Charles E. Johnson, 1973. 55 pps. \$1.25

Mr. Johnson's little book, though subtitled *A Novel*, might as well have been called a poem in prose. In fact its author has derived his literary scheme and many of his details, too ostentatiously for some tastes, from T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, much as Eliot used to borrow situations from predecessors. It was Joyce's *Ulysses*, followed by Pound's *Cantos*, that made the practice flagrant in the 1920's. In the spirit of a custom going back to antiquity, countless writers then initiated a Frankenstein fashion of rattling old bones over. *London Bridge in Arizona* reminds me, however, of another such work, *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish*, in being highly introspective; and like MacLeish's poem it screams with pain.

That this book is derivative in manner and form does not, of course, diminish its possible value as a testament. Mr. Johnson was once a Presbyterian chaplain at Duke; but I have no idea whether his second-person interior monologue (an awkward form, by the way) disguises personal disillusionment and a crisis of religious faith. My guess is that the *Waste Land*-like form exaggerates what personal elements lie behind the narrative. Certainly the esthetic interest here depends solely on a creative correlation with *The Waste Land* and on a fictive self-identification of the protagonist with Eliot himself, both of which procedures are nearly enough successful to justify the publication.

Grover Smith

A Conceited And Most Impious Contemplation Of The Glory Of The
Archive: A Poem

I say to myself, "But of course,
The Archive could somehow be worse.
 Just how, I don't know--
 It is really quite low--
Like the grass that's passed out of a horse."

Just taking a guess out of hand,
I would say that the editor's damned
 To choose between limpid
 And just plain insipid,
And stuff only God understands.

An example or so may suffice
To protect me from clamors of, "Bias!"
 (One cannot help but think
 Of the waste of good ink
And the lack of good sense it implies):

"swirling water treads ghost-like, my toes
breathe in its loving, exploding, enclose
 my sacred foot's soul..."
 And yet, on the whole,
It's not too much worse than the prose.

I don't comprehend why it's better
(Except for the lazy type-setter)
 To cummingly scrawl
 Without commas at all,
And with never a capital Letter.

Now with meter nor rhythm nor flow
 Do these modern pedestrians go.
 “To hell with the rhyme!”
 (It takes too much time)
 So with newness of chaos they glow.

Indentation is fun, and what’s more,
 It makes *verse* what was *nothing* before.
 At first it is fun
 To read verse on the run,
 But it soon turns a terrible bore.

Utter silliness sometimes is right,
 And the poet is bound to take flight
 With passions and burnings
 And undefined yearnings
 But with decrease in heat, and more light.

You disparage these limericks that mock at thee
 (They suit vehicle’s purpose, as in rocketry).
 I sing not of art,
 But of those that take part,
 In the Archive’s unchaste mediocrity.

Charles King

Notes on Contributors

JAMES APPLEWHITE is an assistant professor of English at Duke. He is presently preparing his first volume of poetry for publication.

JAMES AULD is a professor of French at Duke.

JANE BERLIN is a senior psych major and has lived long enough to be from Durham.

HOLLY BRUBACH's favorite artist is Pablo Picasso, who has never contributed to the Archive.

BROOKE DAVIS, a sophomore philosophy major from New York City, had the consummate wisdom to also major in English.

SALLY DONNELL is a sophomore from Winnetka, Illinois. She is majoring in art.

JAMES DUNBAR, who contributed to the Archive last semester, is studying for his masters degree in English at Duke. His poem, "Abbotsford (home of Sir Walter Scott)," won honorable mention in the 1974 American Academy of Poets contest.

BETSY ELKINS is a sophomore art major.

GEORGANN EUBANKS, sophomore, public policy studier, and German scholar, is from Atlanta.

BUZZ FONG is a sophomore chemistry major.

FLORRIE FUNK is not a pseudonym. She is working with James Applewhite this semester and likes to dance.

ALFRED STARR HAMILTON is perhaps one of the most prolific poets ever to have lived. Nearly sixty, he writes, on the average, 12 poems a day.

TOM HOUSE is building up quite a reputation. He has appeared in previous Archives.

ALLEN JAMESON, a perfect Leo, is now perfecting a new detective.

PETER KLAPPERT, winner of the 1970 Yale Younger Poets Award, will be reading at Duke in April.

JIM KRAILLER is an eminent proponent of the "Cincinnati" school of poetry. **DONNA LANDRY** won this year's American Academy of Poets contest.

DENISE LEVERTOV's latest book is **The Poet in the World**, an enjoyable and valuable collection of essays and prose pieces.

LEE LOURDEAUX is Lee Lourdeaux is Lee Lourdeaux.

DAVID MANGUM is a 26-year old native-resident of Jackson, Mississippi, whose first novel, **The Fargus Technique**, was called "a work of obvious intelligence and promising craftsmanship" by the New York Times.

CHARLES J. MATTHEWS can do nothing but play the piano.

STEVEN MILLER is a senior art major.

DALLAS WALTON NEWSHAM (Trinity, Class of '99) was Treasurer of Trinity College. Some poems are always timely.

TOM NOLAND, former *Archive* editor, recently transferred to a small private school in New Haven, only to discover that you can't go home again and that north is not always toward home.

STEPHEN ROJAC, dressed and alive, he wonders if time is, indeed sex and sex the connection of all circuits.

JULIE ROSS is a freshman who paints, sculpts, bowls and raises periodically-dying goldfish and kites.

HERMAN SALINGER is a professor of comparative literature at Duke.

EVE SILBERMAN, a winner in the 1973 *Mademoiselle* fiction contest, has studied with Reynolds Price.

DONALD SLOWIK is studying creative writing under Donald Slowik. One of the "Cincinnati poets," he is one of the "Cincinnati poets."

GROVER SMITH, distinguished critic and professor of English at Duke, teaches Eliot, Joyce, and students, among others.

HELEN SMITH is a Durhamite whose work has appeared in past *Archives*.

RICH STANSBERGER, a heavy-set man with a hoarse voice, is a founder of the "Cincinnati" school of poetry.

JOHN STEVENSON is still holding more than he's showing and showing more than he holds.

JEFF TALMADGE had a run of luck and was elected president, received honorable mention in the American Academy of Poets contest, and was published in the *Archive*. A good week.

VALERIE TROFATTER, a junior, majors in art and makes great lasagna.

ROBYN UNDERHILL is a junior English major from Winona, Minnesota. She has studied writing with Gerald Monsman.

TIM WESTMORELAND appears elsewhere.

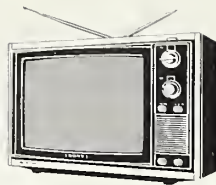
CLAUDIA MARCH WISCHNER is a nocturnal flower. She is working on a manuscript of beatific poems at beatific Goddard College.

MARK WINGES has been published in *Clifton* magazine. He sometimes explores the vagaries of concrete poetry.

The *Archive* regrets that three poems of Mike Ellsworth were published as one poem, "Nostalgia Land," in the fall *Archive*.

SONY TV

Craftsmanship



In this age of mass production with its emphasis on quantity, Sony retains an intense pride of craftsmanship. Examine any Sony product and you'll see why the close attention to even the smallest detail has earned for Sony an enviable worldwide reputation for fine craftsmanship in electronics. Here's another example of Sony craftsmanship.

We stock all sizes

NOTE: We are Durham's only servicing Sony Dealer. We service what we sell!

KV1201	12" screen	\$349.95
KV1500	15" screen	\$399.95
KV1710	17" screen	\$469.95
NEW KV1920	19" screen	\$559.95

Also 5" and 9" Models - Perfect for campers.

BUY AT VICKERS

Where service and satisfaction are assured!

Thank you

very much

for your patronage

David Fowler

Duke University

Barbershop

Duke University Stores

• **Duke University Store**

• **East Campus Store**

• **Duke University Bookstore**

• **Duke University Vending Service**





1104 Broad St.
Durham

SOME THYME — 1104 Broad St. (near Watts Hosp.); fine natural foods — a return to tasty fresh-baked cuisine served in a warm, informal setting; vegetarian and fish dinners, omelettes, sandwiches, fresh-baked bread, pies and bagels and a variety of teas, coffees and fresh fruit drinks, beer and wine. Tue.-Sun. 11 a.m.-midnight; live acoustic music Wed.-Sat. evenings; 286-1019.

Natural foods for the people

BOOKS

For all interests
hard cover
paperback
foreign magazines



LITTLE PROFESSOR BOOK CENTER

143 W. Franklin St.
University Square
open every day



The Blue and White Room

*A great variety of
foods for every
meal*



The Oak Room

*Waitress service
A la Carte Menu
Many other fine foods*

The University Room

Special meals



The Cambridge Inn

*....to serve you
at all times*



SPECIAL FUNCTION AND CATERING SERVICE

Duke University Dining Halls

MUNCHKIN



Lowest prices in the area

\$3.59 for \$5.98 list

**114 Henderson St. Chapel Hill
(under Kemps) 929-3367**

RECORDS

ANNOUNCING THE NORTH CAROLINA

FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL, APRIL 19 & 20

DUKE'S WEST CAMPUS

FEATURING:

Libba Cotten
The Golden Echoes
Earnest East and the Pine Ridge Boys
The Bluegrass Experience
E. C. and Orna Ball
Kilby Snow
Fred Cockerman
Byard Ray and Friends
Willie Trice
Tommy Atkinson
Holstein-Fresian Cows
Nubian and Toggenburg Goats
Hampshire and Dorset Sheep
American Saddle Bred Horses
AND MANY MORE

ALSO FEATURING:

Sheep Shearing, Milking,
Blacksmithing, Weaving,
Quilting, Pottery, Natural
Dyeing, Log Cabin Building,
Instrument Making, Square
Dancing, Clog Dancing, Story
Telling, Ballad Singing, Music
Workshops and Other Craft
Demonstrations, Barbeque, Ad
Infinitum.

Another Event

sponsored by the Duke University Union and ASDU

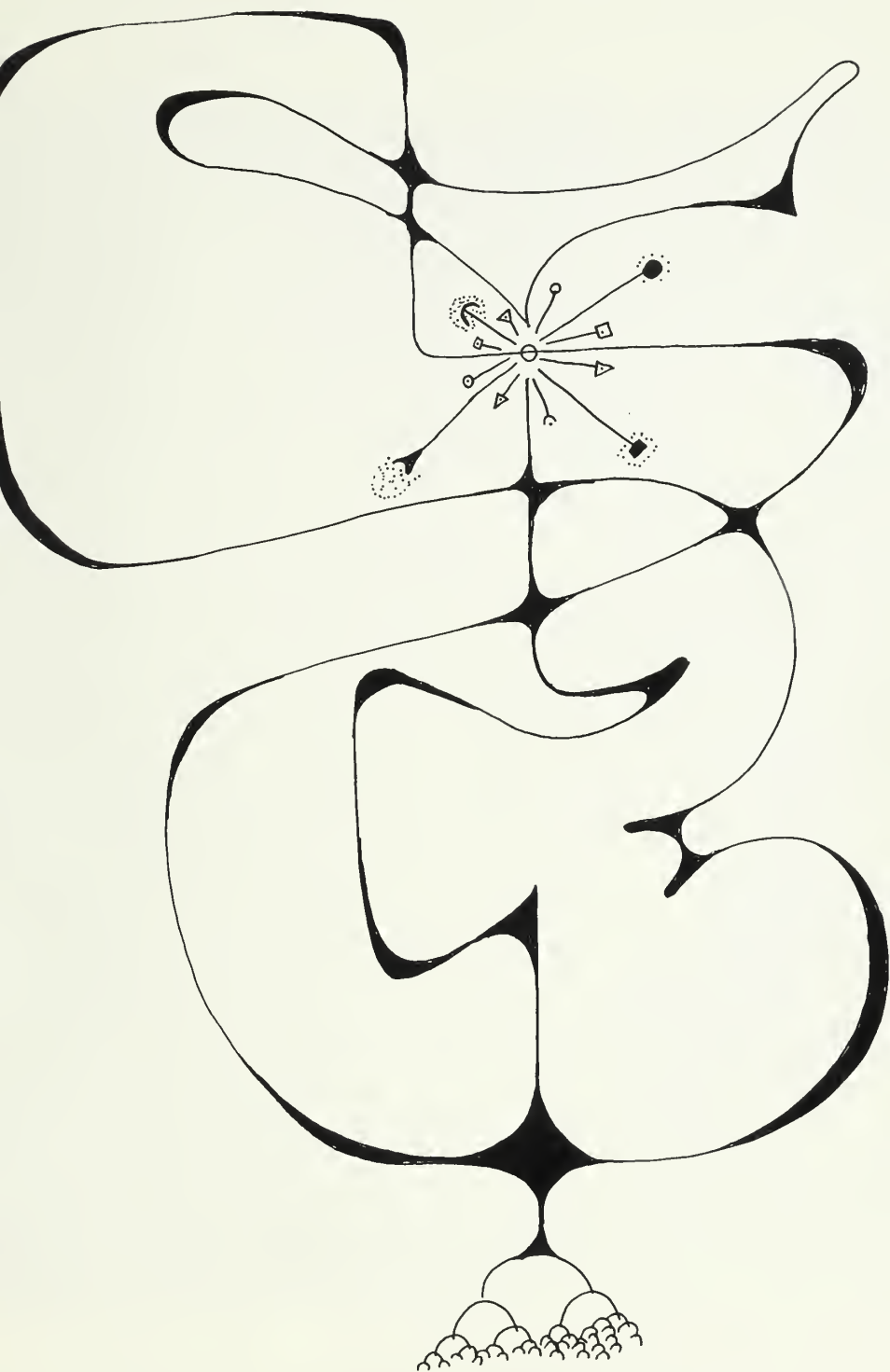
pik'cherz

Every piece of art – the individual painting, print, drawing, or photograph – is viewed by its creator as a thing separate unto itself. Therefore, this book is designed so that it can be cut apart (along its spine) so that each work contained within it can be viewed alone, for its own individual merits, so that you can appreciate each work in somewhat the same way its maker did.

Or viewed another way, what you have here is THE ARCHIVE'S MAKE-IT-YOURSELF MINI-POSTER KIT. We hope you enjoy all twenty-four.

Table of Contents

Group I	Duke's art: some of it, Spring, 1973
Group II	Duke's art: some of it, 1950 to 1970
Group III	Duke's photography: some of it, Spring, 1973



W. K. STARS ink drawing
Spring, 1973

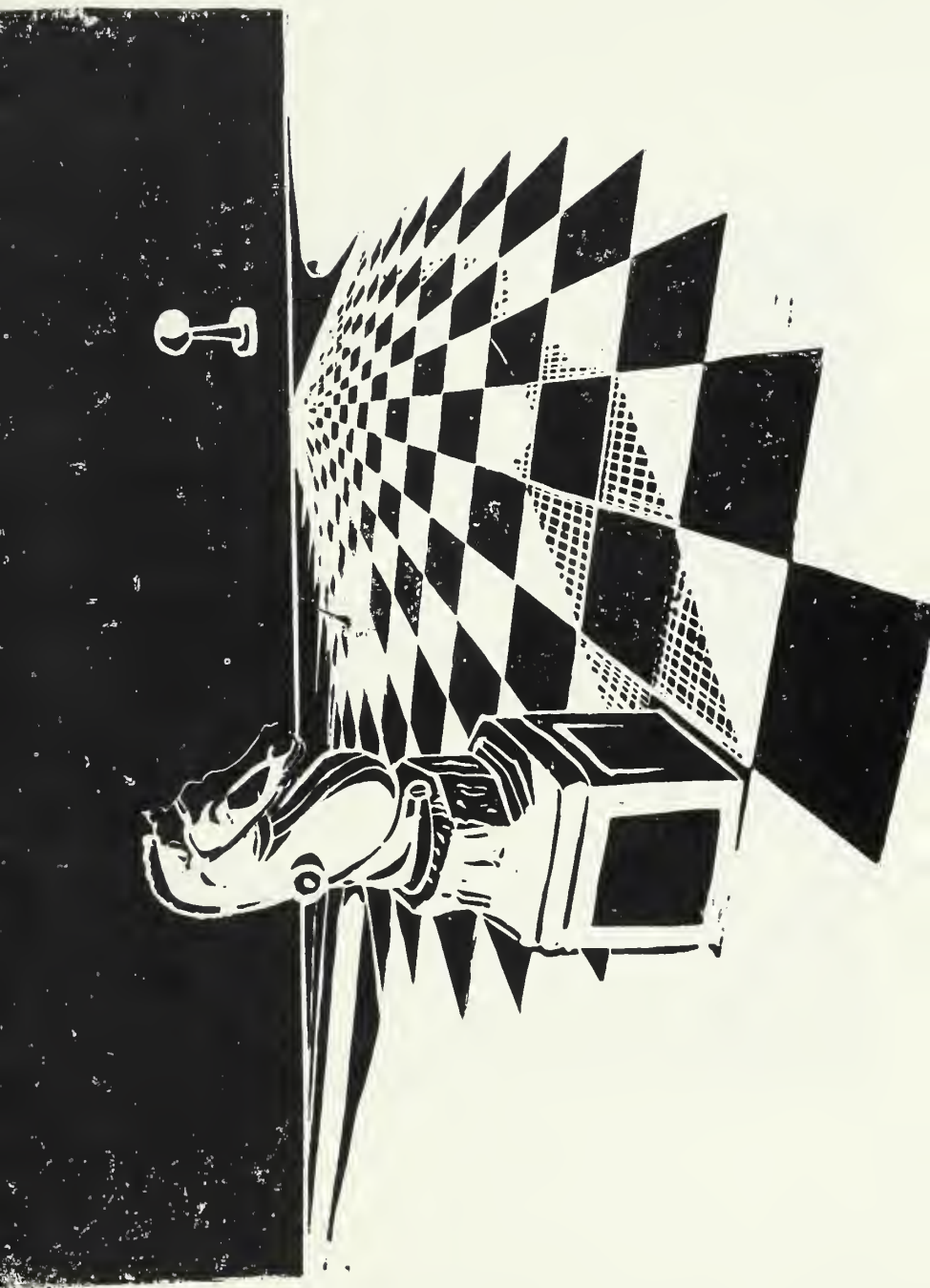
The classroom is the shell
The student is the oyster
The teacher is the irritant
The result is the pearl



ANNE WALLACE linoleum block print
Spring, 1973



ANNE MILLIKEN old man
Spring, 1973



READ RANKIN night
Spring, 1973



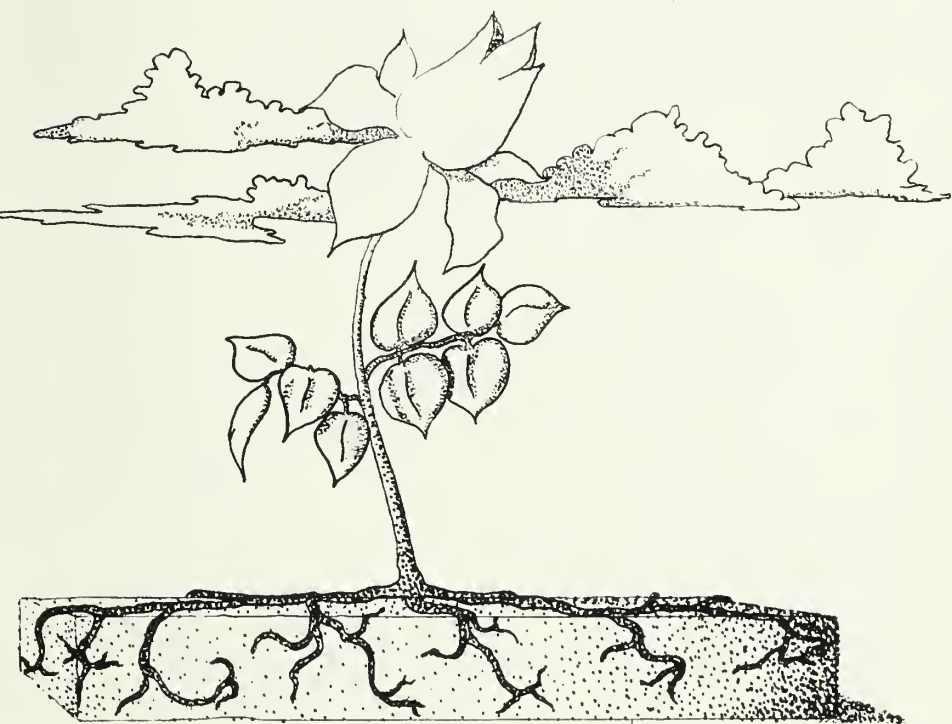
MARY WHITE Pegasus
Spring, 1973



JAN LINDEN sneaker
Spring, 1973



ANNIE APPLEGATE drapery
Spring, 1973



GREG COLLINS ink drawing
Spring, 1973



HARRY C. STOKES eat at maxy's
December, 1967



BARBARA THOMPSON view from a highway intersection
April, 1965



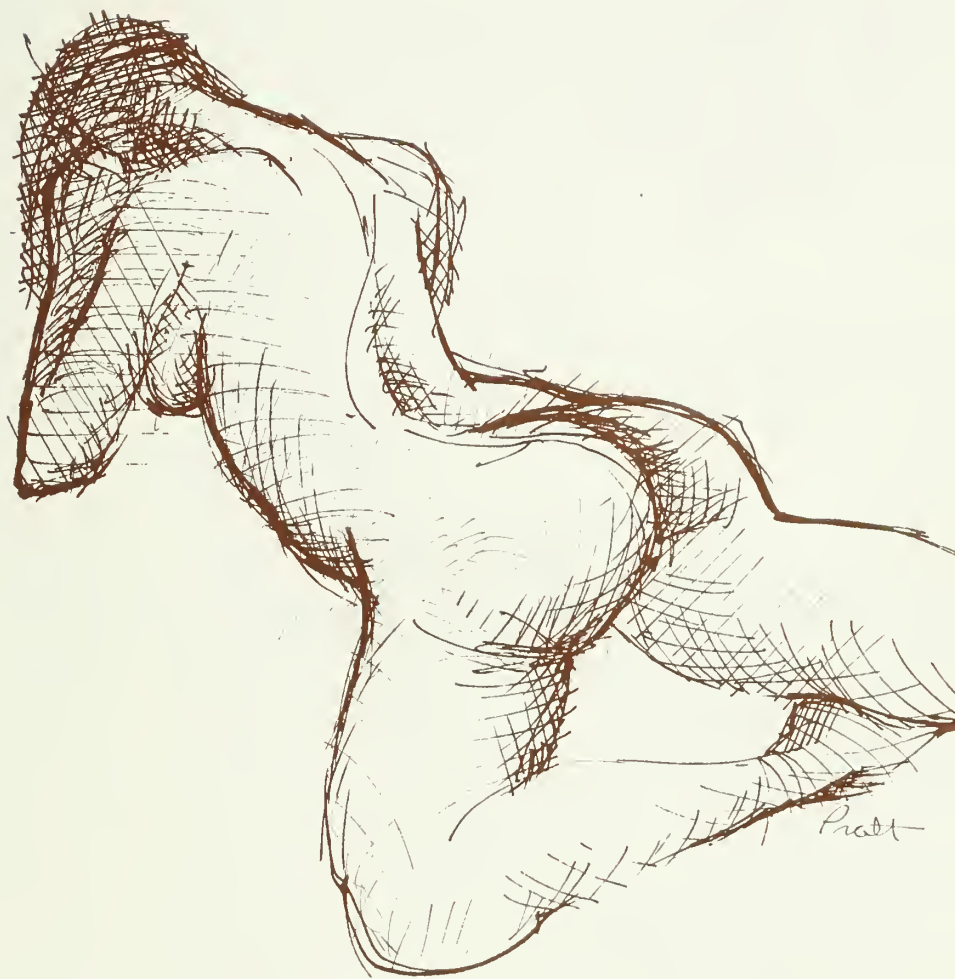
VERNON PRATT seated figure
October, 1959



JEFF DERECKI leavetaking
October, 1959



LARRY FUNK bus stop
May, 1967



VERNON PRATT reclining figure
March, 1960



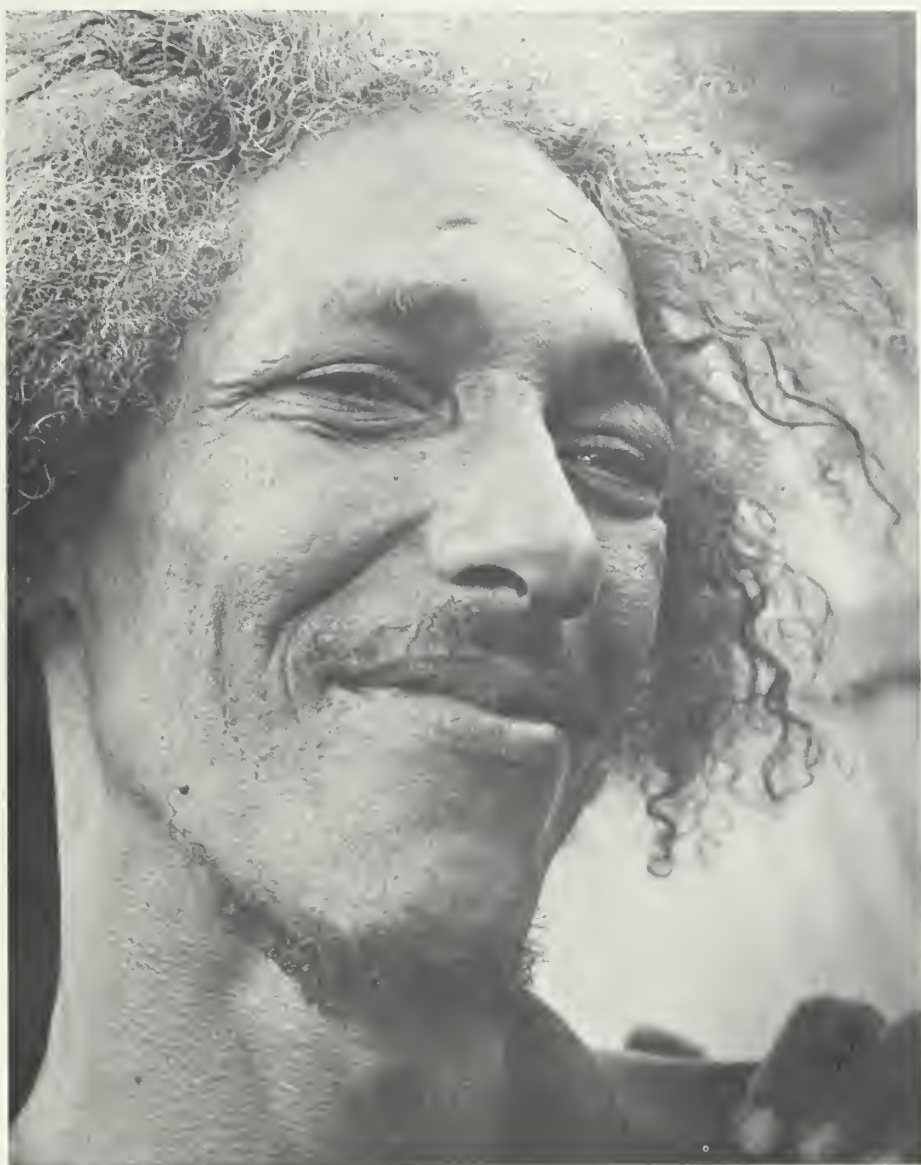
WEN-CHI KAO KONG ink wash on rice paper
November, 1963



W. K. STARS man
May, 1970



VICTOR LUKAS



VICTOR LUKAS



VICTOR LUKAS



VICTOR LUKAS



SAM JOSEPH



ROSS DUNSEATH



SAM JOSEPH



VICTOR LUKAS

archive

1980-1989

1990-1999

2000-2009

fūn'ēz

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

Do not be deceived. Fūñ'ēz is a bonafide subdivision of The Archive Corporation, specializing in products that provide fun and entertainment for the entire family. Located in Durham, North Carolina, The Archive Corporation is the oldest of its kind in the South. Since 1887 it has been a leader in such dynamic and ever-expanding technological fields as human experiential synthesis.

The Archive Corporation.
Not just the arts, reality.

"Been at Duke so long it looks like up to me."

Art McTighe, 1968

Table of Contents

Name: Work	Page
Do Not Be Deceived	1
Steve Cohen: <i>The First Day of Class</i>	2
Patrick Gray: <i>Gravity Disproved</i>	3
Bill Marquess: <i>The Sack of the Scholar</i>	6
Six Great Americans: <i>The Great American Short Story</i>	8
Worthington Ellington: <i>The Night of the Dead Living</i>	12
Bob Heller: <i>Four Years Before the Buck</i>	19
Messages from Our Sponsor	22

"It's the finest school in the country, except for the University of Virginia."

a Durham resident, 1972

The First Day of Class

Good morning ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to Triviology 61. I am your professor, Dr. N. Somnia. Although this is the first time I'm teaching this course, it should be a very good semester, as I am one of the internationally recognized experts in this field.

Before we get underway, I'd like to take care of some initial business. First, I will pass around the room a copy of the syllabus. You will note that all reading for this course is on 30-minute reserve in the East Campus Library. I chose to do this so that everyone would have equal access to the reading. There are also seven books that you are required to buy. Although we won't use them in the course, I think you should have them for personal reference. You'll notice that they are all authored by me and published by the Filmore Tyler College Press.

Oh — one other thing about the books. The Duke and Durham bookstores couldn't order them in time, so you'll have to purchase them at the bookstore at UNC-Greensboro.

Now, turning to the subject you all like best — grades. Ha. Ha.

Now, I think the grading system as it now stands is grossly unfair. It does not measure the value of a student's work, but only reflects a professor's arbitrary judgment. However, we all must live within the system, mustn't we?

Therefore, we will have three hourlies, five short quizzes, two term papers, and a final exam.

But, to make it easier on the student, I am going to allow you to choose between two options. Under the first plan, you can take 3 of 5 short quizzes and write 2 term papers and take either 2 out of 3 hourlies or the final, or take all 3 hourlies and write one term paper and take 4 out of 5 quizzes and drop the 2 lowest grades, inclusive.

The second plan is for those who prefer doing a number of shorter papers instead of one long paper. For one of the term papers, you may substitute a series of 87 ½-page essays. Three are due at the beginning of each class period. Each one should be a synthesis of at least one major book.

Now, let me state from the outset that I am a firm believer in all the new "modern" and "experimental" forms of education. The classroom, for example, should be a place where mature students engage in the leisurely exchange of ideas. The seating chart I am now passing around should encourage this.

I also believe that by now you are all mature people, old enough to handle your academic responsibilities. Therefore, roll will be taken at each class and your final mark will be lowered by one letter grade for each class missed.

So, just remember throughout the semester that you are here because you *want* to be. I realize this course is required for graduation, but you always could have taken the other section, which meets Thursday and Saturday at 8:00 a.m.

Now, are there any questions?

Gravity Disproved

Analysis of Snell's law of refraction reveals an interesting aspect of the movement of light through mediums where the speed of light varies from one medium to the next. This aspect of light movement is that, given the path that the light took and its velocities over that path, one will discover that the light path is adjusted in such a manner that the light took the fastest path between the beginning and end of its travel.

In the same sense one could show that a system, as a mass, can be considered as a point having the mass of the system, and being at the system's center of mass. Furthermore, just as the light "knew" how to take the fastest path, the system "knows" how to minimize accelerations of its center of mass, and in doing so, the system creates effects which appear to be the result of forces in the system. These apparent forces, which are only effects, look as though they are real, and in fact have been named the forces of gravity.

Let us examine the proof of this statement.

First of all, throughout the discussion, we speak of gravity as a force achieving certain effects such as pulling. That this seems to contradict our hypothesis is evident, but the terminology is used only for clarity. Gravity can be looked upon as a force having certain effects only in the same manner as inertia can be looked upon as a force having certain effects. Due to the effects of inertia a body accelerates at a certain rate for a constant force. In like manner, when one speaks of gravity pulling, he is speaking of an effect which is similar to the result of a force.

In a system consisting of one object there exists a property of that object which acts to resist accelerations on the center of mass (CM) of that object. The determining factor(s) on how resistive this property will be is the mass of the object and its (relative) velocity.

Likewise, in a system consisting of two objects in motion, there exists a property of the system of these two objects which acts to resist accelerations on the CM of that system. The determining factors on how resistive this property will be is the nature of the motion and the inertia of the two (or more) masses. The apparent effect of the first instance of the inertia is that it requires a force to move a mass; the apparent effect of this second instance of inertia are the effects resulting from what is called the force of gravity.

In other words the force of gravity is a manifestation of that property of matter which also results in matter having inertia. Gravity and inertia are the only properties which both increase with mass and resist acceleration. Let us first briefly consider the case of inertia. In a strictly theoretical sense there exists no real reason why a given force, so long as it was greater than zero, could not accelerate given mass to a given velocity in some other amount of time which experience shows us to be the case by Newton's Law ($F=MA$).

Further, for a time system outside of a moving object, the acceleration of the object will appear to decrease (with constant force) as that object's speed reaches that of light. This constant force provided an apparently decreasing acceleration because the object became apparently more massive, and in becoming more massive, acquired an apparently larger inertia. This shows us that inertia can change for an object depending on what is happening to the object. We will show in like sense that gravity can change for a system, depending on what is happening to the system.

To state it another way, inertia can exert an apparent force on a mass such that any other force on that mass becomes less able to produce the same effect it produced on the rest mass. Similarly, the effect of gravity is as follows: a system of two or more bodies existing such that some or all of the distances between the bodies is changing, will contain an apparent force (called gravity) which acts to prevent acceleration in the motion patterns of the bodies. That is gravity acts to prevent acceleration, just like inertia, only it is present in systems which have relative motion.

There are five cases of motion between two bodies from the fixed reference point of view: 1) the motion of A is on a line going through the center of mass of B, B is stopped, and A is moving toward B; 2) same as 1, except the line of travel of A does not go through the CM of B; 3) they are not moving with respect to each other; 4) like 1, except A is moving away from B; 5) like 2, except A is moving away from B.

From a relative motion point of view 1) becomes: the center of mass of the system approaches one body at constant speed; 2) becomes the CM of the system approaches one body at a decreasing rate, stops, and then moves away at an increasing rate. 3) becomes: the CM is unmoving with respect to each body. 4) becomes the CM of the system is moving away from one body at constant speed. And 5) becomes: the CM of the system is moving away from one body at an increasing rate.

Now, recalling that inertia was defined as a force, or apparent force, which incompletely counter acts another force (acceleration), at an increasing rate as mass approaches the speed of light, we can say that gravity is a force, an apparent force, that completely counteracts an acceleration of mass (CM of system). In the case of gravity, the acceleration it opposes is the accelerating rate at which the CM is leaving or approaching one body.

There are, of course, a few problems with this simple treatment, but they are easily cleared up. The first question might be how exactly something resists acceleration by becoming attractive. The answer is gravity prevents the apparent deceleration of the CM of the system of two objects approaching each other but not on a collision course by accelerating their rate of approach, this is accomplished by being attractive. In like manner, gravity acts to decelerate the CM of the system of two bodies moving away from each other by pulling on them so they move apart at a decreasing rate.

The next question might be why gravity would pull two objects together in a straight line collision course. The answer is that in a straight line collision course the CM is unmoving, if the motion is due to effects solely within the system, and any aberrations in the path produce an acceleration of the CM which gravity acts to reduce by pulling. Since the universe is full of bodies, each affecting the other, there is no chance of an object moving at a rest state in a straight line toward another, so that gravity always pulls on it just enough to make its path apparently straight.

The preceding argument can also be applied to the case of the CM of the system moving away from one of the objects.

The last question might be in reference to the case of no relative motion, there being no need for gravity in this case. The answer is, if all the objects everywhere stopped moving completely, then all gravity would cease to exist.

PATRICK GRAY

Dr. Patrick Gray, a Duke undergraduate and in his spare time a Harvard professor, divides his time among Durham, Cambridge, and the Friedrich Nietzsche Home for Weary Minds, Wilmington, Delaware.

The Sack of the Scholar

with apologies to Mr. Pope

I wonder why I wade my way through school
If only to be made a wiser fool;
For when the days of busywork are done,
The time reserv'd for Learning's nearly run;
The Muses' Spring's disrupted by the storms
Of snowing rules, of countless guides and forms,
And Wisdom's path's obscur'd 'midst all the rest:
Can this be Nature, howsoever drest?

The Scholar, fullest Knowledge to attain,
More than a little Learning hopes to gain;
For, as said Dr. Donne poetic'ly,
"Who are a little wise, the best fools be."
'Tis thus the Scholar plans his yearly scheme,
Not knowing that his hopes are but a dream.
For when he plans according to his sense,
He soon discovers hard requirements:
Four courses here, two courses there, each field
Of Study plowed, no matter what the yield;
Discussion Groups, to make the Scholar whole,
Phys. Ed., to train the Body as the Soul.
In each, unnumber'd options are allow'd:
In all, a maze to make old Minos proud.
Whoever said, "Whatever is, is RIGHT"
Was never fac'd with Registration's fright.

If, when this work is done, the Youth's reliev'd,
 'Tis sure he'll find too soon his sigh is heav'd:
 Oblig'd to trust Computer's addled wits,
 He's govern'd by the maxim, NOTHING FITS.
 Whereas *his* plan propos'd no special stunts,
 His courses *now* are schedul'd three at once;
 Religion math, and Latin French become –
 Not Bacon's ghost could pass the twisted sum.
 The Youth mechanic madness set to stop,
 Must now confront Drop-Add, or is't Add-Drop?
 Thus, arm'd with naught but wits (and precious few),
 The Scholar stands in Allen's endless queue
 To battle with th' Administration's pawn,
 Who's arm'd with paper, title, age, and yawn.
 Amaz'd, he sees his comrades singly fall,
 As, Gorgon-like, th' Official stills them all.
 For though by strength of numbers theirs the odds,
 Th' Official's highly favor'd by the gods:
 The dour Desk his shield, the Chair his ease,
 And at his tongue his lance – Officialese.
 At last, the restless Scholar gains the field;
 His arguments are set, his nerves are steel'd;
 Th' attack he makes, Achilles of the school;
 Scarce opes his mouth 'ere flatten'd by a rule.
 Th' Official Scarlet Tape shoots out in swirls:
 The Scholar to the end of line it hurls.
 There, beaten like a Roman by the sack,
 He pauses, to remap the new attack,
 And someday stretch the Vandal on *his* rack.
 What Learning this? What moral lifts us high'r?
 Why, 'tis the art of PATIENCE, learn'd by fire.

BILL MARQUESS

The Great American Short Story

Twain Washburn sat in the stagnant jam and watched a large fly batter its compound skull against the tinted windshield of his Fiat. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and already the southbound lane of the Massachusetts Turnpike was at a standstill. Most drivers who didn't have air conditioning had turned their engines off several minutes ago, cursing the commuters who were keeping cool for polluting the air. Their complaints, however, stemmed from more than their environmental concerns: the temperature was a stifling ninety-eight degrees and the only wind was the occasional gust from northbound cars across the fenced meridian. The humidity was close to ninety-eight percent, and a sopping wet Mr. Washburn imagined he saw the paint on his hood melting like a paraffin candle. Before him, the cars stretched at least two and one-half miles, and in the heat they looked like Portugese Men-of-War viewed through a turbid thermocline. Through his rear-view mirror the scene was much the same, as the wavering tentacles disappeared into a river of mercury.

He took off his homburg and loosened his tie. It was going to be another in the chain of wasted hours. The faint smell of sulfur from far-off factories became oppressively pervasive. Fire and brimstone, he thought. Hell and damnation. HIS MOTHER IN THE DARK RECESSES OF A CHURCH, LIGHTING A VOTIVE CANDLE. HE, AT AGE SEVEN, AN ACOLYTE ROBED IN RED AND WHITE, BEARING IN THE CRUCIFIX, SIX OTHER ALTAR BOYS PAIRED IN PROCESSION BEFORE HIM HOLDING LIGHTED TAPERS, THE PRIEST BEHIND HIM. PAROCHIAL SCHOOL: HOLY CARDS AND CATECHISM CLASS.

"Father, I feel called to the priesthood."

"My son, are you sure of this with all your soul and heart? Do you know your mind in this?"

FERVENT YESSSES.

HIGH SCHOOL...COLLEGE...MARX...ATHEISM...RADICALISM...and Fernanda.

"Christ, Fernanda, you know I love you, sleep with me. Sleep with me now. Tonight. Yes. Goddammit, yes, I'll marry you . . ."

DAMN THIS BUSINESS WORLD -

He spit. His spittle sizzled on the pavement. He checked his watch. He knew he was going to be late. The bailiff would be ready to announce "all rise" and the judge would be prepared to stride into the room, and Farnsworth would whisper, "Your honor, my client, the defendant, is not here yet, may we delay the proceedings several minutes?" and there would be more lost time. O lost. O time. O holy ghost.

Cacophonous horn-honkings filled the space around him and still there was no movement. He had always been on time, never missed a meeting with Mr. Babbidge (10:00 a.m., alternate Tuesdays), nor with the boys from the petroleum division (2:00 p.m., every Wednesday), nor had he ever been late for bowling with the guys on Saturday night (FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED) nor for church on Sunday FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED WITH FULL FOREKNOWLEDGE OF – every Sunday – WITH FULL CONTROL OVER MY MENTAL FACULTIES, I HAVE COMMITTED “We really should go to church, dear,” she had said. “It will set a good example for the children.”

“Yes, indeedy,” Twain asserted. “Mr. Babbidge is a Presbyterian, you know, fine religion, his children go to Sunday School –

FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED –

“C’mon, Mack! The line’s moving!” instantly pressed the accelerator to the floor and barely had time to brake. God, that took ten years off my life, he thought. But the line was moving again, picking up speed. An accident, he thought.

He was lost in thought. Mechanically, he kept up with the flow of traffic. He was careful not to ride too close to the car in front, but neither did he slip back in the line and annoy the driver behind him. Somehow, with his real consciousness divorced from the act (FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED –), he maintained the perfect speed, so as to be in perfect accord with the universe’s perfection which bathed him in its senseless wonder and perfect bliss. As if he were just another leg in the beautiful, unthinking harmony of a cosmic caterpillar’s long undulating motion, Twain Washburn thoughtlessly drove along in perfect step with the seemingly endless line of perfection. But he was lost in thought.

A mystical steaminess filled the mysterious atmosphere. As he looked ahead, it was like looking down a transparent sea, it was not really visible, but it left the visible impression of wave after perfect wave, thoughtlessly flowing from some unknown beginning to some unknown end. It made him think. He thought of the Portugese men-of-war again, with their deadly tentacles. This made him think of water. And water reminded him of a day on the beach, twelve years ago.

He was sopping wet with sweat then also, but it was only because he was on the beach. In the sun. Reading a magazine.

This was his first really big business convention; he appreciated the fleeting sensation (FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED –) of importance that the distinction of being a convention party member gave him. He had recently been given a key promotion in the company, with a personal letter of congratulations from Mr. Babbidge. To celebrate he had joined the Elks Club, and to top it off he was basking on the beach at the convention.

As he was basking on the beach at the convention, with a self-congratulatory smile seeping from his sebaceous moon-face, something caught his eye. It was not a caterpillar. It was not a Portugese Man-of-War.

It was a girl.

In a bikini.

She was beautiful in face and figure, and she walked with a kind of dynamic tension (FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED —) that, for some strange, arcane reason, attracted him. She is no Presbyterian, he thought, lost in thought. He tried to imagine whether or not she was intelligent, but somehow any clues to her powers of mind were inextricably intermingled with the dynamic tension. She seemed to be an amazing blend of the physical, uh, coordination she exuded, and the mental facility he could clearly sense but didn't seem to care much about. Washburn watched her walk across the beach, her perfect path of thoughtless perfection. Like a dew-drop gathering itself together for the suicidal journey from the faucet to oblivion, she gathered herself together and sprang for the sea in a graceful running-arching dive, flowing through the air for several seconds and then crashing into the water.

She must be an angel, he thought. Angels, Churches. Religion. God. Sacraments. Altar boys. Acolytes. Priests. All that stuff, he thought.....

FERNANDA, I HAVE COMMITTED, AH, HOW SHALL I PUT THIS, FERNANDA DARLING, WELL, I HAVE COMMITTED —

Washburn drew his hand across his eyes to shut out the glaring metallic sea, which suddenly seemed to be filled with thousands of Portugese Men-of-War and only one angelfish. He tried to submerge himself in thoughtless thought of forgetfulness, to sink down, down, out of reach of the sun's insistent brightness. But his mind began to ring with children's voices.

DADDY, DADDY, WAKE UP, DADDY!! and his eyes focused on Myrtle's little face, puckered and red, streaming with hot tears. DADDY! she pleaded, drumming her small tight fists against his small, tight chest. IS IT RIGHT WHAT MAMMA SAYS, DADDY? WONT YOU BE HERE TO TELL ME GOOD NIGHT STORIES AND HELP ME SAY MY PRAYERS?

"Myrtle, you're seventeen years old!" he cried vainly. He looked up from his sobbing daughter to see Kevin's dark somber, troubled eyes staring at him accusingly.

"One hell of a Presbyterian you turned out to be," Kevin said evenly, and rather unpleasantly. Washburn raised his eyes to the sky...

I will join her in the water, get to know her in the waves, he thought. He stretched, and walked toward the water. But as he moved toward it, it moved away from him. The tide was going out. He could not catch up with it. It was taking her away. She was splashing around and laughing at him, beckoning, commanding him to laugh at himself too. He complied. But then he sighed, sank down onto the sand, and fell on his face, sobbing with self-pity. He wondered if God were getting back at him for deciding not to be a priest and for joining SDS in college. Perhaps God was laughing too, right now. He wondered if his life would have been different if he had majored in Art History instead of Political Science. Or gone to a commune instead of to Business School. He grew aware of the sun baking his back, and after a time the ache dulled to a pain, paranoia sank to fear. He looked up. Horror seized him. Nothing but sand anywhere, sand and the burning sun.

No beach, no water, no girl, no perfection. And no Portuguese Men-of-War.

He began to run. After a time, he collapsed, lungs afire, eyes burning, laughing hysterically. "I'll fix you, stupid old sun, I'll fix you, goddammit!" he screamed. "I'm getting out. I'm getting out." He began to dig in the sand, heaping it into two piles at a terrific rate. One larger mound, one smaller mound. "This is my car. I'm getting out." He sat down on the smaller mound."

God, it's damn hot, he thought, I could use a drink. He rubbed his forehead. Fine grit snowed onto his lap. Whuzzat? Sand? Couldn't be. Oh well. FERNANDA, I HAVE — no, no good. He stared once more at the hazy lines of cars, wavering away in the distance, especially in the far distance, where the lines danced and wavered and shifted around, seeming to resolve into other images, other places...

"Mr. Washburn....Mr. Washburn, wake up. Time for your six-ply polymer pill with the hint of mint." It was a nurse. The walls were white. She had Fernanda's face.

"Where am I?"

"Why, here at the State Hospital, of course. You've been here the last four years, ever since you committed yourself. Now drink this."

But he would not drink it.

SIX GREAT AMERICANS

Night of the Dead Living

or
THE SOUND AND THE SOUND
A trivial play for serious people.

Dramatis personae.

Walter, Stephen, Maury, Frances, Jake, Fred, Sam, Pamela,
Sally, Biff, and Eddie.

ACT ONLY.

Scene One: The Gothic Reading Room, Undergraduate Library, 9:22
p.m. on a Friday night in early May. The room is empty except
for four students. Walter and Stephen sit across from each other
at one end of the room. At the other end sit Maury and Frances.

MAURY (moaning softly): Four-ohhh...four-ohh...

FRANCES: You, Maury. Hush.

WALTER: Do you hear that?

STEPHEN: Look. It's that kid down there.

WALTER (turning around): I know him. His name is Maury. He was
in my Calculus class when I was a freshman. (He rises and walks
toward Maury, who continues to moan. Stephen follows.)

WALTER: Hi, Maury. Are you all right?

MAURY (louder, writhing in his chair): Four-ohhhh....four-ohhhh!

FRANCES: Hush, Maury! Oh, he's having an attack again. He always
gets these at night in December and May.

STEPHEN: How long has this been going on?

FRANCES: Ever since his freshman year. Isn't it embarrassing? You,
Maury. Hush! (Walter picks up Maury's textbooks, which
include *Zoology for Those Who Dare* and *Real University
Anthropology*.)

WALTER: Excuse me, but Maury isn't. . . he isn't. . .

FRANCES: Yes. Maury is going to be an important doctor some day.
But I don't really understand this attack; it usually comes when
he has been averaging *nine* hours of study a day, but he's only
been studying *eight*. (Maury ceases to moan and falls
asleep.) There, there. He's all right now.

STEPHEN: I'm sure. (He and Walter walk away.)

WALTER: I don't feel much like studying anymore, Steve. (Stephen
returns to his seat as Walter gathers his books). I'll see you later.
(He leaves the room.)

Scene Two: Walter's dormitory commons room within an independent house on West Campus. Walter enters the room where twelve or fifteen students are gathered around a television set, watching a basketball game. All are watching intently, unmoving. Among them are Jake, Fred, and Sam. Empty bookshelves are on both sides of the room. Beer cans and pieces of plastic litter the floor.

WALTER: Hey, Jake.

JAKE: (wheeling around in his sofa and glaring at Walter): Shut up, man. There's only two minutes left to go.

WALTER: Who's playing?

SAM: The Panamanian Sub-National team is playing the University of Puget Sound in the Inter-American May Day Holiday Festival Tournament. It's the quarter-finals!

WALTER: Who's winning?

MANY VOICES: Quiet down! Shut up! Let's hear the game, huh?

JAKE: Have a beer and watch the game, Walt. (He tosses a can over his shoulder to the surprised Walter, who barely catches it. He places it on the floor.)

WALTER: Look, later this evening's there's going to be a Bergman flick down in Bio-Sci. do any of you guys want to —

JAKE: Walter, would you — (A loud air-horn blast from the television cuts him off. Cries and moans of "aw, hell" and "sheeit!" punctuate the air.) Goddammit, Walter, you made me miss the end. And Puget Sound lost. (He pounds the sofa.)

WALTER: So?

JAKE: What do you mean, so? (Several in the room turn around to gaze at Walter.)

FRED: Listen, Walt, when was the last time you watched a b-ball game on the tube with us?

WALTER: Well, I can't rightly remember . . .

SAM: It's been a long time, hasn't it Walter?

WALTER (blushing and beginning to sweat): Yes, I suppose it has . . .

FRED: Walter, just exactly what is the problem? (Cries of "yeah, yeah" and "what's wrong, Walt baby" are heard around the room.)

JAKE: We've put up with a lot. We've put up with your reading books not assigned for courses, your conspicuous unconsumption of beer, and your whole goddam attitude. The least you can do is watch b-ball once in awhile.

WALTER: (sweating profusely): Well, guys, in all honesty, I dislike watching basketball games on television. I just don't enjoy it. (There is a long pregnant silence.)

JAKE (evenly): Once a turkey, always a turkey, what I say.

FRED: You hate to watch —

WALTER (glancing nervously about the room): I don't hate it! I don't! I don't hate it! It's just that . . . well . . . did you ever have something you just didn't *like* too much? Did you? Did you?

SAM: Well, uh, I gotta go study for a math test . . . (He edges toward the door.) See ya, Walt. See ya, guys.

FRED: Yeah I gotta go too. (He hurries from the room.) See ya Walt.

JAKE: Me too. (He leaves, and the rest of the students in the room get up one by one and saunter out the door, casting sidelong glances at Walter and muttering "so long," "see you," "goodbye." Walter is left alone. He rises, turns off the television set, and walks out of the room.)

Scene Three: A girls's dormitory on East Campus. Walter enters and passes by Pamela who sits behind a large desk. He nods, smiling, as he passes, and walks toward nearby stairs.

PAMELA (jumping to her feet, loud and officious): Just where do you think you're going?

WALTER (puzzled): Upstairs.

PAMELA: And just what do you think you're going to *do*, upstairs?

WALTER: I'm going to talk to a friend, and ask her if she wants to see a movie with me, since you asked.

PAMELA: Oh no you're not! Not yet. You don't have an escort!

WALTER: Oh, Jesus.

PAMELA: You know the rules established by the RLC, CCC, CIA, and FBI! Get over here until I can find a female escort for you. Which may be hard, since most of the girls aren't here. It's Friday night, you know. (Pamela checks the common room.) There's no one here. You'll have to call her on the P.A. system. Name, please?

WALTER: Look, I just want to ask her —

PAMELA: *Name*, please?

WALTER: Walter Ch--

PAMELA: First names only, thank you. Now, who would you like to call?

WALTER: Sally.

PAMELA: Sally who? I have to know her *last* name to call her. There may be *two* Sallys here.

WALTER: Jesus Christ! Sally Beagle.

PAMELA (turning to the grey box on the desk and flicking switches, speaking in a sweet sing-song): Sally Beagle, caller. (A pause.) Sally Beagle, caller. (Another pause. More switches are flicked. All over all over. Sally Beagle, caller. (A long silence.) I'm sorry, she doesn't seem to be in. May I take a message? (Walter stares at her in disbelief. Then, slowly, a smile creeps across his face.)

WALTER: What time do you get off working the phones?

PAMELA: I beg your pardon?

WALTER: What time do you quit work? I thought you might want to go see a Bergman flick with me at Bio-Sci.

PAMELA: You're asking me *now*, for a date *tonight*?

WALTER: It's not a date. I just thought you might want to see a movie.

PAMELA: But I don't even know you!

WALTER: That's all right. We can get to know each other.

PAMELA (regarding him with suspicion and fear, her voice cracking): Listen, fella, my FAC warned us about deviates like you running around in girl's dorms at night. If you don't get out and leave me alone, I can pick up this phone and my house mother, Judy Board, will be here in a hurry. Now, I don't want to have to do that. (Walter begins to chuckle as he turns and walks toward the door.) And anyway (exasperated) I'm not even *free* until the weekend of October 20, and even then I doubt if I'd go out with *you*! (Sound of a door closing is heard.)

Scene Four: The main quad. Walter is walking in front of a fraternity section, toward his dorm. A party is occurring in the section. Loud music and loud voices issue forth: shouts and screams occasionally punctuate the steady drone. Several students, Sally and Biff among them, are standing in front of the house, talking, laughing, and sipping beer.

SALLY: Oh Biff, there's Walter! I know him! (Calling.) Hi, Walter!

WALTER: (walking toward her): Hi, Sally. I just went over to see you but you weren't in.

SALLY: Of course not Walter, you should know better than that. Biff, I'd like you to meet my friend Walter.

BIFF (grabbing Walter's hand and pumping): How are ya, buddy, great to meet ya. Any buddy of Sally's is a buddy of mine. Here, wait right here. I'll get you a brew.

WALTER: Oh no, that's o.k., I --

BIFF: Eddie! Eddie, come here and bring a brew. I want you to meet a buddy of mine. (Eddie, a corpulent, short, smiling student approaches with a can of beer.) Eddie, this is my buddy, Walter. Walter, Eddie.

EDDIE (shaking Walter's hand): Plastics, Walter, plastics.

WALTER: It's nice to meet you, too.

EDDIE: Have a beer. (He thrusts the can into Walter's hand.)

WALTER: Thank you. (To Sally) Sally, I wonder if I could talk to you for a minute . . .

SALLY: Is it o.k., Biff? Can I?

BIFF: Sure, Sally, go ahead, Walter's my buddy. I'll wait for you in the chapter room. Don't be long. (To Walter, again extending his hand.) Walt, buddy, it was a pleasure meeting you. If you ever think about going the Greek way, keep us in mind, won't you? Atta boy. So long. (He strides toward the house.)

SALLY: Walter, you always seem to visit at the most unusual times. Really, Friday night!

WALTER: I just came on the spur of the moment to see if you wanted to go to a movie, that's all.

SALLY: On the spur of the . . . but if you wanted to go to a movie with me tonight, why didn't you *call* me last *March*?

WALTER: I didn't want to go to a movie with you last March. I want to go now. It's supposed to be a pretty good film, do you want to go? There's another showing in a few minutes.

SALLY: Really, Walter, what about Biff?

WALTER: That buffoon? That blackguard? I hope you're kidding.

SALLY (after a pause): Put your hand against my throat. (Walter does so.) Now say his name.

WALTER: Biff. (Sally's throat pulses under his hand.)

SALLY: Say it again. Say it again.

WALTER: Biff. (He takes his hand away.) I guess Biff called you last March.

SALLY: Well no, I didn't exactly come to the party with Biff, in fact I just met him, but after all, he's here and all, and I told him I'd meet him in the chapter room.

WALTER: But you don't like him, do you Sally? That blackguard?

SALLY (scrutinizing him): You know, Walter, I don't think you get enough fun out of life. You don't like beer, and you don't like watching basketball games on T.V. and stuff. Why don't you just enjoy yourself and have a good time for a change? There are lots of nice people at the party . . . Well, I've got to run. See ya! (Sally trots back to the house. Walter stares down at his feet for several minutes. Then he looks at the can of beer in his hand, pops the pop-top, takes a long swig, and shuffles toward the fraternity house.)

Scene Five: The Gothic Reading Room, Undergraduate Library, 11:22 p.m. Stephen is seated in a plush chair, reading *Le Rouge et le Noir*. At the other end of the room Maury and Frances are studying silently.

Walter suddenly bursts through the door on the left side, closest to Stephen. He topples to the floor and gets up.

WALTER: Stephen!

STEPHEN: (leaping out of his chair): Jesus bless us!

WALTER: Fie upon this quiet life!

MAURY (moaning faintly: four-ohhh...four-ohhh...

FRANCES: You, Maury. Hush. Hush!

WALTER: Prithee, man, what tome dost thou read?

STEPHEN: Walter, what's wrong?

WALTER: Is that book assigned for a course?

STEPHEN: Why, no, you know that. I'm almost finished. I've only got a few —

WALTER: Unassigned? Then fie upon it, I say! (He lurches toward Stephen, grabs the book from his hand and heaves it across the room.)

MAURY (moaning louder): Four-ohhh! four-ohhh!

STEPHEN (grabbinb Walter: Walter, you're drunk. Calm down, take it easy, have a seat, will you

WALTER: Take thy hands off my body, thou rogue ad peasant slave! Thou superserviceable villain! Unassigned, indeed! (He slumps into a lounge chair and begins to mumble, almost inaudibly.) To watch, or not to watch. . . to drink, or not to drink . . .

MAURY: Four-ohhhh! four-ohhhhhh!

WALTER: . . . the reducto absurdum of the Duke experience . . .

MAURY (screaming): Four-ohhhh! four-ohhhhhh! four-ohhhhhh!

WALTER: . . . two six-pound flatirons . . .

FRANCES: (shouting hysterically) Hush! You, Maury! Hush!

WALTER: . . . what a sinful waste . . .

FRANCES: (shouting at Walter): Look what you've done! Listen to him! (Maury continues to wail.) Don't you know any better than to come in by the *left* door? People who come in here on Friday nights after 11:00 usually come in the *right* door! He's not used to what you did! Please, get out so he'll quiet down. Get out. Get out!

WALTER (rising slowly to his feet, mumbling): Budweiser's good beer . . . have to try it again sometime . . . (He stumbles out the right door as Stephan watches.)

FRANCES: There, there. He's gone. Hush now. Hush.

MAURY (whimpering): Four-ohhhhhh. . . .four-ohhhh. . . . (His moaning becomes progressively softer until it finally ceases. Stephen gathers his books and leaves the room. Maury and Frances return to their studies in silence.)

CURTAIN.

WORTHINGTON ELLINGTON

Four Years Before the Buck,

or

The Goths in North Carolina

Having been driven indoors by one of those violent late-afternoon thunderstorms so common in the region of the *Piedmont*, I decided to pass the time in searching out in the stacks of Perkins a long-needed volume. The sky had darkened and rain pattered incessantly against the windows as I made my way upstairs toward the dim, musty, waiting shelves. Bare crooked trees cast ghastly shadows down stiflingly narrow aisles. An occasional terror-stricken pair of eyeglasses scampered past, followed closely by a gaunt white face and frail body. I glanced at the call number; farther back, farther still, until there were no more carrels, no freshmen, no grad students! Again I looked, comparing the number with the barely-visible card posted at the end of one of the aisles. Down a half-flight of stairs and through a door.

What a horrid aspect now greeted my eyes! The room in which I stood was deserted. Lightning flashed through the high, narrow, arched windows as, call slip in hand, I shuffled through the dust toward the other end of the great hall. The chamber was shrouded in cobwebbed shadows, flash! it was suddenly brilliantly aflame, then, just as suddenly, plunged again into semi-darkness. The only evidence that anyone had ever been there was a recently-shelved 300 among the 600's. Proceeding a little further, my glance fell upon a small door in the base of the opposite wall that had hitherto escaped my notice.

I advanced and, with each step, small creatures were disturbed. Their scurrying seemed a vague and hideous whisper, that being the only sound discernible save the periodic concussions that seemed to shake the very arches, vaults, and groins of the building itself.

Upon reaching the door I hesitated, and unheard-of dreads nearly overcame my strong curiosity. Desperately, I recalled my errand, and I shuddered upon discovering the call slip I had so frequently consulted was gone from my hand! Summoning courage and drawing from who-knows-what recesses of my troubled mind some heretofore-unused reserve, I seized the handle of the door (for indeed it had not a knob, but a vertical piece of curved metal, secured at either end to a metal plate; this entire assembly was fastened to the door by what (upon closer examination) seemed to be nothing more than common wood wood screws) and pulled. With a melancholy groan and a swirl of dust, it opened and I entered.

Much to my surprise, I found myself standing opposite what seemed to be several identical booths or enclosures of tile and wood. Approaching the nearest of these, I found that the wooden door swung on metal hinges. Curious, thought I, and I shoved open the door. I stepped in. Imagine my shock upon finding, attached to the wall, an appliance which, in its time, must have been a masterwork of ceramic craftsmanship, exquisitely wrought for catering to *les besoins naturels* in the most tasteful manner!

Almost swooning with delight, I was about to continue my investigation of this marvellous chamber when I glanced downward. There, floating as it were on that endless river which guides us from cherished childhood days to the golden autumnal time; there, I say, on that water, I noticed a brownish-colored bottle.

Stooping, I removed this new and wonderful object from its eternal resting place. Bits of paper clung to its exterior, seemingly devoid of import; but upon closer scrutiny I was able to decipher an 'M' here, an 'L', and a pair of 'E's. Also, floating near the bottle I found a circular piece of metal (an old coin, perhaps) bearing a sort of mystical hand, index finger extended, with the image of a bit of string affixed to that digit. Alas! the writing there, too, had been obliterated. But lo! my heart leapt with excitement when I peered into the interior of this awful flask. Hands atremble, I withdrew from its glassy womb several sheaves of green paper, lined in still darker green, and perforated along one of the long edges. There was set down, in a cramped hand, faded by long exposure to water and this foul air, writing of a fantastic and arabesque nature. O! what a MS had been delivered into my hands by this most venerable of receptacles! Without further ado, I seated myself and (the storm by now having abated and light being somewhat more plentiful than before) began reading on the only page not numbered in the upper right-hand corner. All the other sheets bore numbers two or greater: this unnumbered page was, I surmised, the correct starting-point.

I shall now, without undue explication, set forth this most amazing and uplifting of tracts for your (you, kind reader!) perusal so you can marvel, as I often do, at its grotesque complexities and its portentous symbolism:

"I didn't know they'd changed the rules. I came in with my overdue book, not seeing that sign: ALL FINES PAYABLE IN CASH AT TIME OF RETURN ONLY! I had no money, so I turned around and rushed toward the exit. The man at the desk, inquisitor-like, glanced up from his crossword-puzzle in time to accost me and examine the slip in the back of the book.

"'You can't leave with an overdue book!'

"'But I'm broke,' I replied, appealing to his reason.

"'Rules are rules, made to be followed.'

"Beginning to panic, I tried retreating, concealing the book, then advancing again empty-handed. No dice. In vain, I searched about for someone upon whom to put the arm for a loan. But closing time was hard upon me, and the last students rushed past, unheeding. I tried to follow them, but the door was locked. My only means of egress blocked, I screamed in terror; I was seized by a number of large men clad in some weird sort of uniform (white tie—incomprehensibly immaculate—on a red shirt, and blue trousers) and dragged struggling into the elevator. Down we plummeted, drawn past the SB light by some terrible force. I swooned.

"Upon awakening, I found myself in a pastel-walled cubicle. The wall before me was a dirty green; that to my right, soiled yellow; to my left, dingy pink; the wall behind me was painted (if indeed this was mere paint which had decorated these walls) an off-white. I retched, and swooned once more.

"Again I awoke and found that my dinner had arrived: crate upon crate of non-union lettuce. I gasped. Not deeming this any minor matter, I bravely desisted from partaking of the proffered feast, and I soon fainted from hunger.

Not satisfied with assuaging my physical desires, the mysterious powers that sent me here also catered to my intellectual needs. In my next waking period, I found myself among great stacks of books. Someone had placed in my hand, in apparent jest, a paper strip from which a myopic owl admonished me to READ. Thus enjoined, I reached for the nearest tome; I opened it: *The Collected Writing of Marc Pinsky, Vol. I*. No! this will not do! I picked up another, *Cloud Over the Counties*: my stomach turned over. What a myriad of fantastic titles swam before my eyes: *Duke's Supporters*, by James Carde (a very costly work indeed!); *The Free Water Guide to Creative Film Projection*; *The Chronicle Personal for Impartial News Editing*; a *Duke Atlas* containing the only extant map of the fabled underground tunnel system; several titles allegedly penned by the university's original mascot, under the general title *The Devil in Durham*, edited by the Graduate English Club, and available for room use only; the *Proceedings of the Duke University Traffic Commission*, bound in what felt suspiciously like Colorado Overshoe and divided into several lettered sections (each color-coded for easy reference, but each section likewise containing many blank pages); *A Stage Manager's Nightmare*, or *The Glories of the Gothic Theatre*, containing extremely small pages; *The Lyre and the Gridiron*, handsomely bound in hide of swine with the device of a harp emblazoned on the cover, tied with a shoestring; a *Major Attractions Plan Book*, dedicated inexplicably to Roman Hruska; *Love Among the Quad Dogs*, by Rocco Conti; *Into the Valley of Hope*, a history of pioneer days in Durham related by a number of venerable and distinguished men; *1001 Uses for Empty Beer Cans*, or *Supply and Demand*, co-authored by I. Fc and E. Cos; *None Dare Ball, it Freezing*, a theory in social regulation published by

the Office of Housing Management Press; hidden among the piles, nay, heaps, of books (a mere thousandth of whose titles I can relate, owing to space limitations), was sequestered a slender little pamphlet, auspiciously entitled *The Compleat History of the Fine Arts at Duke University*, but alas, upon opening it to the first page, I found that its unlucky author could proceed no further due to lack of funds.

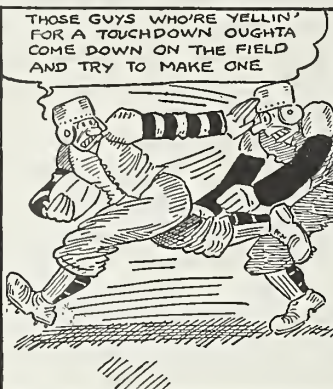
"In the corner of the room there loomed a peculiar bulk, which I found to be a record player. It was decorated with elaborate carvings of waterfalls, clowns, and what looked like beautiful (but unfinished) images of careering cagers. On the turntable sat the smallest (and most blemished) record I had seen in over thirty years, no more than 3 or 4 inches in radius, entitled *Great Moments in Duke Basketball, 1969-1973*. I tried to play it but the voices groaned. "Obviously," I said to myself, "the speed is too slow." I advanced the knob from 33-1/3 to 45. Still the voices rumbled in unspeakably low tones. Curiosity piqued, I turned the knob to 78, only to be greeted by a mixed chorus invoking the excrement of male cattle and asserting loudly that some immortal had the vulgar habit of inhaling sharply with lips pursed and mouth full. I dashed the record against the wall ineffectually; it would not break! at least not right away.

"Upon regaining consciousness after what may have been a minute or an age, the room was empty, save for a bedsheet suspended in front of the far wall. I was strapped tightly into a creaky, straight-backed wooden chair (O, insidiousness! the very same chair in which I sat to fulfill my small-group learning experience!), my head was fixed in viewing position. As my sight cleared, I could see figures moving magically on the sheet. I cried out, and the lights were doused abruptly. I then saw that the figures were men, football players. Yes, in my fevered brain I vaguely recollected such a sight: one team in blue, the other in red. Each of those wearing red bore a small 's' on his headgear. I watched (or rather, I was forced to watch), aghast, as each team fumbled in turn, apparently near the Red team's goal. I was amused, amazed, and finally nauseated by the spectacle. To my unutterable horror, each time the game drew near the final gun, the film rewound itself and began anew. My soul was trapped in the second half! My mind reeled uncontrollably and I called for the contest to end. I shrieked, I stamped my feet, but still the football bounced. I wanted to fall on that ball, envelope it forever and keep the officials from ever putting it back in play. 'No!' I sobbed helplessly, as the projectionist finally got the soundtrack working: 'Fumble play, fumb [here the narrative breaks off]

Nowhere has my story been credited, least of all within the gothic halls from which I now retire in confusion.

BOB HELLER

Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About : By BRIGGS



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

15¢

30-DAY SMOKING TEST PROVES CAMEL MILDNESS!



1 In a recent test, hundreds of men and women all across the country... of all ages and occupations... were closely observed as they smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days. And they smoked on the average of one to two packages of Camels a day. But only Camels!



2 Every week throughout this dramatic 30-day test, their throats were carefully examined by noted specialists—a total of 2470 exacting examinations. And among all these smokers, these famous throat specialists found not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!



3 Yes, Camels are that mild! But prove it yourself. In your "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat. Smoke Camels for 30 days, with our money-back guarantee. (See below.) Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the full, rich flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT tell you the wonderful story of Camel's cool, cool mildness. Yes, prove for yourself that there's



No Throat Irritation due to smoking Camels!

*Prove it Yourself! Make the
Camel 30-Day Test in Your "T-Zone"*

Money-Back Guarantee: Smoke Camels for 30 consecutive days. Smoke only Camels. If, at any time during these 30 days, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you have ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage. This offer is good for 90 days from this date.







(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston Salem, N. C.



According to a
Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

Movie of a Man Formulating His New Year's Resolutions : : By BRIGGS

<p>"I'M GOING TO SPEND MORE AFTERNOONS AT THE OFFICE NEXT SUMMER....I'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ON GOLF"</p> 	<p>"I'M OFF THE SATURDAY NIGHT POKER GAME, TOO. THAT BUNCH OF ROBBERS SURE NICKED ME FOR PLENTY THE LAST THREE SESSIONS"</p> 
<p>"I'M GOING TO STAY HOME WITH THE WIFE MORE NIGHTS, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY SHE HAD TO GO TO THAT CLUB MEETING TONIGHT"</p> 	<p>"TIM SAYS HE'S GOING TO CUT DOWN ON HIS SMOKING THIS YEAR"</p> 
<p>"BUT THAT'S PLAYING THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION THING TOO STRONG.... A MAN'S GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE PLEASURE OUT OF LIFE"</p> 	<p>"AND IF YOU STICK TO OLD GOLDS, THEY CAN'T HURT YOU.... NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD. I'LL TELL THE WORLD."</p> 



.. not a cough in a carload

ōld'ēz

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Table of Contents:

AUTHOR, WORK, PAGE.

JAMES APPLEWHITE, *Poem*, 2.

Meeting, 3.

To a Young Poet, 3.

FRED CHAPPELL, *Death of W. H. Auden*, 5.

STEVEN KARVER, *Untitled*, 8.

JOHN KAUGER, *Jason*, 27.

REYNOLDS PRICE, *Michael Egerton*, 25.

CHAMBLEE OWEN, *Leave Taking*, 6.

ALEX RAYBIN, *Titan's Lament*, 31.

NANCY ROTTENBERG, *Dream*, 7.

WILLIAM STYRON, *The Ducks*, 9.

ANNE TYLER, *The Bridge*, 15.

J. K. WHITE, *On such mist-laden evenings*, 6.

MIKE WOLFE, *Satan Is a Gentleman*, 4.

"The Archive's Greatest Hits"



Poem

Thou carriest them away as with a flood;
they are as a sleep.

Image of my head and shoulders,
My daughter in my arms, seen
In a window of my car against
A reflected sky as pale as ice,
Her delicately-colored face
A mirror of every taste and love—
And we but shadows on that blue;
The sheet of water blue among
The rock outside my office window,
That clear consciousness of trees and sky
So vulnerable a leaf may break it,
Or only the wind; I ponder these mirrors.
Beyond the pavement of the parking lot
This world, this earthy valley of
Wet-shiney transparency of air
Around the black-line intricacy
Of trees and autumn mosaic leaves,
Seems etched upon the glass of air;
But reflected upon our minds, that wait,
With all their colored trees, to be
Broken like iridescent bubbles;
For the wind passes and we are gone
And the place we stood shall know us no more.
Unless the fracture in that dark wind
Be only ripples, that shall subside
Into our figures held in another
Glass, against another sky.

JAMES APPLEWHITE

APRIL 1964

Meeting

When wind twisted the tree—
tops I was murderously lonely.
A flat man of shadow slid crabbed
before, broke on concrete slabbed
jagged up by roots, where wind-threshed thick
bushwicker swayed my blood, though he, unmoved,
slid on. I felt as if I had never loved.

A thousand alleyways of painted brick
snaked spectral, with after-images
from tabloid pages: coarse newsprint bodies
that bled no wet.

Then footsteps—a twig broke—
an old man came from the shadowy oak.

JANUARY 1965

I hesitated half a step, dry
in the mouth, uncertain whether
I'd strike him with my fist
to taste the fluid of his hurt or anger—
he crossed a yellow window-square,
I saw his Adam's apple move, his hair
pushed up like brush or grass by
wind, the smell of his shaving close as a kiss.
I bent over the porcelain basin from his waist,
the warm water softening my hands with his.

JAMES APPLEWHITE

To A Young Poet

Now that bare dry branches mark the air
And colored leaves have flown to whatever land
They live their winters, in, alone, I walk
The avenues of peeling houses with leaded windows
Prismatic of dining lights, and opening
In blocks to sky brushed by the chimney smoke.
And I single out someone young—you—
Who walks beside me in imagination,
To whom I say, 'The trees stretch toward
The evening star fine as you'd guess the souls
Of a child's hands are, and they are what have feathered
The mist so gently across the lonely roofs.'

And you, in imagination, lift your hand
And brush your fingertips across the light.

JAMES APPLEWHITE

MAY 1964

Satan Is A Gentleman

Satan walked into Eden,
 Cheap red tie and diamond stickpin,
 Wings tucked under his coat
 And tail coiled into a pocket,
 Quick nervous walk in shined black shoes.
 His claws, when he lights a Marlboro
 With a Japanese Zippo
 Are clipped and manicured,
 And his horns are concealed by pomaded black hair.
 "A nothing scene," he mutters;
 All his teeth are capped.
 He snaps away his cigarette
 And stamps out the volcano it produces on the grass.
 "Now where's this chick
 I'm supposed to meet?"
 He curls his lip at the sunshine
 And twists his mustache at the Garden.
 "What the Hell
 Do you do around here at night?"
 On a park bench he spies a big blonde.
 "Must be the one. Looks all right."
 He walks toward her, moving cool and easy,
 Lighting another Marlboro.
 "Hello, girlie. Like to know something good?"
 He says—and bows.

MIKE WOLFE APRIL 1967

Death of W.H. Auden

He fumbles in his mind for the correct passport,
 And steps idly back, looking
 Precisely upon his watch. He jingles
 His business suit. Is there anything
 He has forgotten? He regrets only landscapes
 That now he'll never greet friendly again.

He would like a drink. He'd like to have brought
 A novel. The boredom of another border
 Looms huger than dying. His face
 Is grave and waiting. He pats all his pockets,

And notices his doing it
 And begins to muse and stands bemused
 In his mind while his body drifts forward to departure.

In the wind the ashen crowd has gathered
 To watch his leaving, but no one waves,
 Or wants to wave.

FRED CHAPPELL DECEMBER 1962

On such mist-laden evenings
 as these
 the fog-lost lake birds
 swoop briefly
 out of heaven's gray opacity
 and
 finding no lake
 finding only the dim outlines
 of a world
 claustal and gray
 ascend again
 into the fading pale insistence
 of the sun.

J.K.WHITE DECEMBER 1966

Leave Taking

Beyond the poxied Sunday fields
 On wings that spread or sing or bring
 I watch toward hills as the bandit bangle
 Passes unhunted away.
 Show me an ocean with no horizon
 And the beaten blue spreading forever;
 for I have sung your canticle of houses, automobiles
 and hare-lipped children
 Sitting long in the deep rank silence
 That lives under the branches of those live oaks,
 And the waters that had been some arterial surge
 over dusty legs,
 Brightly,
 Lie still again,
 There was no matter
 That in my arboreal sinewed youth the sculptured havens
 disappeared
 Past tears and parents care.
 For on longer afternoons I waited in quiet,
 Torn and rough;
 But in that summer of leaving,
 No love was love enough.

CHAMBLEE OWEN APRIL 1968

Dream

You are fastened to me
 and I feel
 that I am giving birth;
 you rise
 above me, rosy-winged
 and ringed
 with circles of the sun.
 My eyes
 cannot quite watch this thing
 that I have raised,
 that over me
 lifts one boned and feathered wing
 to eclipse the sky.
 I feel
 that I am giving birth,
 and lying
 on this wide and fertile earth
 turn half away.
 Startled breath
 disturbs the heated day,
 as from my thighs
 the great bird opens suddenly
 and flies.

you do remember
how, after we had loved
you gave me tokens
circle-toothed love-bites
on my ass and thighs
well,
they are all gone.

THE DUCKS

Frank Thornton, bundled thickly in a light brown hunting jacket, squatted with his gun in hand and gazed upward into the grey light of early morning. At his side in the duckblind his dog lay half-covered by the decoy bag, shivering in his sleep. As Thornton gazed out over the water, he could see the first pale light of the dawn slanting up over the wide reach where the river met the bay. A few feet from the blind, the decoys bobbed softly in the lapping waves which crept in little eddies against the shore.

Thornton cautiously peered through the dried reeds out across the river. As he did, the cold breeze whistling inshore blew flush against his red and puffy face. With a slow motion he wiped away the tears which came to his eyes at each chilly gust of wind. He mumbled silently under his breath, grunting at the cold and the discomfort, and again carefully parted the reeds. The middle of the river, a mile away, was empty and misty. A low-lying blanket of haze was gently rising from the channel, revealing the shadows of the fish stakes and, farther out, the tiny black specks which were flocks of widgeon and mallard.

"Why don't they rise?" he thought. "Were they going to sit out there and feed until the sun came up?"

The river was silent. As he crouched there, Thornton could hear only the sound of the crows squawking in the cornfield behind him, and occasionally the far-off report of a shotgun in the farmland to the north.

Thornton had been there shivering for nearly forty-five minutes, huddled in the wretched cold. Whatever prompted him to come here every winter was beyond reason. It was always this constant waiting in the chilly mornings, squatting in the damp sand, forever shivering. And now, during the past few years, these solitary hunting trips had ceased to be a pastime, and were more and more an habitual contest with the weather and his own patience. The ducks were getting more scarce, that was true. And the Fisheries Commission wouldn't allow river blinds, so you had to sit in the confounded sand on shore and shiver and curse and wait for the ducks to fly over the beach—which was seldom. Next winter he'd rent a blind on the Chesapeake, perhaps buy a small boat with an outboard. He smiled and ran a gloved hand over his chapped lips as he envisioned a sturdy blind on the Bay, with perhaps a lodge on shore (but that would cost money), and great flights of mallard flying over the blind, wings down, and plummeting with a splash into the water as he released two well-aimed barrels. He clenched his gun and strained his eye upward into the faintly silvered sky.

Then Thornton relaxed and sat back down onto the sand, one hand resting lightly on the head of the dog that shivered and snuffled painfully as he slept. Thornton's eyes wandered back to the little rise of ground above the beach where his old car was parked beneath a scrubby tree. It was strange, he thought, how he kept coming back to this same place year after year. Of course, that new young doctor—whom he did not trust too much, anyway—had told him that his heart would not take this sort of weather any more. A man of Thornton's age, he had said, was not expected to sit in the sand like this, to wade in leaky boots in the icy water, and to withstand the excitement, mild as it might be, of hunting. Especially with Thornton's blood pressure being the erratic torrent that it was.

"Well," Thornton mused, "you're only young once." But young? No, he couldn't say that. A man's not young when he's a more-than-flabby specimen of fifty-five. But a person must be philosophical about such things. Thornton, although he was a man of practicality, and a good fellow to boot, was given to musings, strange thoughts which came to him at odd moments, moments such as this, even in this cold morning air. They came usually when he was alone, away from the noise of the city, in the quietness along the river shore. He had never told anyone his thoughts, not even Marie; they would sound rather silly if he spoke them aloud. But though he was perturbed and even exalted by these thoughts, he suspected that the law of chance should have it that others thought in the same manner. Everyone has a philosophy, he reflected. What did this Omar say? "Eat, drink, and be merry. . . ." That was a good philosophy, he had concluded, even though it wasn't accepted by the Methodists. He chuckled to himself as he thought of Marie's reaction if he should reveal his contemplations. She'd probably pack up and leave, what with her church circles and prayers every night. But it was funny, all right. Time and space, for instance. Try and define time. You could measure it; it was there. But what was it? Oh, well. . . . The world was too full of troubles, what with the strikes and Harry Truman and the poor starving Poles, to worry about such generalities.

A sharp, piping sound, a rippling whistle came through the clear air above the river. Thornton pushed himself up to a half-standing position and thrust aside a bunch of reeds. Just outside of gunshot range, a lone pintail soared downward and lit on the grey water. He bobbed there for a moment, ducking his head for food. Thornton watched tensely, and released the safety catch on the gun.

"Come in, come in," he muttered to himself. "Come on in."

The pintail turned his black crowned head toward the shore. He seemed to be gazing at the decoys. Then, as if he suspected at that moment something queer about the nodding cork ducks near the beach, he wheeled about quickly in the water and took off with a scudding splash down the river. Thornton watched the pintail until it disappeared, a black dot on the horizon.

Thornton cursed quietly, and jammed the safety back in irritation.

"Blasted pintail," he thought. "Blasted Fisheries Commission." If they would just let a person build a blind a hundred yards out, it would be easy. But the ducks wouldn't fly over the shore, unless there was a strong onshore breeze. The blasted ducks were always out of range.

He sat down again in the sand. The dog woke up and stared at Thornton with sleepy eyes.

"That's all right, old boy," he murmured. "You just wait. We'll get 'em. You'll see."

Thornton crossly broke open the breech end of the gun and checked his shells. Then he snapped the stock and barrel together with a sharp crack. By God, he'd get some ducks today if it was the last thing he did. He'd walk into the house with the ducks held high, tied together by their feet, and the clotted blood on their wings. What would Marie say then? Yes, what would she say? Well, as usual she would not say much of anything—merely walk up to him in that weary manner and kiss him on the cheek and say, "How nice," in her tired, listless voice. It seemed of late that she was always tired, not saying much of anything, simply looking at him with her sleepy eyes, smiling now and then, not saying much at all. What got into a woman at that age? What made them act like that? By God, he bet that Helen Chappell . . . Well now, what made him think of Helen Chappell? But that wasn't too strange. He had thought of her often—not incessantly, of course, but often enough—since he and Marie had been married.

But she was a peach, though, wasn't she? He remembered her sitting at the table in Cole's that night. How long ago? Twenty-eight years? No, twenty-nine, because it was in that year that . . . Oh, well: twenty-eight. It didn't matter. But he remembered the way she looked down at the table, her blonde hair falling at the sides of her face, and the way she ran her finger slowly down the crack in the slate-top of the table as she listened to him talk. And then she looked up and he thought she was going to answer him.

But all she said was: "We'd better go, Frank."

So they left that evening, and that was the way it was. And a week later, Thornton learned that she had become engaged to Harry Snider. But that was the way it was. A man had to be philosophical about such things, even in those days.

So what did he do then? Well, he met Marie and courted her like the young fellows did in those days—very quietly and soberly, and at the same time full of small laughter. Then they got married. She wasn't too much to look at, but she had what he supposed was a "sweet" face, and a sort of gentle, quiet laugh which she still had, even to this day. By God, though, he didn't know what happened to Helen. That night she just walked away and never came back. He was never given a chance to ask why or how, and he could only guess that he had said something which offended or hurt her. It took him a while to get over it, even after he was married. There were those first hot, passionate nights when he kept saying: "Oh, Marie honey, Marie honey," and when he really was trying to think of Helen Chappell, of Helen lying there in his arms. But after a while he forgot about her, except for the times when her brief image would come to his mind for a moment or two and then disappear.

Well, he had no cause to complain. Marie was a good wife. She knew how to take care of a person. Of course, after young Frank died, she said that she would have no more children. It was quite a shock to her. She had wanted a kid so bad.

You could hardly blame her, though, not wanting to go through the trouble all over again, being afraid that the same thing might happen. But they had managed. Children weren't everything, although Thornton had begun to wonder lately if a young boy might not be pretty fine to have around for company on one of these trips, or when Marie went into one of those mopey spells.

The sun was coming up over the Bay, and the grey sky began to brighten with streaks of orange. The leaves on the small trees at the edge of the cornfield had stopped their rustling and trembling. It was getting warmer. Thornton took off his gloves, carefully stuck them in the decoy bag, and peered out from the side of the blind. Out on the river the mist had lifted. He could see the woodland on the other shore; and outlined against it in the channel the ducks bobbed like pinheads far out beyond the rickety fish stakes. Two seagulls lifted up from the water near the beach with a short splash, and winged slowly over the blind. It occurred to Thornton that seagulls were very smart. They knew a duck hunter when they saw one. They knew he was not after gulls. Or were they just stupid? Perhaps the fact that no one ever shot at them made them dullwitted about such matters. With a sigh he sat down again behind the blind and lit a cigar, taking care to blow the smoke downward toward the sand.

Thornton's eyes wandered back toward his car. It was certainly nothing much more than a junk heap, but it managed to get him down to the river each year. The cylinders were acting up again, though, and the inside was a mess. When the prices came down on the new cars, he would have to get one, or even a good used car. By God, though, wasn't money a pain in the neck? Ed Miles had said to him a few days ago that money wasn't everything; but that was the way it was with people who were well set up in business. The ones who had all the money seemed to forget its value. Yes, and he remembered how Ed had managed to get all that money. He shouldn't say "all that money," for Ed was no millionaire, but by all rights (although Thornton disliked admitting it to anyone) he himself should be in Ed's place instead of out on the route in the truck and reporting to Ed in his office three times a week. By God, sometimes he almost hated Ed Miles; but then, being sort of philosophical, he counted it up to bad luck, and tried to be as friendly to the fellow as possible.

He remembered how it was that day when Mr. Simmons came down to Richmond to appoint a new District Sales Manager; how he and Ed stood out on the steps smoking while Mr. Simmons sat in the office looking over their references and credentials; how Ed kept saying sort of wistfully: "Hell, Frank, you'll get it. You had a year of college," and how all along, right up to that time, Thornton was confident that he'd get the job.

But Ed got the position, and afterwards, when Thornton went in, bewildered and angry, Mr. Simmons had looked up at him through his thick glasses and said in the clipped, brusque voice:

"I'm sorry, Thornton, but Miles seems to have a more satisfying sales record. Martha Washington Coffee appoints its district managers on the basis of sales alone. There's nothing I can do, really, you should know that."

Then Thornton turned and went out, not daring to speak, for fear that he'd get so mad that he'd throw something at Mr. Simmons' bald head. Anger was a

funny thing. He didn't often get mad, but when he did he felt as if he would burst if he didn't do something, tear up things—anything. But getting angry never helped. After that he was cooler toward Ed, but friendly enough. It was silly to hold a grudge against a person. Just forget about it and be philosophical was the best policy.

Thornton heard a dull chugging coming from the Bay. He peeped through the reeds and saw a line of oyster boats far down the river, heading upstream in the channel. That would be fine, he thought. The boats would stir up the ducks and chase them toward the shore. He eased back down in the sand, and softly stroked the dog's head, listened with pleasure to the distant puttering of the engines. He'd just sit it out and wait and then, by God, the ducks were certain to come in.

He relit the cigar and gazed up into the sky where the crows were still gliding over the cornfield in the early morning sun. It was strange, he thought, how everything seemed always out of reach. Every time he got a chance at something big, he muffed it. But it was a good thing he always had his philosophy to settle back on. He had begun to wonder during the past years if perhaps the Methodists weren't all wrong. How did they know? How may a man base his faith in anything sure, when everything is so uncertain? Even certainty was uncertain. The lodge, for instance. Why, that was all that he had heard the brothers talk about. All of them had told him that he was a sure thing for Grand Exalted Emir, and what had happened? The night of the election, they had made Jim Alderson Emir, and he had come out a poor third with Most Worthy Rajah. Of course he had been disappointed, who wouldn't? And it was going to be a big year for the Lodge, too. But that was the way it went.

When you had a bad heart, though, you couldn't merely forget about it and be merry. You had to put your faith in something. But what? Every time you thought you had something sure—whango!—there it went. Maybe that young doctor was wrong, anyhow. It was natural for a man Thornton's age to have high blood pressure, wasn't it? That was the trouble with modern medicine. By God, every little ache and pain meant that you had cancer or thrombosis or prostate trouble. A man might as well have a good time while he can.

"Ain't that right, boy?" he said, scratching the dog's long ears. "Huh? How about it, boy?"

Suddenly Thornton heard a fluttering sound above and behind him. Six ducks came over, wings down and flat, necks strained forward, and were gone before he had a chance to raise and throw the gun to his shoulder. Thornton was trembling with excitement. He looked out over the water. A flock of ducks—nearly ten or twelve—were headed in low across the water toward the decoys. He nervously fingered the stock of the gun, and spoke softly to the dog.

"Ho, boy," he whispered. "Steady. We'll get 'em now."

Thornton crouched tensely behind the reeds, hardly breathing. The blood rushed to his brain, and he could feel his cheeks becoming flushed with a thrill of anticipation. The ducks were coming in fast, skimming over the surface of the waves to the bobbing decoys. When they were about twice gunshot range, he softly pressed against the safety catch. His whole body was quivering in

fascination as he watched the ducks scud past the fish stakes and into range. "Hold it," he thought, "hold it 'til they're on the decoys." They were so close now that he could tell what kind they were. All mallards. "Don't get up too soon," he cautioned himself. Suddenly, they were on top of the decoy. Thornton stood up quickly and took a sight on a fat drake which was flying at the head of the flock. His left hand shook so that he could hardly keep the gun steady. He pulled the right trigger with a sharp jerk. A miss. Trembling, he lined up on another drake who was swiftly heading down river. His eyes began to blur. He cursed himself silently. Blindly he pulled the trigger. Another miss. Thornton took the gun from his shoulder and jammed the butt in the sand in bitter disgust.

"Damn!" he said. "Damn!"

The dog was out among the decoys, splashing about excitedly for the ducks which were not there. Suddenly Thornton saw two stray mallards winging in toward the decoys from the fish stakes. He called frantically to the dog.

"Come here, come here! Get out of there!"

The damned dog would scare them away! He fumbled wildly in his pocket for two shells, and popped them in to the barrels.

"Get out of there!" he yelled. "Come in here!" The dog, unheeding, continued to paddle around in the shallow water. Thornton crouched rigidly behind the blind. He saw the two ducks come within range and then, seeing the dog, they swerved in a wide arc to the left down the river. Thornton ran madly out onto the beach, stumbling in the sand and driftwood. He was breathing in deep gasps as he came to a halt by the water and raised the gun to his shoulder. Taking a sight on the swiftly disappearing ducks, he released both barrels at once. Both misses! Out of range. His heart was pounding, and his brain ached and throbbed. As he stood there, his whole body became weak and limp, as if made of water. A sharp pain surged up from his chest and then to his neck. Then the river and the sunlight faded quickly and vanished. He fell forward and collapsed in the sand.

The dog swam to the beach, padded softly up to the prone figure, and sniffed at a limp hand. Then he sat down, trembling. After a moment he got up, shook off the water, and trotted back to the shelter of the blind.

WILLIAM STYRON OCTOBER 1946

THE BRIDGE

She was tall, and straight. She wore her hair in a smooth dark bun just above her collar and never, no matter how tired she was, did she let her shoulders sag. Rounded shoulders were a sure sign of age and although she was no longer young—forty-seven next January and already a few lines beginning around her mouth—she felt that she was not yet at the sagging foot-shuffling stage and she was determined to avoid it for a good while yet. She heard the whispers at cocktail parties, when she came in with the gold combs in her hair and her black velvet on. She knew that they no longer said what a beautiful woman Harriet Landing was but they did say how striking she was, what a beautiful woman she must have been when she was young. They all said what a perfect sense of poise Harriet Landing had, and that was enough to satisfy her.

She was thinking about that as she walked across the bridge, and as she thought she pulled her shoulders back consciously and brushed a wisp of hair from her face. It was a cold day for November, windy and grey with a wetness in the air above the river. She had put on a trenchcoat and a small hat, because her studio was stuffy and she needed a rest, and she had stepped outside without any more purpose than

to get a breath of fresh air and a change of scenery. But when she withdrew from herself and watched her own figure from a distance, she knew that nothing in her walk would show that she had no purpose. Every step was firm and sure, as if there were a crowd of people around her and she was stepping with calm poise through all of them. She was always careful of that even when there was no one but herself to watch.

But when she was halfway across the bridge she discovered that there was another person after all, a little girl with her elbows on the steel railing and her face set to the north. Harriet could not see exactly what the child was doing, or whether she was aware of Harriet's presence, but she instantly felt that her aloneness had been broken and she had to be even more careful in front of this child. She hid her paint-covered hands quickly in her pockets, she began looking more cheerful and she made her eyes take on that half-worried, introspective look that people have when they are thinking by themselves and are too busy to be bothered. But out of the corner of her eye, when she was certain the little girl was not watching her, she made a brief survey. Ten years old, she would guess—certainly no more, maybe less. A little round face and a firm straight

mouth that was set tight now against the wind. There was nothing unusual about her in herself, but there was something in her expression, closed and calm—Harriet walked by without slowing down, and carried in her mind that picture, but just thinking about that face made her stop suddenly as if she had forgotten something. She stood there with her back to the child, and thought a minute, and then she turned again and looked back. The little figure was still there, the little brown coat whipping in the wind and the straight fair hair blowing back so that it almost hid that side of her face. She was not even glancing in Harriet's direction; she was staring out at the river and she had maybe never even noticed that Harriet was there at all.

Harriet felt the beginning of something. She was not sure what it was; it was something frightening that she did not want and she began walking very hurriedly toward the stone bench in the middle of that bridge. She had the sudden ridiculous feeling that this thing happening inside her was sort of sneeze, and she had to hurry to the bench and get out a Kleenex before the sneeze began. But when she sat down she was not sure why she had done so. She put her feet together and straightened her shoulders, and she brushed the piece of hair back again because somehow she always felt that composing herself externally had an effect of internal composure as well and that was above all things what she needed at the moment. Then she leaned back against the railing and looked at the little figure down at the end of the bridge. She would look at that child, she told herself, until this whole ridiculous feeling had passed and she could completely regain her presence of mind and go home. When she got home she would make herself a

cup of tea and put the last finishes on that still life for the Arts Festival. And she would not go out again until this fog lifted and one could be halfway cheerful in the out-of-doors.

When she looked at the child, still standing there, she felt a whole torrent of unassociated memories rushing up to meet her. They pushed to the surface of her mind and after a brief struggle she gave up and sat quietly thinking about them and watching the little girl on the bridge.

She could remember the first picture she had ever sold, every strong straight line and muted color in it. No, she could remember before that, she could remember the mornings of painting and then discarding, of sitting alone over her noontime cup of tea and then beginning all over again in the afternoon. She could remember bright sunny mornings, and beautiful stormy mornings, mornings when she had stood by the window with her hair hanging down and her feet bare and had thought of all the things there were to paint. She was going to paint everything, back then. She had lived on tea and grape-nuts and painted far into the night, and nobody could persuade her to leave it even for a minute. "Weird pieces of introspection," the critics called it, "cold, and lacking all emotion; and too complicated and ambitious." She had read that calmly, without being much affected about it, because she recognized what they said as true but she had a feeling about this, a half-formed idea that there was a way to paint the whole world, and all its dignity, in just one single picture. She did not want to set down every single thought and action—no, she was too realistic for that. But it seemed to her as if there were some one emotion, one action, that was the summation of all

the emotions and actions that had ever been. It was nameless, maybe, and as yet unknown. But she, Harriet Landing, would discover it and put it on a canvas, and that would be the world.

Now, looking over at the child on the bridge, she felt the foolishness of that old idea penetrating her serenity even after all these years, so that she was ashamed to be sitting her staring at a ten-year-old child leaning on a railing. Maybe I'm not as old as I thought, she told herself. If I'm still going around thinking about that, maybe I'm not as old as I thought. But for once that thought was a little depressing and she arose with a sigh and started back down the bridge.

When she was almost beside the child she decided to speak. She told herself that it was high time she did; she looked back to all the countless people she had seen lately, the people on streetcorners and subways and park benches, that had made this same sort of beginning feeling inside her in the last three months or so, and she told herself it was time to get over all this. You're getting senile, Harriet, she told herself. Well, we'll put a stop to that.

She went over to the railing, beside the child, and looked straight out toward the river. She felt very frightened—she could not remember feeling that frightened since she was very young. But she took a deep breath and said, "Hello" very firmly. She thought the word fell like a dimestore bracelet before her on the railing, but it was too late to reach out and catch it back.

"Hello," the child said. She had solemn brown eyes and the eyes were saying Go away, I don't want to be bothered; I am very young and I can only be polite for so long. The words unspoken were exactly mingled with the

fog and Harriet wanted to say, "I see" out loud, and almost did before she realized the child had not actually spoken the words. Harriet turned and left, with her hands in her pockets and her smooth head high. She did not feel at all hurt—she was pleased, really, at the complete dignity of the little girl. But in the back of her mind there was something puzzling her, something that she could not exactly put into words. She thought back to all the people she had felt this way about in the past few months—the old waiter who tilted from side to side when he walked, like a rocking-horse in the wind; the big-boned woman with the collie and the little newsboy with the runny nose. She felt as if they were in a line, staring at her from a movie screen. At night now they would walk before her in a sort of religious procession, and every one would be looking at her and trying to tell her something.

It occurred to her that the only way to find out about this would be to talk to them, and the one whom it seemed most likely she would meet again was the little girl. She tried to imagine the two of them standing on the bridge again, only talking this time, in long sentences about important things. But when she thought about it it seemed as if she were being unrealistic somewhere, as if it were two girls she was talking to—one of them a separate silent entity and the other an animated conversationalist gesturing in the wind. She couldn't think which one was the little girl; she tried again and again and she failed each time. If I figure this out, she thought irrationally, I'll paint a picture of that child. I'll make it splashy and wild, I'll forget all the discipline I ever learned. She smiled to herself as she thought how the critics would look if they saw Harriet Landing paint an emotional picture.

It was in 1934 that the problem of discipline in her painting first came up. She had been painting a series of blurred, reckless pictures, with no thought or feeling behind them because she had thought that perhaps she might just sort of stumble across something she was looking for. But the critics disapproved; they even refused to admit it was art in a few cases and there had been a great furor about it. And then, in one day, her whole concept of art had changed. She remembered it well because she had come back from a walk on this same bridge, had crossed on the same grassy bank to go up to her own street. But going over to the bridge, away from her house, she had not been alone. She had been with someone—oh, that small blond man who collected American folksongs in all the backwoods in America; she forgot his name but he had wanted to marry her and she had smiled and said no, with that same old dull feeling that was nothing but pity and maybe a little tiredness because she had heard it all before. She went back home by herself, because the blond man was going on to New York from there. And she went out back of her house, in the little flower-garden, and sat thinking about what was wrong with her and why it was so hard for her to feel things. She wondered how she could ever paint, or even live, if this was the way it was going to be. And then, while she was thinking about that a gardener came up, with a wheelbarrow, and parked it beside her on a heap of dirt. He was a very little old man, and she hardly noticed when he came or left. But it was the wheelbarrow—that it was. The big green wheelbarrow beside her, empty—she looked at it, and suddenly inside her there was a beginning of something, a remembering of something. She was not

sure what it was and she did not bother to investigate it, because it seemed too silly. It seemed ludicrous that a wheelbarrow could do this to her and yet people, with all their words and tears and desperateness, could not. She laughed for a minute and then stopped abruptly and went inside. She mixed some brown paint and some green and painted a wheelbarrow, very simple and disciplined, against a solid background. All the while she was painting she felt ridiculously like one of those little girls who are so fat in grammar school, and draw fat girls on the blackboards all the time as a sort of self-torture; she felt as if the empty wheelbarrow were a caricature of herself but the whole thing was so funny somehow that she never even tried to remember after that what it was the wheelbarrow reminded her of. She hung the picture in a modern art exhibition in Chicago and when it was up she stood back and laughed at it. It won second prize, though, and five hundred dollars, and the critics said it was a study in detachment and asked for more.

Since, then, she had painted constantly and she had an excellent sense of discipline.

Now, as she remembered that, she could smile. She smiled as she opened the door of her familiar old apartment and smelled the corned-beef hash coming from the kitchen—her brother Edward had come up from his home in Grover to spend the weekend and he always did the cooking while he was there. Harriet waved a hand to him and said, "It's bitter out; there's a wind from the north," and went on into the studio.

"It's a good day for painting," she heard Edward answer. He always thought of that; he was very proud of his sister's painting.

In the studio she stood looking around at the canvasses stacked on the floor, the easels by the window. She wondered whether she could paint the child on the bridge—would that tell her anything? And then she sighed and asked herself what it was she wanted to know, anyway. "I'm going to start a new picture today," she called to Edward. "A child, maybe."

"A what?" There was a pause and then Edward himself came to the door of the studio, his slightly bald head tilted toward her. "Did you say a child? You've never done any children before."

"Well, I am now." She took a smock from a nail by the door and fastened it on over her white blouse, pretending not to notice Edward. He was her brother and she was fond of him in a reasonable sort of way but he irritated her when he stood there like that, a slender question-mark of a man looking worried about her.

"What about the Arts Festival picture?" he asked. "The still life?"

"Later," she said absently. She took the still life from the easel and stood it carefully beneath the window, and then she took a clean canvas, one she had stretched just a few days ago, and set it up. She could see the picture already, every line of it. She could see the strength of it, the form, the nameless expression on the face of the little girl. Even thinking about it gave her a vague feeling of restlessness and excitement. It would be like the old days, it would be the picture she never quite got around to, the one she had searched out windows for when she was still young. It would be one last try for the nameless emotion, and if it turned out that it was love—even streetcorner, subway, parkbench sort of love—she would just accept that and admit that her life had been wrong. And she would change—she would even

change, but she hoped she didn't have to.

Edward called lunch; he dished it up and said, "Okay, Sis, come eat."

But Harriet said, "No, not yet."

"Well, should I go ahead? Do you want me to wait?"

"No, no; go on." She felt herself wishing he would not talk so much. There was something clinging about Edward, something that made him always want to discuss things and run them into the ground, and tell her all his troubles and expect Harriet to tell hers. And if she did—she sometimes did; she had to admit that—he would keep bringing it up again and again. He would say, "About that problem of yours, Harriet; I've been thinking—" and "I ran into a friend downtown today who says he has the same trouble as you, Harriet" and "You know, I've just figured out what's wrong with you, Harriet—". And Harriet would hate herself for telling him anything, for letting him know too much about her. There was, she told herself, a certain shamefulness in letting a person know too much about you. And even in seeing into them, because when you said you understood about someone's being worried about dying, or feeling guilty about an evil, or being a coward, it implied that the same traits were in you also and always when that happened Harriet felt betrayed. She felt—a lack of dignity, that was it. Maybe that was why she always thought it would be bad to love anyone. When Harriet's mother died—Harriet had been ten at the time and she had loved her mother more than anything else in the world—she had asked to speak to Harriet a minute and she had told her that now, when Harriet's training could no longer be in her own hands and she had to get it all into one brief minute,

the only thing she could think of that would cover everything at once was just nothing could go wrong if you kept your dignity. Not the superficial head-high kind of dignity, she said, but the deeper kind, the sort of human dignity. And Harriet had nodded, not because she understood even a little that there was any difference between the two but because she felt rather numb and hopeless and she sensed that her mother expected some sort of response from her. After that they took Harriet away and a few days later her mother died. So she never saw her mother again, not even at the funeral because she was too young to attend and she stayed out all that afternoon in the tool-shed, sitting in a big green wheelbarrow and holding a yard-cap in her lap, not crying but just feeling as if she had loved everything too much and it had been a mistake. When it was dark and the voices began across the lawn she remembered about her dignity, that was the most important thing about living, and she stood up and smoothed her hair and went into the house.

Now, stroking the paint on to the canvas and looking over at her brother occasionally, where he sat eating his hash, she found herself wishing that her brother had been told about dignity too. And then again—she felt her thoughts switching suddenly and unexplainably to the little girl on the bridge, and she wondered which was the right little girl, out of the two that existed somewhere in her—the open-faced talkative little girl or the silent composed one. One thing she knew, out of all her years of living, and that was that the open little girl and the closed little girl couldn't possibly be combined. But then Edward began talking about his wife's smoking habits and Harriet forced herself to listen to

him. "Yes, Edward," she said, "I think so too, Edward," and her palette knife went on making its soft whit, whit sound against the canvas.

It took her three weeks after that, three weeks of painting and drying and planning and painting again. She sent Edward a letter saying that she was painting like mad and had no time to play hostess in the next few weeks, and Edward sent a rather hurt letter back about how he would not think of troubling her if she were that busy. She bought turpentine by the gallons because she seemed to be making more of a mess than usual and she rubbed a lot out. At the end of the second week all she was eating was tea and grape-nuts and she went to bed only very late. When she did go to bed she couldn't sleep; she tossed and turned and thought about the painting. Mainly what she was thinking was that if the painting came out all right she would be proved wrong on something; exactly what she was not sure, but if the painting was bad she was back where she started from and that would be even worse. The one good thing about being back at the beginning was that it would be like the old days, when she stood barefoot in front of windows. Oh, I must be getting old, she thought; I am an old woman and I'll probably spend the rest of my days looking for something I thought I'd missed.

In the daytime she never thought that way. She thought very little, actually; she went on with her daily routine but mainly she was wrapped up in her painting. There was a problem about that painting, one that she had never encountered before. She couldn't do the face on the child. It stared out at her like a blank blind circle and she could not for the life of her fill it. She thought

sometimes maybe she had forgotten the child's expression; she would pace the room for long periods of time trying to remember. And then it would come to her, swimming up to her out of fog, and she would wonder how she could ever have forgotten that, ever for one minute. But then it was worse than before because she could see the face and then not paint it. It was as if every bit of her ability had left her; she forgot how to paint the minute she began to reconcile the two little girls in her mind. First she would pick up the brush and start to paint the animated, loving little face she had imagined when she thought about talking to the child, and then she would think about the calm dignity of the face she had actually seen and she would throw down her brush in despair, because the loving face and dignified face would become totally confused with each other and she knew that was impossible. She felt as if she were nineteen again, and just learning, with strong clumsy fingers and uncertain eyes.

In the evening she would put a coat on and go out walking with her hands in her pockets. She felt very old now when she was not painting and she had to be careful so that her shoulders would not sag and no one would guess her age. But when she was walking along the river or through one of the narrow streets she would sometimes catch a glimpse of something—a young boy shaking gravel out of his sneakers, a woman tucking her son's shirt in while he stood impatiently tugging away—and she could feel the same feeling that she had before. She would stand on the corner and think Yes, that's it, that's what I was looking for, and she would want to thank someone, anyone, but not knowing who to thank and being a little wary of a God she

usually ended up thanking no one at all and, eventually, feeling even a little foolish and depressed as she walked home again.

The only one who knew about all this was Bernard, the thin young poet who lived below her. He had pried it out of her somehow—she didn't know how; she should have known better—and he did his best to help but he acted the way she knew he would act, and all he did was bother her.

"You are experiencing a basic emotional need," he told her, and she couldn't be insulted because it was so ridiculous. "Did you ever want to get married?" he asked.

And Harriet said "No," because she could remember when she was just a child and Edward had asked her the same question, and she could remember even exactly how she had felt then and exactly why she had answered no. They had been at the beach with a group of their father's friends—fat pale men who lay sprawled in the sand, pasty-legged women in stylish bathing suits who shrieked with laughter at whatever anyone's husband happened to be saying. There were so many people that Harriet seemed to feel fine sand constantly floating into her eyes. Edward had seen a woman in a red bathing suit, the pretty lipsticked sort of woman that most very small boys decide they would like to marry when they are grown, and he said, "Harriet, would you ever like to be married?" Harriet had rolled over on her stomach and said, "No," because she thought that was the longest and most final thing you could do, getting married. She got up a little on her elbows and looked across the sand at the people, and it seemed to her suddenly as if the sand were the palm of her hand and the people were her own bad teeth that some dentist

had just pulled out and laid there in her hand. And someone beside her was saying, "Harriet, are those your teeth?" but she kept saying no because she had already made up her mind that there wasn't anyone who could make her admit that, even though they were hers.

She told all this to Bernard, hating herself for doing so. She said, "Well, I've had my chances at marriage, Bernard, but you know—"

And Bernard nodded and toyed with his watchband. "Is there anyone that you love besides these people on street corners?" he asked. "Anyone you know?" But Harriet thought she had already told him too much and she just sat silent and beat the edge of her canvas with a dirty paintbrush. She was wishing he would just stop talking for a minute, and they could sit quietly and be two separate people thinking their own separate thoughts.

When the paint on the picture had been dry three weeks and there was still the blank questioning face, Harriet put on her coat and went to stand on the bridge after breakfast. She took a lunch, and a book, and while she was aware of the dumb stubbornness of what she was doing she was at the same time conscious of an overwhelming sense of purpose and she did not for a moment think of turning back. She sat on the bridge till noon, and then she ate her lunch and began walking up and down the sidewalk by the railing. Once in the afternoon, when she had finished her book, she went to the drugstore on the other side of the bridge and picked up a pocket-book of poetry. But she was very sure that she took no longer than necessary, no longer than it could take a child to get more than halfway across the bridge. She came back sat on the bridge till dark. The caretaker

came out to talk to her, probably out of curiosity; he was a big rough man with a dark stubble and too long hair. "Are you waiting for someone?" he asked, and she nodded but she decided not to tell him about the child, or the wheelbarrow, or the people on street corners. She said, "I'm an artist; I'm thinking," and that was the truth, as near as she could come to it. The man seemed puzzled but he left her alone. After that she only looked up twice from her book, once when a ship came and she had to get on the immovable part of the bridge, and once when she felt a headache coming on and took a short walk down the bridge for exercise. At ten o'clock, when she knew no mother would allow a ten-year old out, she went home and drank some hot tea. The face on the painting seemed to be waiting still, but she was not bothered by it and she went to sleep feeling that she had done all she could do for that day.

When she told Bernard about it the next morning—it was Monday and there was no sense going to the bridge until school let out—Bernard was worried and pressed his hands together flat and stared into his teacup. He said, "You're tired, Harriet; you wouldn't make so much of this if you weren't tired." And Harriet felt suddenly as if it were not she he was seeing, Harriet Landing but the prototyped things about her, her age and her bun, her being a spinster. She wanted to shriek in his ear, to stand on a chair and say, "Look, it's Harriet; it's no one else," but that would have been ludicrous at her age and all she did was pour herself some more tea.

That afternoon it grew colder, with a strong wind coming from the north and rippling the water in the grey river. Harriet put on a good thick winter coat

and some fleece-lined boots, and she took with her a sketch pad but as soon as she got on the bridge she realized that it was much too cold to do any work out there. As it turned out, she didn't have to wait long anyway—fifteen minutes, maybe twenty. She was beginning to think for the first time that this was all a little childish and perhaps she should go in, when she saw three children coming down the street towards the bridge. They were too far away for her to see them clearly, but she saw that there were two little girls and a boy. Her child, the one she had been waiting for, was in the middle, dressed in the same brown coat but this time wearing a white scarf of some sort, that long kind that little girls always wore wound around their necks. She looked like a small brown parcel tied with string and waiting to be opened.

Harriet at first felt only a sense of unbelief. She felt as if she had not been expecting to see the child ever again, as if the child had been a child out of a dream. And then she was afraid; she wanted to run but she stood there with a sense of panic while the little girl stood laughing with the others on the sidewalk. She looked different when she was with other children, happier and more animated. She was scraping one foot around aimlessly on the sidewalk, and once when the little boy said something she covered her mouth as if she were giggling, and stood on tiptoe to whisper into the other girl's ear. Harriet closed her eyes for a minute and turned away toward the river. From behind her she could hear the voices rising suddenly into loud clear good-byes, and when she turned back the little girl was walking alone across the bridge. She was coming closer and closer, and when she got within a hundred feet of Harriet she hopped up on the first rail and leaned

over it to watch a bird circling near the water. Her face had the same closed expression, the same mouth set against the wind, that Harriet had tried to remember when she was painting her.

It was almost an effort to walk towards the child. Harriet felt suddenly big and tall and awkward, moving with hard too-loud steps in the wind. She kept having the feeling that by the time she had reached the little girl she would be old; her shoulders would be sagging and her face lined and grey. She tried to think of what she would say, of how she would say it with a young calm face and firm voice. But in the middle of all the thoughts she kept seeing the little girl laughing with those children. She could see again the small white blur that was the child's hand, clapped against the wind-set mouth the way all ten-year-old girls did when something was funny. She could see the other little girl, pale and almost fat in her red coat, and she could see her own child reaching up to press her face against the flat straw hair of her friend, whispering something. But all these Harriet shook off and she made her steps click evenly along the cold sidewalk.

The child heard her coming. She kept looking out but she straightened her back and her face seemed alert, listening to the footsteps. When Harriet stopped beside her the little girl turned and looked squarely at her. It was obvious that she recognized Harriet; it was surprising, after all this time and only that brief unseeing encounter, but her face was knowing and she smiled. "Hello," she said.

"Hello." Harriet kept her voice young. "It's cold, isn't it?"

"Certainly is. Going to snow tonight, my mother says." She smiled out again toward the river with the sure confidence of someone very young and small who

knows that she is being watched. She is waiting for me to say something else, Harriet thought. She expects me to keep talking to her and she's going to talk back too. Before this, when she had not imagined that the child would recognize her, she had thought it would not be too hard to think of things to say. But now there was nothing; she looked into the child's open friendly face and she thought of how the child had laughed with the other little girl, looking for a minute just the way all little girls looked. She smiled and watched the little girl as she unwound her white scarf, unwinding it as if she were a sort of parcel and the scarf a string that spilled the contents on the ground, and she felt a tremendous sense of relief. "I'm going in," Harriet said. "Good-bye." She caught a glimpse of a surprised expression, and then the little face was behind her and she was walking toward the grassy bank. She didn't look back once, even though she felt sure that the little girl was watching her go.

Harriet was almost home before she thought of the painting. Oh well, she

thought, she would leave the face blank and send it into the January exhibition that way; the painting had a certain beautiful dignity about it and what else did it need, what could she put in that little oval that would be any more important? Nothing. She was surprised to find that this was a bit of relief to her, as if she had been dreading some sort of sneeze or something that had not happened after all. And as she walked she smiled to herself, stepped more briskly through the grass on the bank. Once, just as she reached the sidewalk, she stopped as if she were suddenly not sure about something; she turned back toward the bridge and frowned a little. But then she shrugged and resolutely continued on up the hill. She thought about painting some this evening, maybe finishing up that still life. It would be like the old days, when she was young and barefoot, and she would be looking for something every time she put a brushstroke on the canvas. And at this she smiled, and walked faster, with her face calm and her shoulders straight and firm.

ANNE TYLER APRIL 1960

Michael Egerton

He was the first boy I met at camp. He had got there before me, and he and a man were taking things out of a suitcase when I walked into the cabin. He came over and started talking right away without even knowing me. He even shook hands. I don't think I had ever shaken hands with anyone my own age before. Not that I minded. I was just surprised and had to find a place to put my duffle bag before I could give him my hand. His name was Michael, Michael Egerton. He was taller than I was, and although it was only June he already had the sort of suntan that would leave his hair white all summer. I knew he couldn't be more than twelve. I wouldn't be twelve until February. If you were twelve you usually had to go to one of the senior cabins across the hill. But his face was old because of the bones under his eyes that showed through the skin.

He introduced me to the man. It was his father, but they didn't look alike. His father was a newspaperman, and the suitcase they were unpacking had stickers on it that said Rome and Paris, London and Bombay. His father said he would be going back to Europe soon to report about the Army and that Michael would be settled here in camp for a while. I was to keep an eye on Mike, he said, and if he got to France in time he would try to send us something. He said that he could tell that Mike and I were going to be great friends and that I might want to go with Mike to his aunt's when camp was over. I might like to see where Old Mike would be living from now on. It was a beautiful place, he said. I could tell that he was getting ready to leave. He had seen Michael make up his bed and fill the locker with clothes, and he was beginning to talk like everybody does when they are leaving somewhere—sort of loud and with a lot of laughing.

He took Michael over to a corner, and I started unpacking my bag. I could see them though, and he gave Michael some money and they talked about how much Michael was going to enjoy the summer and how much bigger he would be when his father got back and how he was to think of his aunt just like a mother.

Then Michael reached up and kissed his father. He didn't seem at all embarrassed to do it. They walked back towards me, and in a voice louder than before Mr. Egerton told me again to keep an eye on Old Mike—not that he would need it but it wouldn't hurt. That was kind of funny since Michael was so much bigger than I was, but anyway I said I would because that was what I was supposed to say. And then he left. He said there wouldn't be any need for Mike to walk with him to the car, but Michael wanted to so I watched them walk down the hill together. They stood by the car for a minute; and then Michael kissed him again, right in front of all those boys and parents and counselors. Michael stood there until his father's car had passed through the camp gate. He waved once. Then he came on back up the hill.

All eight of the boys in our cabin went to the dining hall together that night, but afterward at campfire Michael and I sat a little way off from the others and talked softly while they sang. He talked some about his father and how he was one of the best war correspondents in the business. It wasn't like he was bragging because he asked me about my father and what my mother was like. I started to ask him about his mother, but I remembered that he hadn't said anything about her and I thought she might be dead. But in a little while he said very matter-of-factly that his mother didn't live with him and his father, hadn't lived with them for almost a year. That was all. He hadn't seen his mother for a year. He didn't say whether she was sick or what and I wasn't going to ask.

For a long time after that we didn't say anything. We were sitting on a mound at the foot of a tree just high enough to look down on all the boys around the fire. They were all red in the light, and those furthest from the blaze huddled together and drew their heads down because the nights in the mountains were cold, even in June. They had started singing a song that I didn't know. It was called "Green Grow the Rushes." But Michael knew it and sang it and I listened to him. It was almost like in church with one person singing against a large, soft chair. At the end the camp director stood up and made a speech about this was going to be the best season in the history of Redwood which was the finest camp in the land—as it was bound to be with as fine a group of boys and counselors as he had sitting right here in front of him. He said that it would be a perfect summer if everybody would practice the Golden Rule twenty four hours a day and treat everybody like we wanted to be treated—like real men.

When we got back to the cabin the other boys were already running around in the lantern light naked and slapping each others behinds with wet towels. But soon the counselor blew the light out, and we got in bed in the dark. Michael was in the bunk over me. We had sentence prayers. Michael asked God to bless his father when he got to France. One boy named Robin Mickle who was a Catholic said a Hail Mary. It surprised most of the others. Some of them even laughed like he was telling a joke. Everything quieted down though, and we were half sleep when somebody started blowing taps on a bugle. It woke us all up, and we waited in the dark for it to stop so we could sleep.

Michael turned out to be my best friend. Every morning after breakfast everybody was supposed to lie on their beds quietly for Thought Time and think

about the Bible, but Michael and I would sit on my bed and talk. I told Michael a lot of things that I had never told anyone else. I don't know why I told him. I just wanted him to know everything there was to know about me. It was a long time before I realized that I really didn't know much about Michael except what I could see—that he didn't live with his mother and his father was a great war correspondent who was probably back in France now. He just wasn't the kind to tell you a lot. He would listen to everything you had to say like he wanted to hear it and was glad that you wanted to tell him. But then he would change the subject and start talking about baseball or something. He was a very good baseball player, the best on the junior cabin team. Every boy in our cabin was on the team, and it looked like with Michael pitching that we might take the junior



Jason

I sowed my dragons' teeth
and only blue plush teddy bears
with their right eyes missing
rose to do me battle;
Not a stone, but a kiss
thrown in their midst
stopped them;
And the fleece was not a golden fleece,
but a champagne saran wig with patented ear warmers;
And my Argo was a ferry,
sailing between orange peels and oil slicks
back and forth
across the Hudson.

I wrote that yesterday
outside the public library,
leaning against a crouching marble lion
which rose and stiffened
with its mouth wide open
yawning
in a violent silent roar,
while a spider ran diligently
back and forth
spinning a web
from shining gray tooth
to shining gray tooth.

title for the Colossians. That was the name of our team. All the athletic teams in camp were named for one of the letters that St. Paul wrote. We practiced every afternoon after rest period, but first we went to the main lodge for mail. I got a letter almost every day, and Michael had got two or three from his aunt, but it wasn't until almost three weeks passed that he got the airmail letter from France. There weren't any pictures or souvenirs in it, but I don't suppose Mr. Egerton had too much time for that. He did mention me although I could tell by the way he wrote that he didn't remember my name. Still it was very nice to be thought of by a famous war correspondent. Michael said that we could write him a letter together and that he would ask his father for a picture. I had a picture of my parents inside my locker but Michael didn't.

The weeks went faster than I had expected. At first I had been afraid of being homesick, but with Michael and all the things to do I wasn't. There was only about a week of camp left, and then we would go home. That was why we were playing the semifinals that day—so the winners could be recognized at the Farewell Banquet on the last night of camp. The Colossians were going to play the Ephesians after rest period. We were all in the cabin trying to rest, but everybody was too excited, everybody except Michael who was almost asleep when the camp director walked in and said that Michael Egerton was to go down to the Lodge porch right away as he had visitors. Michael got up and combed his hair, and just before he left he told everybody that he would see them at the game and that we were going to win.

The Lodge wasn't too far from our cabin, and I could see him walking down there. A car was parked by the porch. Michael got pretty close to it. Then he stopped. I thought he had forgotten something and was coming back to the cabin, but the car doors opened and a man and a woman got out. I knew that it was his mother. He couldn't have looked any more like her. She bent over and kissed him. Then she must have introduced him to the man. She said something, and the man stepped up and shook Michael's hand. They started talking. I couldn't hear them, and since they weren't doing anything I lay back down and read for a while. Rest period was almost over when I looked again. The car was gone, and there was no one in front of the Lodge. It was time for the semi-finals, and Michael hadn't showed up. Robin, who was sort of in charge of the Colossians, told me to get Michael wherever he was; and I looked all over camp. He just wasn't there. I didn't have time to go up in the woods behind the cabins, but I yelled and there was no answer. So I had to give up because the game was waiting. Michael never came. A little fat boy named Billy Joe Moffitt took his place and we lost. Everybody wondered what had happened to Michael. I was sure that he hadn't left camp with his mother because he would have told

somebody first so after the game I ran back ahead of the others. Michael wasn't on his bed. I walked through the hall and opened the bathroom door. He was standing at the window with his back to me.

"Mike, why in the world didn't you play?"

He didn't even turn around.

"We lost, Mike."

He just stood there tying little knots in the shade cord. When the others came in from the game I met them at the door. I told them Michael was sick.

He didn't go to the campfire with me that night. He didn't say much, and I didn't know what to ask him.

"Was that your mother this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"What was she doing up here?"

"On a vacation or something."

I don't guess I should have asked him but I did.

"Who was that with her?"

"Some man. I don't know. Just some man."

It was like every night. We were sitting in our place by the tree. The others were singing, and we were listening. Then he started talking very fast.

"My mother said, 'Michael, this is your new father. How do you like having two fathers?'"

Then before I could think what to say he said he was cold and got up and walked back to the cabin. I didn't follow him. I didn't even ask him if he was feeling all right. When I got to the cabin he was in bed, pretending to be asleep; but long after taps I could hear him turning. I tried to stay awake until he went to sleep. Once I sat up and started to reach out and touch him but I didn't. I was very tired.

All that was a week before the end of camp. The boys in our cabin started talking about him. He had stopped playing ball. He wouldn't swim in the camp meet. He didn't even go on the Sunday hike up to Johnson's Knob. He sat on his bed with his clothes on most of the time. They never did anything nice for him. They were always doing things like tying his shoe laces together. It was no use trying to stop them. All they knew was that Michael Egerton had screwed their chance to be camp baseball champions. They didn't want to know why, not even the counselor. And I wasn't going to tell them. They even poured water on his mattress one night and laughed the whole next day about Michael wetting the bed.

The day before we left camp the counselors voted on a Camp Spirit Cabin. They had kept some sort of record of our activities and athletic events. The

cabin with the most good-camper points usually won. We didn't win. Robin and the others told Michael that he made us lose because he never did anything. They told everybody that Michael Egerton made our cabin lose.

That night we were bathing and getting dressed for the Farewell Banquet. Nobody had expected Michael to go, but without saying anything he started getting dressed. Someone noticed him and said something about Mr. Michael honoring us with his presence at dinner. He had finished dressing when four of the boys took him and tied him between two bunks with his arms stretched out. He didn't fight. He let them treat him like some animal, and he looked just like he was crucified. Then they went to the banquet and left him tied there. I went with them, but while they were laughing about hamstringing that damned Michael I slipped away and went back to untie him. But when I got there he had already got loose. I knew that he was in the bathroom. I could hear him. I walked to the door and whispered, "Mike, it's me." I walked back out and down the hill to the dining hall. They even had the porch lights on, and they had already started singing.

EDWARD REYNOLDS PRICE DECEMBER 1954



Titan's Lament

I have stolen the sun from the moon's black mouth
But not without some loss of innocence.
Be not against me Old Herodotus
For when the wind whistles among the silent winter oaks
A man must do
What a man must do.

I know only that in the dark
In the cool darkness
There came a voice unlike any I had ever . . .
And I was afraid.

The sun is everything
It is more than the light
More than the image
Which chases oblivion from the edges of the world
Is the heart
Of the new embryo
Is life

But only as long as the waking moment does innocence abide
In the presence of death
And to find
(in the moon's black shadow)
That the presence
Is real, indeed,
Relevant,
An essential part
Is . . . a disappointment

I live in the midst of all
That is found in the shadow of the moon's black mouth

But I have stolen the sun.

MASTER PRINTERS SINCE 1885



Seeman **PRINTERY** **INCORPORATED**

DIVISION OF
FISHER-HARRISON
CORPORATION

Durham,
North Carolina 27707

Duke University Libraries



D02600679U

D02600679U



Duke University Libraries